THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

## Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XC

Established 1368.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1902

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, 1902,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CONTENTS.

## Index by Titles.


PAGE

African Pygmies, The, *Samuel Phillips Verner* . . . . . 184
All Sorts of a Paper, *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* . . . . . 735
America, Certain Aspects of, *H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.* . . . . . 5
America, The Ideals of, *Woodrow Wilson* 721
Artist in Hair, An, *Mary A. Taylor* . . 838
Athletics, Intercollegiate, *Ira N. Hollis* . 534
Author, An Unpublished, *Edward Thomas* 834
Autumn Thoughts, *Edward Thomas* . . 354

Black Men, Of the Training of, *W. E. Burghardt Du Bois* . . . . . 289
Bo's'n Hill Ground, The, *George S. Wasson* . . . . . 73
Book in the Tenement, The, *Elizabeth McCracken* . . . . . 589
Books New and Old, *H. W. Boynton.*
Landor's Poetry . . . . . 126
Summer Fiction . . . . . 275
American Humor . . . . . 414
Poetry and Commonplace . . . . . 553
Four Recent Biographies . . . . . 706
Cleverness . . . . . 852
Brazil, A Letter from, *George Chamberlain* . . . . . 821
Bret Harte, *H. C. Merwin* . . . . . 260
Brieux, Eugène, The Plays of, *George P. Baker* . . . . . 79
Browning Tonic, The, *Martha Baker Dunn* 203

Cave of Adullam, The, *Alice Brown* . . 252
Christianity, Chinese Dislike of, *Francis H. Nichols* . . . . . 773
Coal Wars, Australasian Cures for, *Henry Demarest Lloyd* . . . . . 667
Commercialism, *Edward Atkinson* . . . 517
Comparative Literature, The Columbia Studies in, *Ferris Greenslet* . . . . . 133
Cookery Books, My, *Elizabeth Robins Pennell* . . . . . 221, 679
Court Bible, The, *Alexander Black* . . . 809

Delicate Trial, A, *Marrion Wilcox* . . . 772
Democracy and Society, *Vida D. Scudder* 348
Democracy and the Church, *Vida D. Scudder* . . . . . 521
Desert, The, *Verner Z. Reed* . . . . . 166
Dumas, The Elder, *George B. Ives* . . . 841

Economic Cycle, The End of an, *Frederic C. Howe* . . . . . 611

PAGE

Education, A National Standard in Higher, *Herbert W. Horwill* . . . . . 329
Elaine, *Emerson Gifford Taylor* . . . . 548
Emerson's Diary, Fresh Leaves from: Walks with Ellery Channing . . . . 27
England, Early Georgian, *S. M. Francis* . 714
Ethics, The New, *William DeWitt Hyde*. 577
Evenings at Simeon's Store, *George S. Wasson* . . . . . 694
Eyes, The Care of the, *A. B. Norton* . . 614

Fisheries Question, The Atlantic, *P. T. McGrath* . . . . . 741
French Memoirs in English, *S. M. Francis* 281

Gardens and Garden-Craft, *Frances Duncan* . . . . . 559
Genius of Retta Romany Tompkins, The, *R. E. Young* . . . . . 55

Handicraft, Modern Artistic, *Charles H. Moore* . . . . . 674
Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker, A Bit of Unpublished Correspondence between, *E. H. Russell* . . . . . 370

In the Fear of the Lord, *Norman Duncan* . . . . . 145

Japanese Painters, Two, *Adachi Kinnosuke* 527
Jimville: A Bret Harte Town, *Mary Austin* . . . . . 690
Johnson, Lionel, Of, *Louise Imogen Guiney* 856

Kansas of To-Day, The, *Charles Moreau Harger* . . . . . 361
Knightly Pen, A, *Harriet Waters Preston* 506

Local Option, A Study of, *Frank Foxcroft* 433
Longfellow, Higginson's, *W. A. Neilson* 849

Marsh, The, *Dallas Lore Sharp* . . . . 87
Mary Boyle, *S. M. Francis* . . . . . 420
Memories of a Hospital Matron, *Emily V. Mason* . . . . . 305, 475
Memories, The Garden of, *C. A. Mercer* . 703
Miss Petrie's Avocation, *Kate Milner Rabb* 95
Montaigne, *H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.* . . . . 441
Moonshiner at Home, The, *Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.* . . . . . 234
Moral Hesitations of the Novelist, *Edith Baker Brown* . . . . . 545
Mozart: A Fantasy, *Elia W. Peattie* . . 634


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Navy, The New, *Talcott Williams* . . . 383
Negro, The: Another View, *Andrew Sledd* 65
Night's Lodging, A, *Arthur Colton* . . . 195

Old Times at the Law School, *Samuel F. Batchelder* . . . . . 642
On Keeping the Fourth of July, *Bliss Perry* . . . . . 1
On Reading Books through their Backs, *Gerald Stanley Lee* . . . . . 124
On the Off-Shore Lights, *Louise Lyndon Sibley* . . . . . 377
Our Lady of the Beeches, *Baroness von Hutten* . . . . . 13, 172, 335, 493

Pagan, Why I am a, *Zitkala-Ša* . . . . 801
Philippines, Race Prejudice in the, *James A. Le Roy* . . . . . 100
Pipes of Passage, *Joseph Russell Taylor* . 454
Place of Darkness, The, *George Kibbe Turner* . . . . . 394
Poetic Drama, The Revival of the, *Edmund Gosse* . . . . . 156
Porto Rico and her Schools, Some Impressions of, *C. Hanford Henderson* . . . 783
Porto Rico, Two Years' Legislation in, *William F. Willoughby* . . . . . 34
Princess of Make-Believe, The, *Annie Hamilton Donnell* . . . . . 268

Recent Religious Literature, *John Winthrop Platner* . . . . . 423
Russia, *Herbert H. D. Peirce* . . . . . 465

Sailing, *W. J. Henderson* . . . . . 43
Sally, *Laura Spencer Portor* . . . . . 626
Samuel Johnson, A Possible Glimpse of, *William Everett* . . . . . 622
Scott, Lockhart's Life of, *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* . . . . . 755
Shakespeare and Voltaire, *Ferris Greenslet* 712
Short Story, The, *Bliss Perry* . . . . . 241
Sill's Poetry, *W. B. Parker* . . . . . 271
Skyscrapers, Limitations to the Production of, *Burton J. Hendrick* . . . . . 486
Some Brief Biographies, *S. M. Francis* . 421
Sound of the Axe, The, *S. Carleton* . . . 454
Strikes, A Quarter Century of, *Ambrose P. Winston* . . . . . 656

Things Human, *Benjamin Ide Wheeler* . 636
To-Morrow's Child, *Mary Tracy Earle* . 599
The Trade Union and the Superior Workman, *Ambrose P. Winston* . . . . . 794

Unconscious Plagiarist, The, *Fanny K. Johnson* . . . . . 812

Walter Pater, *Edward Dowden* . . . . 112
Whar my Chris'mus? *Beirne Lay* . . . 749
What Public Libraries are doing for Children, *Hiller C. Wellman* . . . . . 402
White Feather, The, *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* . . . . . 298
William Black, *Edward Fuller* . . . . 409
Women's Heroes, *Ellen Duvall* . . . . 831
Woods, Going into the, *Eben Greenough Scott* . . . . . 318
Woodberry's Hawthorne, *Ferris Greenslet* 563

## Index by Authors.

*Aldrich, Thomas Bailey*, The White Feather . . . . . 298
All Sorts of a Paper . . . . . 735
*Alexander, Hartley*, "The Only Good Indian is a Dead Indian" . . . . . 656
*Atkinson, Edward*, Commercialism . . . 517
*Austin, Mary*, Jimville: A Bret Harte Town . . . . . 690

*Baker, George P.*, The Plays of Eugène Brieux . . . . . 79
*Batchelder, Samuel F.*, Old Times at the Law School . . . . . 642
*Black, Alexander*, The Court Bible . . . 809
*Boynton, H. W.*, Books New and Old.
Landor's Poetry . . . . . 126
Summer Fiction . . . . . 275
American Humor . . . . . 414
Poetry and Commonplace . . . . . 553
Four Recent Biographies . . . . . 706
Cleverness . . . . . 852
Domremy and Rouen . . . . . 514
*Brown, Alice*, The Cave of Adullam . . 252
*Brown, Edith Baker*, Moral Hesitations of the Novelist . . . . . 545

*Carleton, S.*, The Sound of the Axe . . . 454
*Chadwick, John White*, An Autumn Field 360
*Chamberlain, George*, A Letter from Brazil 821
*Cloud, Virginia Woodward*, Balm . . . 124
*Colton, Arthur*, A Night's Lodging . . . 195

*Daskam, Josephine Dodge*, Two Sonnets from the Hebrew . . . . . 748
*Donnell, Annie Hamilton*, The Princess of Make-Believe . . . . . 268
*Dorr, Julia C. R.*, When I Sleep . . . 304
*Dowden, Edward*, Walter Pater . . . . 112
*Du Bois, W. E. Burghardt*, Of the Training of Black Men . . . . . 289
*Duncan, Frances*, Gardens and Garden-Craft . . . . . 559
*Duncan, Norman*, In the Fear of the Lord 145
*Dunn, Martha Baker*, The Browning Tonic 203
*Duvall, Ellen*, Women's Heroes . . . . 831

*Earle, Mary Tracy*, To-Morrow's Child . 599
*Everett, William*, A Possible Glimpse of Samuel Johnson . . . . . 622

*Foxcroft, Frank*, A Study of Local Option 433
*Francis, S. M.*, French Memoirs in English 281
Mary Boyle . . . . . 420
Some Brief Biographies . . . . . 421
Early Georgian England . . . . . 714
*Fuller, Edward*, William Black . . . . 409

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Gosse, Edmund*, The Revival of the Poetic Drama . . . . . 156
*Greenslet, Ferris*, The Columbia Studies in Comparative Literature . . . . . 133
Woodberry's Hawthorne . . . . . 563
Shakespeare and Voltaire . . . . . 712
*Guiney, Louise Imogen*, Of Lionel Johnson 856

*Harger, Charles Moreau*, The Kansas of To-Day . . . . . 361
*Hawthorne, Hildegarde*, Loss . . . . . 99
*Henderson, C. Hanford*, Some Impressions of Porto Rico and her Schools . . . . 783
*Henderson, W. J.*, Sailing . . . . . 43
*Hendrick, Burton J.*, Limitations to the Production of Skyscrapers . . . . . 486
*Hollis, Ira N.*, Intercollegiate Athletics . 534
*Horwill, Herbert W.*, A National Standard in Higher Education . . . . . 329
*Howe, Frederic C.*, The End of an Economic Cycle . . . . . 611
*Hubbard, Leonidas, Jr.*, The Moonshiner at Home . . . . . 234
*Hyde, William De Witt*, The New Ethics . 577

*Ireland, Ethel Alleyne*, A Renunciation . 492
*Ives, George B.*, The Elder Dumas . . . 841

*Johnson, Fanny K.*, The Unconscious Plagiarist . . . . . 812

*Ketchum, Arthur*, A Song . . . . . 610
*Kinnosuke, Adachi*, Two Japanese Painters . . . . . 527

*Lay, Beirne*, Whar my Chris'mus? . . . 749
*Lee, Gerald Stanley*, On Reading Books through their Backs, . . . . . 124
*Le Roy, James A.*, Race Prejudice in the Philippines . . . . . 100
*Lloyd, Henry Demarest*, Australasian Cures for Coal Wars . . . . . 667

*Macy, Annie Weld Edson*, The Highlands, Cape Cod . . . . . 401
*Mason, Emily V.*, Memories of a Hospital Matron . . . . . 305, 475
*Mercer, C. A.*, The Garden of Memories . 703
*Merwin, H. C.*, Bret Harte . . . . . 260
*Monahan, Michael*, Ballade of Poor Souls 793
*Moore, Charles H.*, Modern Artistic Handicraft . . . . . 674
*Morse, James Herbert*, Spider Web . . . 78
*McCracken, Elizabeth*, The Book in the Tenement . . . . . 589
*McGrath, P. T.*, The Atlantic Fisheries Question . . . . . 741

*Neilson, W. A.*, Higginson's Longfellow . 849
*Nichols, Francis H.*, Chinese Dislike of Christianity . . . . . 782
*Nicholson, Meredith*, Wide Margins . . . 440
Edward Eggleston . . . . . 804
*Norton, A. B.*, The Care of the Eyes . . 614

*Parker, W. B.*, Sill's Poetry . . . . . 271
*Peattie, Elia W.*, Mozart: A Fantasy . . 634
*Peirce, Herbert H. D.*, Russia . . . . . 465
*Pennell, Elizabeth Robins*, My Cookery Books . . . . . 221, 679
*Perry, Bliss*, On Keeping the Fourth of July . . . . . 1
The Short Story . . . . . 241
*Piatt, John James*, At Kilcolman Castle . 702
*Platner, John Winthrop*, Recent Religious Literature . . . . . 423
*Pollock, Frank Lillie*, The End of the Quest . . . . . 347
*Pomeroy, Edward N.*, The Watch Below . . . . . 53
*Portor, Laura Spencer*, Sally . . . . . 626
*Preston, Harriet Waters*, A Knightly Pen . . . . . 506

*Rabb, Kate Milner*, Miss Petrie's Avocation . . . . . 95
*Reed, Verner Z.*, The Desert . . . . . 166
*Russell, E. H.*, A Bit of Unpublished Correspondence between Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker . . . . . 370

*Scott, Duncan Campbell*, Rapids at Night . 259
*Scott, Eben Greenough*, Going into the Woods . . . . . 318
*Scudder, Vida D.*, Democracy and Society 348
Democracy and the Church . . . . . 521
*Sedgwick, Henry D., Jr.*, Certain Aspects of America . . . . . 5
Montaigne . . . . . 441
Lockhart's Life of Scott . . . . . 755
*Sharp, Dallas Lore*, The Marsh . . . . . 87
*Sibley, Louise Lyndon*, On the Off-Shore Lights . . . . . 337
*Sledd, Andrew*, The Negro: Another View 65
*Spofford, Harriet Prescott*, Midsummer's Day . . . . . 183

*Tabb, John B.*, The Dove . . . . . 304
*Taylor, Emerson Gifford*, Elaine . . . . 548
*Taylor, Joseph Russell*, Pipes of Passage . 454
*Taylor, Mary A.*, An Artist in Hair . . 838
*Thomas, Edward*, Autumn Thoughts . . 354
An Unpublished Author . . . . . 834
*Turner, George Kibbe*, The Place of Darkness . . . . . 394

*Verner, Samuel Phillips*, The African Pygmies . . . . . 184
*Von Hutten, Baroness*, Our Lady of the Beeches . . . . . 13, 172, 335, 493

*Wasson, George S.*, The Bo's'n Hill Ground 73
Evenings at Simeon's Store . . . . . 694
*Wellman, Hiller C.*, What Public Libraries are doing for Children . . . . . 402
*Wheeler, Benjamin Ide*, Things Human . 636
*Wilcox, Marrion*, A Delicate Trial . . . 772
*Williams, Talcott*, The New Navy . . . 383
*Willoughby, William F.*, Two Years' Legislation in Porto Rico . . . . . 34
*Wilson, Woodrow*, The Ideals of America . . . . . 721

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Winston, Ambrose P.*, A Quarter Century of Strikes . . . . . 656
The Trade Union and the Superior Workman . . . . . 794
*Young, R. E.*, The Genius of Retta Romany Tompkins . . . . . 55
*Zitkala-Ša*, Why I am a Pagan . . . . 801

POETRY.

A Song, *Arthur Ketchum* . . . . . 610
At Kilcolman Castle, *John James Piatt* . 702
Autumn Field, An, *John White Chadwick* 360
Ballade of Poor Souls, *Michael Monahan* . 793
Balm, *Virginia Woodward Cloud* . . . 124
Domremy and Rouen, *Henry Walcott Boynton* . . . . . 514
End of the Quest, The, *Frank Lillie Pollock* . . . . . 347
Loss, *Hildegarde Hawthorne* . . . . . 99
Midsummer's Day, *Harriet Prescott Spofford* . . . . . 183
Pipes of Passage, *Joseph Russell Taylor* . 454
Rapids at Night, *Duncan Campbell Scott* . 259
Renunciation, A, *Ethel Alleyne Ireland* . 492
Spider Web, *James Herbert Morse* . . . 78
The Dove, *John B. Tabb* . . . . . 304
The Highlands, Cape Cod, *Annie Weld Edson Macy* . . . . . 401
"The Only Good Indian is a Dead Indian," *Hartley Alexander* . . . . . 656
Two Sonnets from the Hebrew, *Josephine Dodge Daskam* . . . . . 748
Watch Below, The, *Edward N. Pomeroy*. 53
When I Sleep, *Julia C. R. Dorr* . . . . 304
Wide Margins, *Meredith Nicholson* . . . 440

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Altruism, The New . . . . . 429
Barbara Frietchie at Home . . . . . 717
Belt and Button . . . . . 284
Bookshelf, My Friends' . . . . . 430
Contributor, The Reminiscences of a . . 285
Good Story, Concerning the . . . . . 431
Grievance, An Afternoon . . . . . 568
In Memoriam . . . . . 288
Law, The Lady's . . . . . 569
Local Color, The Study of . . . . . 864
Lowell's Temperament . . . . . 862
Magna Pars Fui . . . . . 575
Millionaires, On a Certain Lack of Originality in . . . . . 286
Milton and his Elm . . . . . 719
Orthography, A Question of . . . . . 716
Out of the Way, A Little . . . . . 572
Peddlers, A Plague of . . . . . 137
*Plots that One Covets* . . . . . 140
Reading, Pace in . . . . . 143
Robert Herrick, A Call on . . . . . 574
Singular Plurality, A . . . . . 139
South Africa, A Briton's Impressions of . 136
Those Red-Eyed Men . . . . . 139
Verse in Prose . . . . . 283
Walk with Mr. Warner, A . . . . . 428

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

## A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

*Vol. XC. — JULY, 1902. — No. DXXXVII.*

## ON KEEPING THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies, more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans." — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Address on July 4, 1851.*

"The assumption that the cure for the ills of Democracy is more Democracy." — JANE ADDAMS: *Democracy and Social Ethics, 1902.*

THE readers of the Atlantic may remember that in the January number there was something said about the Cheerful and the Cheerless Reader. Under a harmless fiction which enabled him to speak as the Toastmaster of the monthly dinner, the editor of the magazine commented upon some of the articles which were to make up the bill of fare for the ensuing year. And July is here already; the year is half over, and the monthly feasts have been duly spread. No doubt they might have been more skillfully served. The Atlantic's modest "mahogany tree" might have been garnished in a more costly manner. But there has been wholesome fare, each month, and good company, and new voices to mingle pleasantly with the more familiar ones. Saying grace has nowadays gone somewhat out of fashion, but among the Atlantic's circle there has been at least a grateful disposition to return thanks. It is the Cheerful Reader who has been mainly in evidence since January. Perhaps the Cheerless Readers are suffering from writer's cramp. Or are they grimly sharpening their pens for some future onslaught? At any rate, they have kept strangely, perhaps ominously silent. It has been the turn of the gayer souls to be voluble. The Toastmaster has been assured that even the business communications to the magazine, such as renewals of subscriptions and directions for summer addresses, have frequently been signed "Yours Cheerfully." It is true that this access of gayety may prove to be but temporary. In that case there is some comfort in the shrewd advice of a seasoned man of letters, who writes to the editor: "My theory is that every periodical should contain in every number something to make somebody 'cuss.' It is certainly the next best thing to making them delighted." Very possibly that is just what the unlucky Toastmaster is now proceeding to do, in offering, by way of introduction to the contents of the present number, some considerations On Keeping the Fourth of July.

It should be said, in the first place, that few readers of the Atlantic are likely to accuse it of a lack of patriotism. An intelligent devotion to the highest interests of America is the chief article in its creed. It endeavors to secure, month by month, the opinions of competent observers of our national life, and to encourage perfect freedom in the expression of those opinions. While it is not committed to the support of any partisan platform or policy, it believes that the men who have been chosen to carry for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward the present administration of the government are honest, able, and high-minded, and that they deserve the fullest possible coöperation of their fellow citizens in maintaining American interests at home and abroad. Whatever criticism of national policy may appear from time to time in these pages is due to the fact that in a government like ours, based upon freely voiced public opinion, men of knowledge and conviction are bound to differ in their interpretation of current issues. It is the aim of the Atlantic to present views based upon both knowledge and conviction. Such has been the spirit of Mr. Nelson's review of the opening months of President Roosevelt's administration; of Lieutenant Hanna's and Superintendent Atkinson's accounts of educational work in Cuba and the Philippines; of Mr. Villard's paper on The New Army of the United States. This last article, together with one shortly to appear, on The New Navy, will perhaps serve better than the others to illustrate the attitude of this magazine. Many of its readers deplore, as its editor certainly does, that present glorification of brute force which would measure national greatness by the size of national armaments. We may properly wish for and work for the day when the Disarmament Trust — so agreeably pictured by Mr. Rollo Ogden — shall be a reality. But even while we are supporting schools and churches and every other means for promoting good will among men, we keep a policeman at the crossing, in the interests of that very decency which will ultimately make the policeman unnecessary. The world's cross-roads will have to be policed for a long time yet, until men learn to hate one another less, and our own country's share in the world's police service should be efficient and ample. The good citizen of the United States ought to know something about this department of his country's activities, and the Atlantic believes in offering him the information, whatever may be his — or the editor's — personal views as to the essential folly and wickedness of militarism.

The current number of the magazine, for example, contains several of these articles devoted to fundamental problems of our national life, issues that should not be forgotten on Independence Day. Mr. Sedgwick's interpretation of Certain Aspects of America is characterized by the frank analysis, the insistence upon the subordination of material to spiritual values, for which he has so often made the readers of the Atlantic his debtors. Mr. Willoughby, the Treasurer of Porto Rico, gives a résumé of the legislation already enacted in that island, where American "expansion" is apparently accomplishing some of its most beneficent results. Mr. Le Roy, who has lately returned from two years' service with the Philippine Commission, calls attention to the grave consequences of perpetuating our American race prejudices in dealing with the Filipinos. He shows that the "nigger" theory of proceeding with the natives has already proved a serious obstacle to the pacification of the islands. How deep rooted this theory is, and how far reaching are the moral and political penalties of African slavery in America, can be traced in Mr. Andrew Sledd's illuminating discussion of the negro problem in the South.

Indeed, profitable argument concerning the behavior of our soldiers and civilians in the Orient must begin with this sort of scrutiny into what we really feel and think at home. Self-examination, reflection upon the actual organization of our American society, and upon the attempts we are making to impose that organization by force upon Asiatic peoples, — this is surely a useful occupation for some portion of the Fourth of July. It happens that the Toastmaster is quite ignorant of the political affiliations of the authors of those four articles to which allusion has been made. But men of all parties and creeds have shared and will continue to share in the Atlantic's hospi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tality, and on Independence Day in particular, questions of party politics should be tacitly dismissed. "On other days of the year we may be party men. . . . But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans."

Do they sound rather grandiloquent, these orotund Websterian phrases of half a century ago? Have we grown superior to spread-eagleism, to barbecues and buncombe, to the early firecracker and the long-awaited sky-rocket, and all the pomp and circumstance of the Glorious Fourth? The Toastmaster, for one, confesses to a boyish fondness for the old-fashioned, reckless, noisy day. He is willing to be awakened at an unseemly hour, if only for the memory of dewy-wet dawns of long ago, and the imminent deadly breach of the trusty cannon under the windows of irascible old gentlemen, of real battle-flags waving, and perspiring bands pounding out The Star-Spangled Banner, and impassioned orators who twisted the British Lion's tail until it looked like a corkscrew. The day we celebrate, ladies and gentlemen! And may there ever be American boys to celebrate the day!

In the schooling of the twentieth century we have learned something, of course. Twisting the Lion's tail already seems a rather silly amusement, especially when it is likely to lessen the income from our investments. "We deeply sympathize with the brave burghers," announces a New Orleans paper, "but we cannot afford to miss selling a single mule." It seems provincial now to repeat the old self-satisfied "What have we got to do with abroad?" We have a great deal to do with abroad. We have been buying geographies, and have grown suddenly conscious of the world's life. And new occasions teach new duties. Here is a fighting parson in Boston who insists that we shall "take the Golden Rule and make it militant," and a doughty Captain of Infantry in Buffalo who preaches that "the currents of civilization flow from the throne of God, and lead through ways sometimes contrary to one's will, but it seems to me that our civilization of steel and steam must be laid over all the world, even though its foundations be cemented with the blood of every black race that strives to thwart us in our policy of benevolent assimilation." Thus is the Websterian doctrine of "Americans all; and all nothing but Americans" brought up to date in 1902.

And yet looking back to the Fourth of July oratory preceding and immediately following the Civil War it is difficult to avoid the feeling that we have lost something too. Beneath all the rhodomontade there was a real generosity of sentiment. There was boasting enough and to spare, but it was a boasting of principles, of liberal political theory, of the blessings of liberty itself. The politicians of that day were not so frankly materialistic as their successors, not such keen computers of the profits of commercial supremacy. It is true that they had less temptation. It is likewise true that they failed, in more than one section of the country, to carry the principles of the Declaration to their logical conclusion. But they were at least proud of the Declaration; it did not occur to them to doubt its logic, although here and there they may have forgotten to practice it. But ever since Rufus Choate set the bad example of sneering at its "glittering generalities," there have not been lacking clever young students of history and politics who have been eager to demonstrate its fallacies. One may suspect that some of the Americans who have just attended King Edward's coronation, and many more who have stayed at home and read about it, are at heart a trifle ashamed of the provincial earnestness of Jefferson's indictment of King George. And we are told that in one portion of the American dominions, a year ago, it was a crime to read the Declaration aloud.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But it is no crime to read it here, and one may venture to say that a good many inconspicuous Americans, who have not recently refreshed their memory of the immortal document, will this year hunt around until they find it, — in some humble Appendix to a School History, very likely, — and take the trouble to read it through. For there has been a good deal said about the Declaration lately, and much more is likely to be said before our Philippine troubles are ended. The past three months have thrown more light upon the essential character of our occupation of the Archipelago than the preceding three years have done. The Atlantic argued many months ago that the first duty of the Administration and Congress was to give the country the facts, that it was impossible to decide upon our future course in the islands until we knew more about what was actually happening there. We have found out something at last. The knowledge is not very pleasant, but it sticks in the memory, and not all the fire-crackers and fun of the Glorious Fourth will keep American citizens from reflecting that we are engaged, on that anniversary, in subjugating a weaker people who are struggling, however blindly and cruelly, for that independence which we once claimed as an "inalienable right" for ourselves.

For subjugation is the topic of the day; it is no longer a question of "expansion," or even of "imperialism." It is plain enough now that we are holding the Philippines by physical force only, and that the brave and unselfish men we have sent there have been assigned to a task which is not only repellent to Americans, but bitterly resented by the supposed beneficiaries of our action. To risk the life of a soldier like Lawton or a civilian like Governor Taft in order to carry the blessings of a Christian civilization to benighted Malays seemed, in the opinion of a majority of Americans in 1899, a generous and heroic enterprise. It was a dream that did the kindly American heart infinite credit. But now that we have learned how the thing must be done, if it is to be done successfully, the conscience of the country is ill at ease. It is neither necessary nor desirable to dwell on the fact that some of our soldiers have disgraced their uniform. Such men have shown the pitiable weakness of human nature under distressing conditions which they did not create; but the story is a shamefully old one; it has been told for three hundred years in the history of tropical colonization. Lincoln put the whole moral of it, with homely finality, into his phrase about no man being good enough to govern another man without the other man's consent. Not "strong enough," nor "smart enough," nor "Anglo-Saxon enough;" simply not good enough. Upon that point, at least, there is nothing more to be said.

Rude as this awakening to the actual nature of the Philippine campaign has been, it is far less disheartening to the lover of republican institutions than the period of moral indifference which preceded it. It is a lesser evil to see war in its nakedness and be shocked by it, than to be so absorbed in material interests as to be willing to sacrifice a gallant Lawton in order that some sleek trader should win a fortune. Any bitter truth is preferable to

> "The common, loveless lust of territory;
> The lips that only babble of their mart
> While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
> The bought allegiance and the purchased praise,
> False honor and shameful glory."

With the passing of this good-natured, easy-going indifference to suffering and struggle, we are distinctly nearer a solution of the Philippine problem. President Roosevelt declared last December, with characteristic generosity, that the aim of our endeavors was to "make them free after the fashion of the really self-governing peoples." If he were now, in the light of the additional evidence as to the attitude of the Filipinos and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changed sentiment here, to send a message to Congress embodying a definite programme leading not merely to Filipino "self-government" but to ultimate national independence, he would have behind him a substantial majority, not only of his own party, but of the citizens of the United States. To promise the Fiilpinos ultimate independence, — upon any reasonable conditions, — meaning to keep that promise, as we have already kept our word to Cuba, would be honor enough for any administration. President Roosevelt's administration inherited the Philippine "burden." The islands came to us partly through force of circumstances, partly through national vanity and thirst for power, but mainly through our ignorance. Now that we have learned what we were really bargaining for, it becomes possible to give over the burden to those to whom it belongs. It cannot be transferred in a day, it is true, but a day is long enough to make a resolve to rid ourselves of it at the earliest practicable moment. And the Fourth of July is a good day for such a resolution. To leave the Philippine Islands, under some amicable arrangement, to the Philippine people may be called "scuttling," — if critics like that word, — but it will be a return to American modes of procedure, to that fuller measure of Democracy which is the only cure for the evils of Democracy. For the chief obstacle to the subjugation of an Asiatic people by Americans lies in human nature itself. The baser side of human nature may always be depended upon to strip such conquest of its tinsel and betray its essential hideousness; while the nobler side of human nature protests against the forcible annexation of a weaker people by the countrymen of Washington. This protest, in the Toastmaster's opinion, will never be more instinctive or more certain of final victory than on the day sacred to the memory of our own national independence.

*B. P.*

---

## CERTAIN ASPECTS OF AMERICA.

*Gulliver.* (*Aside.*) What is Lilliput doing? *Lilliputian.* (*In Gulliver's snuff-box.*) The life of this Giant is very dark and snuffy.

### I.

THERE is an opinion, at least a saying, current among us, that a great man steps forth when a nation needs him. This theory is very comfortable, especially in those parts of the world where great men are rare, for it follows that ordinary men behave themselves so wisely and so well that they have no need of a great man. It is a theory, however, that bristles with difficulties. Ancient nations have decayed and fallen to ruin; did not they need great men? Some nations to-day are losing vigor and vitality; do not they need great men? Has a nation ever been so great as it might have been, so noble as it might have been, so honorable as it might have been, or so rich and comfortable that it might not have been still more rich and yet more comfortable? Nevertheless there is some truth in the saying, for certain needs do create great men. Our human nature is such that if its most sensitive children hear the cry of human needs, their faculties pass, as it were, through a fire, become purged, hardened, and of a temper to do those deeds which we call great. It is not every human need, unfortunately, that has that creative power. Mere barrenness and want cannot create great men; neither can corporeal needs, they are too easily satisfied. Since Prometheus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struck the first spark, neither corporeal needs, nor their derivatives, — ease, comfort, luxury, — have required great service. It is not a common need, but a penitential need, that brings forth the great man. Washington rose up, not because our forefathers needed to gain battles, but because they needed "a standard to which the wise and the just could repair;" Lincoln arose, not because our fathers needed statecraft, but because they needed "malice towards none; with charity for all." When a nation's want is deepened to desire, and desire is intensified into need, then that nation may hope that its need will create a great man. The fructifying need must be a yearning and a conscious need. In America we have no men whom we call great, not because we have no needs, for we have profound needs, but because we are not conscious of them. We walk about as in a hypnotic spell, all unaware of our destitution. When we shall open our minds to our needs, we shall do the first act toward ministering to them.

What is there to open our minds? Nature has provided a means through our affections. For ourselves, we are too old to perceive that which we lack, our habits are adjusted to privation, we are unconscious of the great needs of life; but if we let our thoughts dwell on those things which we desire for our children, then by constant brooding, by intense thinking, out of vague notions, out of uncertain hopes, out of dim ambitions, definite wants will take shape, grow hungrier and leaner, till they starve into needs that must be satisfied. What is a son to a father's hope, — "in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Hamlet gives our clue: our manners and behavior should be express and admirable; our actions should be like the angels', just and dutiful; our apprehension should be like the gods', seeing the values of things as they truly are. Thus through affection we discover our real needs. But as they are only creations of imaginative insight, they are very placid. They do not disquiet us; they do not make us wriggle on our chairs, nor lie awake at night; nor do they take from cakes and ale their pristine interest. What can we do to nurse these Barmecide wants, to convert these embryonic desires into organic needs? Is not the first thing to speak out, and give them at least an existence in words; and having put them into words, is not the second thing to speculate as to how they are affected, whether for health or for disappearance, by our American civilization? There is nothing unpatriotic in sociological inquiry. Civilization is organized effort to satisfy conscious needs, and we may naturally be curious to see how our American civilization affects unconscious needs, how it tends to make our manners gracious and admirable, to render our actions just and dutiful, to clarify our apprehension so that it shall behold life as it really is.

Yet there is a certain elementary feeling, akin to filial piety, which would naturally deter a right-minded man from any attempt at expressing even the adumbration of his opinions concerning his country. If a friend were about to tumble into such a pitfall, — properly set for foreigners, — one would buttonhole him, urge him to desist, explain that his project was temerarious, or, if need were, make use of still more violent means. One would catch at everything from superstition to coat-tails to prevent such a display of sentimental deficiency. But every man is wiser for his friends than for himself. We seldom listen to the modest voice of self-criticism; we charge it with opportunism, cowardice, conservatism, and retrogression, and go on our own way.

The very difficulties and risks lend a zest to rashness. The America which I think I see may have been produced by applying a microscope to the street in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which I live, till that be magnified to the requisite bulk; or it may be merely my own shadow cast on the clouds of my imagination by the simple machinery of ignorance and self-complacency. But when I consider my friend Brown, the manufacturer, and find that in his opinion America is the most magnificent of department stores; or Jones, of the militia, who conceives her as a Lady Bountiful presenting liberty and democracy to Asia and Polynesia; or Robinson, the shipbuilder, who beholds her, robed in oilskins, glorious queen of the seas, I reflect that perhaps to me, as well as to them, a little of the truth has been vouchsafed, and I am encouraged to use the American prerogative of looking with my own eyes to see what I can see.

II.

The aims to which we would aspire for our sons are various and require a various civilization, a manifold education. It is obvious, however, that our national life is not manifold but single. The nation embodies to an astonishing degree the motto, *E Pluribus Unum*. Our civilization is single, it centres about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy. This conception, at first hazily understood and imperfectly mastered, has now been firmly grasped, and is incorporate in our national civilization. Its final triumph is due to the generation which has been educated since the Civil War. Under that guidance material prosperity has dug the main channel for the torrent of our activities, and the current of our life pours down, dragging even with the whiff and wind of its impetuosity the reluctance and sluggishness of conservatism. The combinations of business, the centralization of power, the growth of cities, the facility of locomotion, have decreed uniformity. Individuality, the creation of race and place, is wrenched from its home. The orange-grower from Florida keeps shop in Seattle, the schoolma'am from Maine marries a cowpuncher. All of us, under the assimilating influences of common ends, assume the composite type. The days of diversity are numbered. The Genius of industrial civilization defies the old rules by which life passed from homogeneity to heterogeneity: she takes men from all parts of Europe, — Latin, Teuton, Celt, and Slav, — trims, lops, and pinches, till she can squeeze them into the American mould. Miss Wilkins's New Englanders, Bret Harte's miners, Owen Wister's ranchmen, are passing away. The variegated surface of the earth has lost its power over us. Mountain, prairie, and ocean no longer mark their sons, no longer breed into them the sap of pine, the honey of clover, the savor of salt. This moulding influence does its work thoroughly and well; it acts like that great process of nature in the insect world, which M. Maeterlinck calls *l'esprit de la ruche*. The typical American becomes a power house of force, of will, of determination. He dissipates no energy; as a drill bites into the rock, so he bores into his task.

This mighty burst of American industry is as magnificent in its way as Elizabethan poetry, or *Cinquecento* painting; no wonder it excites admiration and enthusiasm. What brilliant manifestation of energy, of will, of courage, of devotion! Willy nilly we shout hurrah. There stands America, bare-armed, deep-chested, with neck like a tower, engaged in this superb struggle to dominate Nature and put the elements in bondage to man. It is not strange that this spectacle is the greatest of influences, drawing the young like fishes in a net. Involuntarily all talents apply themselves to material production. No wonder that men of science no longer study Nature for Nature's sake, they must perforce put her powers into harness; no wonder that professors no longer teach knowledge for the sake of knowledge, they must make their stu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents efficient factors in the industrial world; no wonder that clergymen no longer preach repentance for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, they must turn churches into prosperous corporations, multiplying communicants, and distributing Christmas presents by the gross. Industrial civilization has decreed that statesmanship shall consist of schemes to make the nation richer, that presidents shall be elected with a view to the stock market, that literature shall keep close to the life of the average man, and that art shall become national by means of a protective tariff.

The process of this civilization is simple; the industrial habit of thought moulds the opinion of the majority which rolls along, abstract and impersonal, gathering bulk, till its giant figure is saluted as the national conscience. As in an ecclesiastical state of society, decrees of a council become articles of private faith, and men die for *homoiousian* or *election*, so, in America, the opinions of the majority once pronounced become primary rules of conduct. Take, for example, the central ethical doctrine of industrial thought, namely, that material production is the chief duty of man. That and other industrial dogmas, marshaled and systematized, supported by vigorous men whose interest is identical with that of the dogmas, grow and develop; they harden and petrify; they attack dissent and criticism. This is no outward habit, but an inward plasticity of mind; the nervous American organism draws sunshine and health from each new decree of public opinion. This appears in what is called our respect for law, — the recorded opinion of the majority, — in our submission to fashion, in the individual's indecision and impassivity until the round-robin reaches him, in the way that private judgment waits upon the critics and the press, while these hurriedly count noses.

Such a society, such educating forces, produce men of great vigor, virility, and capacity, but do not tend to make manners and behavior gracious and admirable, nor actions just and dutiful, nor apprehensions which see life in its reality.

III.

If we pursue our examination of the educational tendencies of our industrial civilization, we perceive not only that they are single while the ends which we seek are multiple, but also that industrial civilization, so far as it is not with us, is against us. For, according to the measure in which industrial interests absorb the vital forces of the nation, other interests of necessity are neglected. This neglect betrays itself in feebleness, in monotony, in lack of individuality. Let us consider matters which concern the emotions, religion or poetry; matters which in order to attain the highest excellence require passion. Now, passion is only possible when vital energy is thrown into emotion, and as we have other uses for our vital energy, we find ourselves face to face with a dilemma; either to make up our minds to let our religion and our poetry — and all our emotional life — be without passion, or else to use a makeshift in its stead. What course have we chosen? Look at our religion, read our poetry; witness our national joy, expressed in *papier-maché* arches and Dewey celebrations, our national grief vented in proclamations and exaggeration. We have not boldness enough to fling overboard our inherited respect for passion, and to proclaim it unnecessary in religion and poetry, in grief and joy; and so we cast about for a makeshift, and adopt a conventional sentimentality, which apes the expressions of passion, — as in tableaux an actor poses for Laocoön, — and combines a sincere desire to ape accurately with an honest enjoyment in the occupation. Our conventional sentimentality is the consequence of economy of vital energy in our emotional life in order that we may concentrate all our powers in our industrial life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or let us look at our spiritual life, to see how that has been affected by this diversion of vital energy. Spiritual sturdiness shows itself in a close union between spiritual life and the ordinary business of living, while spiritual feebleness shows itself in the separation of spiritual life from the ordinary business of living. We get an inkling of the closeness of that union in this country by considering, for instance, our conception of a nation. In our hearts we believe that a nation consists of a multitude of men, joined in a corporate bond for the increase of material well-being, for the multiplication of luxury, for the free play of energy, at the expense, if need be, of the rest of the world. In countries which spare enough vital energy from industrial life to vivify spiritual life, other conceptions prevail. Mazzini defined a nation as a people united in a common duty toward the world; he even asserted that a nation has a right to exist only because it helps men to work together for the good of humanity. Our conception shows how our spiritual life holds itself aloof from this workaday world, and denies all concern with so terrestrial a thing as a nation. One cause of this spiritual feebleness is our irregularly developed morality, for spiritual life thrives on a complete and curious morality which essays all tasks, which claims jurisdiction over all things; but our morality, shaped and moulded for industrial purposes, is uneven and lopsided, and, as industrial civilization has but a limited use for morality, asserts but a limited jurisdiction. It has certain great qualities, for industrial civilization exacts severe, if limited, service from it; it has resolution, perseverance, courage. Subject our morality to difficulty or danger, and it comes out triumphant; but seek of it service, such as some form of self-abnegation, some devotion to idealism, which it does not understand, and it fails. Cribbed and confined by a narrow morality, our spiritual life sits like an absentee landlord, far from the turmoil and sweat of the day's work, enjoying the pleasures of rigid respectability.

Another proof of the lack of vitality in the parts and organs remote from the national heart is our formlessness. An industrial society is loath to spare the efforts necessary to produce form. The nice excellences which constitute form require an immense amount of work. The nearer the approach to perfection, the more intense is the labor, the less obvious the result, and to us who enjoy obvious results, who delight in the application of power to obvious physical purposes, the greater seems the waste of effort. The struggles of the artist to bridge the gap between his work and his idea look like fantastic writhings. We stare in troubled amazement at the idealist.

> "Alas, how is 't with you?
> That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
> And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?"

Read poetry, as the material in which form is readily perceived; if we pass from the verse of Stephen Phillips, of Rostand, or of Carducci, to that of some American poet of to-day, we experience a sensation of tepidity and lassitude. Or, consider the formlessness of our manners, which share the general debility of non-industrial life. Our morality is too cramped to refine them, our sense of art too rough to polish them, our emotional life too feeble to endow them with grace. The cause is not any native deficiency. "We ought," as Lowell said fifty years ago, "to have produced the finest race of gentlemen in the world," nor is it lack of that cultivation which comes from books, but of that education which comes from looking on life as a whole, which a man acquires by regarding himself, not as an implement or tool to achieve this or that particular thing, but as a human being facing a threefold task, physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV.

The unequal development in this rapid evolution of the industrial type appears also in the contrast between different sets of our ideas. Those ideas which are used by industrial civilization are clear, definite, and exact; they show rigorous training and education, whereas ideas which have no industrial function to perform, being commonly out of work, degenerate into slatterns. Industrial civilization is like a schoolmaster with a hobby: it throws its pedagogical energies into the instruction which it approves, and slurs the rest; in one part of the affairs of life, the reason, the understanding, the intelligence are kept on the alert, in another part no faculty except the memory is used. The result is frequent discrepancy between ideas expressed in action and ideas expressed in language.

This discrepancy appears in our political life. We have all learned by heart the Declaration of Independence, snatches from old speeches, — "give me liberty, or give me death;" tags from the Latin

"Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni;"

and maxims concerning inalienable rights, natural justice, God's will, — maxims whose use is confined to speech, — come from the memory trippingly to the tongue. Put us to action, make us do some political act, such as to adjust our relations with Cuba, and we uncover another set of maxims, those whose use is confined to action: "the industrially fit ought to survive," "the elect of God are revealed by economic superiority," "Success is justified of her children," "the commandments of the majority are pure and holy." If we are taxed with the discrepancy, we stare, and repeat the contrasted formulæ, one set in words, the other in actions; we are conscious of no inconsistency, we will give up neither. This is not a case of hypocrisy. We believe what we say; for belief with us is not necessarily a state of mind which compels action to accord with it, but often an heirloom to be treated with respect. Look at our Christianity: we honor riches, oppress our neighbors, keep a pecuniary account with righteousness, nor could even St. Paul persuade us to be crucified, and yet we honestly insist upon calling ourselves Christians.

It is the same with our social ideas. The American believes that all men are born free and equal, that they possess an inalienable right to pursue their own happiness, but if one questions his neighbor in the smoking-car on the way to Chicago as to his views on Socialism, he will reply, "Socialism, sir, is the curse of this country. Czolgosz and Guiteau are enough for me; the Socialists must be suppressed. If they ever set up anarchy in these United States, I will emigrate, I'll go to Europe." To which you reply, "Certainly; but may there not be something in their notions, that the accident of birth is unjust, that opportunities should be equal, that every man should receive pay according to his labor?" Then he will answer, "In this country, sir, all men *are* equal; but if you think that my partner and me are to be treated equal to Herr Most or the late lamented Altgeld, or some of those Anarchists, I say no, not if I know it."

Take our practice in ethics. We believe in "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" nevertheless, as directors or stockholders of a corporation, we buy immunity from hostile legislation. We believe in the brotherhood of man, but we use any means to save our corporate purse from removing stoves from our cars, from putting electric power to use in our tunnels, from providing seats for our shopgirls. Even in science it is not beyond the mental elasticity of the American to harbor in one compartment of his mind the conclusions of biological evolution, and in another the texts of the Old Testament.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This capacity for self-deception extends far and wide, it honeycombs our thoughts and theories. We call our lack of manners liberty, our lack of distinction fraternity, our formless homogeneity equality. We think that industrial society with its *carrière ouverte aux talents* is democracy; in fact, it bears the relation to democracy which the Napoleonic empire bore to the ideals of the French Revolution. We are none the less honest, we are a people with a native love of phrases. Phraseology is that form of art which we understand the best. We cling to a phrase made by one of our patriot fathers, — a phrase of the best period, — and no more dream of parting with it because it does not represent any living idea, than a man would part with a Gainsborough portrait of his great-great-grandfather. It is like an ancestral chair in the parlor, not to be sat upon. We are justly proud of our heroic maxims; we shall teach them to negroes, Filipinos, Cubans, perhaps to the Chinese; we shall contribute them as our fine art to the world. Who can blame us? We have had our Revolution, our struggle with slavery; we have had Washington and Lincoln; we have had noble enthusiasms which have bequeathed to us a phraseology: and if we make parade of it, if we sentimentally cling to it, who shall find fault?

V.

One has moods, and as they shift, the image of America shifts too. At one time it appears, like Frankenstein's monster, to move its great joints and irresistible muscles under the influence of ambitions and purposes that seem incomprehensible, as Hamlet's words about man drift through one's mind. At another time it appears young, brilliant, powerful, flushed with hope, full of great projects, flinging all its abounding energy into its tasks, which to-day are physical, but to-morrow shall be intellectual, and thereafter spiritual. Now it looks the danger, and now the liberator, of the world. But whichever view be correct, whether America shall fulfill our hopes or our fears, we are bound to do those humble and commonplace acts which may help our sons to meet the difficulties that lie between them and our aspirations for them.

We see that absorption of our energies in material labor leaves great domains of human interest uncared for; we find that our emotional life is thin, that our sentimentality is ubiquitous; we find that our intelligence, when not devoted to business, is slovenly and trips us into self-deceit. The dangers are plain; how can we help ourselves? Surely with such an inexhaustible reservoir of will and energy, America might spare a little to free her from sentimentality and save her from self-deceit.

We accept sentimentality, because we do not stop to consider whether our emotional life is worth an infusion of blood and vigor, rather than that we have deliberately decided that it is not. We neglect religion, because we cannot spare time to think what religion means, rather than that we judge it only worthy conventionality and lip service. We think poetry effeminate, because we do not read it, rather than that we believe its effect to be injurious. We have been swept off our feet by the brilliant success of our industrial civilization, and, blinded by vanity, we enumerate the list of our exports, we measure the swelling tide of our material prosperity, but we do not stop even to repeat to ourselves the names of other things. If we were to stop, and reckon the values of idealism, of religion, of literature, if we were to weigh them in the balance against comfort, luxury, ease, we should begin to deliberate, and after deliberation some of us would be converted, for the difficulty confronting the typical American is not love of material things, but pride of power. He deems that will, force, energy, resolution, perseverance, in the nature of things must be put to material ends, and that whatever may be the qualities and capacities put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to use in science, philosophy, literature, religion, they are not those. Once persuade him that will, energy, and their fellow virtues will find full scope in those seemingly effeminate matters, and he will give them a share, if not a fair share, of his attention; for the American is little, if at all, more devoted to luxury, ease, and comfort than other men. But how is he to be buttonholed, and held long enough for arguments to be slipped into his ear? There is at hand the old, old helper, "the Cherub Contemplation." By its help man — for it takes him upon an eminence — sees all the great panorama of life at once, and discovers that it is a whole. Since the first conception of monotheism there has been no spiritual idea equal to that of the unity of life, for it asserts that spiritual things and material things are one and indivisible. Contemplation also teaches that action is not a substitute for virtue, that will, resolution, and energy take rank according to their aims; it leads man little by little to fix his mind upon the notion that he ought to have a philosophy of life, and to live not unmindful of that philosophy, for a philosophy however imperfect is not likely to teach him that happiness and the meaning of life are to be found only in industrial matters, and if it should, well and good, for the aim of Contemplation is not to teach a man this belief or that, but to rescue him from the clutch of blind social forces, and let him choose his own path in life.

As our sentimentality is a sign that we have neglected great interests connected with the emotions, so our self-deceit is a sign that we have neglected great interests connected with the intellect. If our minds were used to study not merely material things, but also all other ideas that surround and vivify life, we should not be able to lead this amphibious existence of self-deceit, — half in words and half in deeds. As Contemplation is our help to see life as a whole, and our guide toward ripeness and completeness, so we may discover a help against self-deceit in the observance of Discipline. Discipline is the constant endeavor to understand, the continual grapple with all ideas, the study of unfamiliar things, the search for unity and truth; it is the spirit which calls nothing common, which compels that deep respect for this seemingly infinite universe which the Bible calls the fear of the Lord. Discipline turns to account all labor, all experience, all pain; it is the path up the mountain of purgatory from the top of which Contemplation shows man life as a whole. On the intellectual side Discipline teaches us to keep distinct and separate the permanent and the transitory; on the moral side Discipline teaches us that right and wrong are not matters of sentimentality, that will and energy are untrustworthy guides. Discipline lies less in wooing success than in marriage to unsuccessful causes, unpopular aims, unflattering ends. Discipline is devotion to form; it teaches that everything from clay to the thought of man is capable of perfect form, and that the highest purpose of labor is to approach that form. Discipline will not let us narrow life to one or two ideas; it will not let us deceive ourselves, or put on the semblance of joy or grief like a Sunday coat.

> "For the holy Spirit of Discipline will flee deceit,
> And remove from thoughts that are without understanding,
> And will not abide when unrighteousness cometh in."

Discipline and Contemplation bring life to that ripeness which is the foundation of happiness, of righteousness, of great achievement; they are the means by which, while we wait for the inspiration and leadership of great men, we may hope to piece out the brilliant but imperfect education provided by our industrial civilization, and help our sons to become, in Lowell's proud words, "the finest race of gentlemen in the world."

*H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

## PROLOGUE OF LETTERS.

### LETTER I.

In a Beech Forest, *April* 7.

Dear Pessimist, — I have read your book through three times; my copy has grown very shabby; the covers are stained, — I dropped it in a brook; the margins are covered with penciled notes. In a word, I love the book. Does this justify my writing to you, an absolute stranger? By no means, I should say; and yet, safe among my beeches, I am not afraid of doing so. I don't know who you are, nor you who I may be, and if you should choose to ignore my letter, that is an easy way of making an end of it. The direct reason for my writing is this: —

The little pointed shadows of the new beech leaves, dancing over the ground, have reminded me of your shadow theory, and I have been wondering whether you really believe in that theory, or whether it is merely a poetic idea belonging to your pose as "The Pessimist." Do you really think that no life can be judged alone, "without consideration of the shadows of other lives that overlap it"?

This theory, sincerely believed in, would lead to a very comfortable philosophy of irresponsibility, and the more I study the Breviary, the more I wonder whether it *is* sincere, or merely an artistic point of view assumed for the occasion. Your chapter on Hamlet is delicious; Hamlet as a neurasthenic, treated in a way that tempts me strongly to the belief that you are a physician. I wonder! Is n't it Balzac who says, "Les drames de la vie ne sont pas dans les circonstances, — ils sont dans le cœur"?

I have been sitting here, like Mr. Leo Hunter's expiring frog, "on a log," trying to think over this theory in connection with yours of the shadows. I say *trying* to think, because, whatever other women may find their brains capable of, I much doubt whether my own ever gets further than musing — or even dreaming.

You say that if Hamlet had not been a nervous invalid, the trifling shock of his father's murder and his mother's marriage would not have been fatal to him, — such events being quite everyday in his age and country. Then you apply your shadow theory to him, the shadows, on his poor dazed brain, of his mother, of Ophelia, etc., — and go off into incomprehensibilities that make *my* poor dazed brain whirl.

I have read and re-read the abstruser parts of the book, trying to understand with I fear little success, but against one thing I protest. You speak of nature, and yet you avow that your studies are made in a laboratory! Wise as you are and ignorant though I am, I am nearer nature here in my forest than you in your laboratory. The things that fall away from one, leaving one almost a child, when one is alone with trees!

The tone of your book is a curious one. It is not despairing, it is intellectual, it is charming, and yet — what is the use of being wise if it brings no more than it has brought you!

Another thing. Why do you say that you do not know German? You do, for your translations from poor Nietzsche are original. Chapter 5, paragraph 2: "Great people have in their very greatness great virtues, and do not need the small goodnesses of the small-brained." Let it go at that. You are a great man, and do not need the bourgeois virtue of truth-telling. The last remark is rather impertinent, but it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is one of those spring days when one grows expansive and daring, and, after all, the luxury of saying what one likes is rare.

So, good-by, Pessimist. Greetings from my beech forest and from myself. The small brook, much interested in the greenness of the valley, is rushing down over the stones with the noisy haste of things youthful, and I see one cowslip in a hollow. I wonder if even Pessimists love Spring!

And if you will be indulgent toward this feminine curiosity about your book, which has charmed a woman not easily charmed, let me know just this much: whether the Breviary expresses your real convictions, or is written as it were by a fictitious character.

If you will tell me this I shall be very grateful to you, and in any case let me thank you for having charmed away for me a great many hours. Address:

MADAME ANNETTE BONNET,
4 bis, rue Tambour, Paris.

Madame Bonnet being an old servant, who will forward your note, if you are kind enough to write one, to me here in my forest.

LETTER II.

IN A LABORATORY, *May* 7.

TO MY UNKNOWN CRITIC, — Should I explain, excuse, give a thousand and one reasons why four weeks have been allowed to pass without my acknowledging the kindly meant letter of a gracious critic? A "gentle" one, too, as the polite men of a hundred years ago used to say.

But why should I answer? And why do I?

From a beech forest to a laboratory is a wide leap, a rude transition, one, my critic, that, if you could make it, would cause you to rub your eyes, and stare, and blink (forgive the unromantic picture that I draw), and cry, "Wait till I collect my senses."

It is no wonder that you would be dizzy, for a moment at least, and think that some rude hand had roughly called you back from a land of dreams, beautiful dreams, and dragged you into a dazzling light of stern, hard, unromantic facts. It is all very well to lie in your beautiful forest, and watch the lights and shadows play, and dream that you know the truth.

Truth is not found in dreams, dear lady. It is found, if ever, in laborious observation of facts, in patient, drudging study of nature. What do you know of truth? Do you not see that it is absurd, your calling me to account for my book? You are idling with the emotions that nature stirs within you, and I have studied that nature for years. Not the nature only of trees and flowers, but the nature that is everything, — the spring of the universe. You watch a cowslip and fancy yourself close to the heart of the world, while we scientists crush every emotion that the real naked facts of nature may not be obscured. There is no passion in the soul of the scientist.

But I am rude, and after all it is only a difference in the point of view. You in your beech forest watch the effect of nature on the human heart, — not on the soul, as you imagine! We in our laboratories see the warring and antagonizing force of nature; the world as it is, not as man loves to picture it to himself. Why, then, dreamer, do you ask me whether I really believe in my own theories? Pardon me that I forgot myself for the moment, and became too earnest, perhaps impatient, but — you "wonder whether I am really in earnest!"

If there is one exasperating thing in the world to a man who has spent his best years looking down, deep down, into the recesses of life, seen things as they are, and detected their false coloring as well as the deceit practiced on the senses of this jabbering, stupid flock of sheep called mankind, — it is to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told that he does not really believe in what he has learned by years of hard work.

Why should I pretend to believe something which I do not? Is it to enjoy the fancies excited by — But I forget. You live in a beech forest.

After all, everything is only a question of the vibration of one's cerebral molecules. They vibrate transversely and one is displeased, — yours will vibrate transversely, no doubt, in reading this answer to your charming letter; and though I am bearish, I will admit that mine vibrated perpendicularly on reading your kind words of appreciation.

About my theories, dear lady, the little book you have read is only the forerunner of a much more comprehensive, and much duller, volume which is to come out soon; may I refer you to that? I will only say now, in two words, that I do believe that everything in the world is relative, and that every life is a resultant, as physicists say, of all the forces of its environment. No life could be what it is if isolated from all others, — surely even a dreamer in a forest must know that?

Only a small fraction of the knowledge of any human being can be credited to himself. Ninety-nine per cent is the result of the accumulated knowledge of the generations which have preceded him, and of his contemporaries. So his personality is in part the inherited characteristics of his ancestors, in part the traits engrafted upon the soil by suggestions (subtle and unconscious often) from the lives about him. Upon him is impressed the composite individuality of many lives.

But I am talking too much, and I doubt not you will think me garrulous, as well as unappreciative! I admit the lie about the German, the reason being that my incognito must be kept, on account of the new book. As a rule, what you call the "bourgeois virtue" of truth-telling is mine. Forgive my roughness. Perhaps to-morrow — who knows? — might find me in a milder mood, when I would tear up this ungrateful letter. But then, would I write another?

Who are you? I wonder what you are like, whether — But it does n't matter.

LETTER III.

*May* 8.

To the Forest Dreamer, — Since writing you I have re-read your letter, and I am struck with two things.

The first, that I should have written as I did to an utter stranger; that to this stranger, who carefully conceals every trace of her identity, I, of all men, should have orated and scolded through ten pages or more!

The second point that astonishes me is that this unknown has told me absolutely nothing of herself beyond the fact that she once sat on a log like an expiring frog, and that she wrote from a beech forest.

Do you take my amazement amiss? If so, I must in defense offer half a hundred or more of letters — all unanswered — sent me by as many daughters of Eve, of many nations, for you do not appear to know that the Breviary has been translated into both French and German.

Some of these dear creatures have sent me pages of heart-history, and one or two their photographs. It is an irony of fate that you, the one whose letter irritated or charmed me into a reply, should be she who tells me nothing of herself! May I not know something? Your incog. is at least as safe as mine. Even from the shadowy indication I can glean from your writing, your mode of expression, etc., I think I have made a picture from them not wholly unlike the original: you are not, I am sure, more than twenty-seven, you are married, you are — But — from the security of your forest, will you not tell me a little of yourself?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER IV.

IN THE BEECHWOOD, *May* 28.

To the laboratory from the beechwood, all hail! And you should see the grace with which every bough sways downward, while the glossy leaves quiver with pleasure, and the shadows — my shadows — chase each other across the moss, and the cuckoo calls.

So I am a dreamer? A dreamer in a forest! Since writing to you, O Pessimist, this dreamer has been far from her dear trees. She has been at a court, she has walked a quadrille with a King and supped with an Emperor.

She has worn satin gowns and jewels that contrasted oddly with her wind-browned face; she has flirted lazily with tight-waisted youths in uniform; she has learned something of a certain great Power's China Policy that President McKinley would love to know, — and she has been bored to death, — poor dreamer!

Last night, near to-day, after a long journey and a two hours' drive through a silvery world, she reached the old house among the trees that she loves; and now here she is again, high on the hill in the mottled shadows at which you laugh. The lilies of the valley have come, and the brook is shrinking in the heat.

Just as she reached this corner of the world where she idles away so much time, a cuckoo called to her, — the first, mind you, that she had heard this year!

Instead of turning money in her pocket, she paused, poor dreamer, to find a happiness in her heart to turn! The servant's explanation would be incomprehensible to you, if quoted, but what he brought were your two letters, arrived during the tarrying at courts, and forgotten in the hurry of arrival.

Thank you. Thank you for telling me that you really do believe in your book. Do you know, Pessimist, that in spite of the tone of the book, your theories are merciful? If every life is the result of its environments, and every character the result of heredity and surroundings, then people should judge each other more tenderly. Without knowing it, are you one of those who have pessimism in their mouths, optimism in their hearts?

Do not be angry with me, a mere dreamer in a beech forest (do you *particularly* despise beeches?), for daring to suggest thus a sort of unconscious insincerity in what you profess to believe. Remember, opinions are merely points of view, and what I think comes to me partly from my grandfather the bishop, partly from my great-great-great-uncle the pirate!

Joking aside, why must my dreams in a forest be of a necessity less profitable to me personally than are to you what after all are only your dreams in a laboratory? God — and I mean the universal Master, not the prejudiced president of any narrow sect — gave us nature as a guide, or at least as a help. Do you, among your crucibles and tests, find the peace and rest that I do here under my great, quiet, understanding trees?

And I am not a child — nor even an elderly child — of nature. I may be a dreamer, but I am a woman of the world with open eyes, and I know that what I see in the world I learn to understand *here*, far from its din and hurry.

The wood is full of cuckoo-clocks, striking all sorts of impossible hours, — dream-hours, dream-clocks, — despise them as much as you like, for you haven't them, poor scientist! Now the nearest dream-clock has struck twenty-three, which is time for lilies-of-the-valley-picking, so good-by.

Thank you for your letter. I say for your *letter*, because the second was simply a burst of graceful inconsistency. If I am only a bundle of molecules,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cerebral and otherwise, why should you wish to know what I look like, and who I am?

Believe me, your desire is — let us say — nothing but an irregular vibration of cerebral molecules! and I am "as other men (*sic!*) are," I am just "Snug the Joiner."

This is a leaf from the biggest, wisest, and dearest of my beeches. It has just fluttered down to me, and I think wishes to go to you. Good-by.

LETTER V.

*June* 10.

And so you are still to be a myth to me, my Fair Unknown? Well, — it does not matter. Thank you for your letter. You are a poet. I like you, I like your forest, I like your brook and your cuckoos. Won't you tell me more of them?

So you find my questions, my curiosity, inconsistent with devotion to science? Why? There is a type of New England woman who thinks that when a man marries he becomes a monk. Do you think that because a man takes the study of nature as his life-work, he becomes a monk? Rather, is not a woman part of nature? And because I have written a somewhat dry book, am I to have no interest in things charming? I rather think my cerebral molecules are jingling and tingling over your letter as would those of any one of your tight-waisted lieutenants. However, to-morrow comes work again, and you will be forgotten.

So my forest dreamer has been to court, and danced with kings and emperors, and — been bored to death withal. I wonder whether she felt like Alice, when she told her Wonderland kings, "You are nothing but a pack of cards"?

At all events, I am glad that my dreamer is a woman of the world, and *because* of being that, fond of her beech forest. This all tells me much. And so you are "as other *men* are"! When a woman is as other men are, she has developed much that other women do not know. She is a woman of whom a man may make a friend. They speak the same language, think the same thoughts, — and each knows that the other can understand. Good-night. Write me again.

LETTER VI.

*June* 26.

After being called a "Fair Unknown" it is painful to be obliged to undeceive you. However, I must do this, for though my cerebral molecules may be charming, I am outwardly not attractive. I was born with slightly crossed eyes and large red ears, which misfortune many tears have failed to remedy.

I notice a startling amount of worldliness in your last letter, and as I fear you will no longer care to hear from a person afflicted as I am, I will take time by the forelock and bid you good-by now.

Ainsi, adieu.

LETTER VII.

*July* 10.

It is not true! Do you think that science is a study so unprofitable that I have devoted myself to it for years without having learned something of cause and effect?

No woman with crossed eyes and (Heaven save the mark) "large red ears" could ever have written the letters you have written me!

You are not only charming, but you are beautiful. I 'd stake my professional reputation on this. Your forest, your kings and emperors, your cuckoos and cowslips, may be all a pose; you may be old, you may be Madame Annette Bonnet yourself for all I know, but you are, or have been, beautiful; men have loved you, women have envied you, you have known power.

Deny this, if you dare, on your word of honor!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER VIII.

*August* 10, THE LABORATORY.

Are you never going to write me again?

LETTER IX.

*August* 25, BERLIN.

No.

LETTER X.

*September* 17.

DEAR PESSIMIST, — Did you think me very horrid? Did your cerebral molecules rub each other into shreds, — tranverse shreds?

It was not nice of me, but I was not in a letter-writing frame of mind, and I could n't write, even to you whom I don't know. I was away from home, amid crowds of people, — people I don't like; I was worried and irritated in more ways than one.

And now!

Here I am again by my brook, which is rushing noisily in frantic haste, swollen by recent rain; the birches, dear butterfly trees, are losing their poor wings; there are coppery lights on the beech leaves; the ferns are drying, and here and there the duskiness of autumn is lit by the scarlet of a poisonous fungus. Quite near me is a lizard's hole, and out of it peers a small bright eye. I like lizards. One of my happinesses is that of being free from little fears — fears of bats; of poor wee snakes; of blundering winged things. The only thing of the kind of which I have a horror is the creature called a "black beetle," and as I have never seen one, and know it chiefly through a translation of Le Petit Chose that I read when almost a child, I cannot say that the horror is very vivid. But this is absurd, my writing you about black beetles!

Your last letter, or last but one, was amusing. I neither affirm nor deny the truth of what you say in it, but it amused me. You say, O Wise Man, that men have loved, women envied me. And have I loved any man, and envied any woman? You see, I am in a sentimental September mood.

I have been learning how I missed my trees during the hot, hot days, and how my trees missed me, — the days when a blue mist softens the distance, when the pine smell is the strongest, the shadows the blackest of the year, when no place on earth is bearable except the depths of a thick-knit wood. Don't snub me by calling this poetical, for you know you wrote that you wished to hear about my trees and my brook, — which was crafty of you!

To-day I have visited all my deserted friends; the dream tree, the wisdom tree, — a great beech, the butterfly tree, and they all looked sadly at me, and I at them. The face in the wisdom tree, a combination of knots and branches, cowled in summer by leaves, frowns at me to-day in evident disapproval of my wasted midsummer. A bird has built her nest in one of the eyes, which somehow gives it the air of the sternest of monkish confessors. Only the cedars and pines and firs are unchanged. They are tonic, but a wee bit unsympathetic. One great fir has a wound in his side as large as my hand, but he holds his head as erect as ever, and does not seem to notice his heart's blood oozing down his rough bark. I should not dare pity him, which is fatal to a true sympathy. I found a mushroom, and ate it. Perhaps it was a toadstool.

You will think me mad, you will snub me.

I don't mind being thought mad, for I am used to it, and rather agree with the theory in my heart of hearts; but I object to being snubbed. So, to avoid that, let me hasten to snub you first. I saw in Amiel's Journal, the other day, a most fitting sentiment, which please accept with my compliments: "Science is a lucid madness, occupied in tabulating its own hallucinations."

Think me crazy, "tabulate" me, and go on making nasty messes in cru-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cibles, — or are crucibles the soap-bubbly things that explode? — but if your laboratory holds one single object as consoling to you on blue days as is one of my trees to me, even on a wet September evening, I 'll eat that object!

The sun is going down the hill, and so must I. Good-night.

LETTER XI.

IN THE WILDS OF MAINE, *October* 2.

Bonjour, l'Inconnue! Your letter has just been brought to me, and though Heaven knows you don't deserve it, I sit down at once by the lake, to answer. I missed you, cross-grained though I am, and though I fully recognize the way in which you, Our Lady of the Beeches, intend to use this humble devotee, I am glad to hear from you once more, and put myself at your disposition.

Your kings and queens, your people whom you "don't like," know nothing of the dreamer. They know the slightly mocking writer of your letter of June 26, — they know nothing of the beech forest, nothing of the impetuous, natural, warm-hearted woman that the Primo Facto meant you to be.

And I, insignificant scientific worm, am to be your safety valve. Did you think I did not realize all this? As you never intend to tell me who you are, you feel safe. You are safe. No one shall ever see one of your letters, and I shall make no effort to find you out.

Dear lady, will your crossed eyes twinkle with amusement when I tell you that your letters have been the means of sending me up here, away from the haunts of woman, to rest an over-tired nervous system? Without the small packet in my writing-table I should have betaken myself to the comparative simplicity of Bar Harbor; *with* the small packet I came here, — three weeks ago. I am alone, but for my guide. There are little beech trees here, too, — a few, — many pines, a small lake, birds, and quiet. In spite of these charming things, however, I am not happy. The quiet gets on my nerves, and if your letter had not come to-day, I should probably have been off to-morrow.

Solitude is bad, I see, for me. My sins loom great among the rusty pine stems, my neglected opportunities stare me in the face, my utter insignificance is brought home to me in a way I do not like. You are too young to feel the reproach of wasted years, or you could not love your forest as you do.

May I know your age? And — do not snub me — if you have troubles small enough to be talked about, and choose to do so, tell me them. Advice helps no mortal, but it *suggests* self-help.

Now good-by. I must go and make coffee. I suppose you do not know the smell of coffee rising among sunbaked pines?

LETTER XII.

LONDON, *October* 25.

So you will be my confessor, my patient safety valve? Are you not afraid of being overwhelmed by an avalanche of sentimental semi-woes? What if I should write you that I am that most appalling creature, une femme incomprise? Or that I am pining with love for a man not my husband? Or that I adore my husband, while he wastes his time in greenrooms? Or — or — or — Pessimist, where is thy pessimism, that thou riskest such a fate?

However, as it happens, I have no woes to pour into even your sympathetic and invisible ear. I am quite as happy as my neighbors, and even of a rather cheerful disposition. Bored at times, of course, — who is n't? That is all.

In a few days I go to Paris, after a very charming visit in England, where I have met many very interesting and delightful people, among others the Great Man.

He is a great man, the Napoleon of the eye-glass, though I have heard that he is not Napoleonic, in that he has a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscience, whose existence he carefully hides behind a mask of expediency. It amused me, while stopping in the house with this man and studying in a humble way his face and his manners, to read certain European papers describing him as slyness and unscrupulousness in person!

Do you like gossip? I love it myself, and here is a good story. A certain R. H. told a lady of his acquaintance that she might choose for herself a certain gift, — say a tiara of diamonds, costing £2000. The lady, seeing a very beautiful one for £4000, bought it and had it sent with the bill for £2000 to the royal giver, and paid the extra two thousand herself. So far, good. But was n't it one of life's little ironies that the gift, greatly admired by H. R. H., should have been sent by him to a younger and fairer friend, and that the poor fading one should have had to pay for half of it!

England rings with such tales. It is a curiously anomalous country, Respectability is its God, yet it readily, almost admiringly, forgives the little slips of the smart set. One woman, Lady X, told me, "Oh yes, Lord Y is my aunt Lady F's lover." On seeing my expression, she added, with a laugh, "Everybody has known it for years, so some one else would have told you if I had n't. Besides, she is received *everywhere*." So she is. An awful old woman with a yellow wig, — poor soul.

So you do not love solitude? And you miss people. Possibly I love my beeches so, because I can never be alone with them more than a few hours at a time. Possibly, but I don't believe it.

My portrait has just been done by a great English painter, and I was much pleased that he himself suggested doing it out of doors! The background is a laurel hedge, glistening and gleaming in the sun. The picture is good, but it flatters me.

I have been trying again to understand the more scientific parts of the book, but I can't! This will probably reach you in your beloved laboratory. Are your fingers brown and purple? Do you wear an apron when you work? If so, I will make you one!

Good-by, and a pleasant winter to you. Thanks for the kindness in your letter.

LETTER XIII.

THE LABORATORY, *November* 11.

Please make me an apron! Could it have a beech-leaf pattern?

Thanks for your charming letter, which I will answer soon. I am just off to Paris, — affaire de Sorbonne. Don't mock at my laboratory, dear Our Lady of the Beeches! I have been as happy as a child ever since I got back to it. Forests may be all very well for the young, — I am too old for them and need hard work. Good-by!

LETTER XIV.

*December* 13, THE LABORATORY.

DEAR LADY, — I sit by my table. The "soap-bubbly things that explode" are pushed aside, to make room for an electric lamp; I am beautiful to behold in the beech-leaf pattern apron!

I landed yesterday, to find the package awaiting me, and the contents exceeded my wildest, most sanguine expectations! Did you yourself put in all those wee stitches? I notice that the border is sewed on extra, — did you do it? It took me some time to solve the mystery of the strings, — it is years since I wore a bib, — but now, they are neatly tied around my waist and about my neck. It falls in graceful folds, — it is perfect.

There is only one drawback to my happiness in my new possession, — the well-founded fear of making a spot on it, or burning a hole in it! By the way, speaking of burning holes in things, I burnt a large one, the other day, in my thumb, — luckily my left one. It hurt like mad, kept me awake two or three nights, and did no good to my temper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once I got up (it was in Paris, you know) and went out for a tramp. You don't know the Paris of two o'clock in the morning. It had rained, there was a ragged mist, the lights reflected their rays in ruts and pools; the abomination of desolation is Paris at two o'clock in the morning, — to cross-grained foot passengers. You were in Paris that night, probably dancing at some ball — "lazily flirting with a tight-waisted" somebody.

I thought of you as I plodded through the dreary streets and laughed at the remembrance of my first letter to you, — a pedantic outpouring of heavy-handed indignation. Our Lady of the Beeches must have smiled at it. Will she smile again at what I 'm going to tell her now? A carriage passed me at a corner of the rue Royale, and the lights flashed over the face of its occupant; a woman wrapped in a dark furred coat. The idea came to me that it was — *you*. I wonder! She had lightish, brilliant hair and a rather tired face.

If I had been — well — several years younger, I should have followed the carriage; but I remembered my promise, and let it pass without hailing the hansom near by. The horses were grays, the carriage dark green — I did n't notice the livery.

Rue Tambour, 4 bis — it was n't breaking my word to drive to rue Tambour, was it? I walked in a pouring rain (good for a feverish thumb!) the length of the deserted street to 4 bis. Six stories high, respectable, dull, with a red light in the hall. And there dwells Madame Annette Bonnet, sweet sleep to her.

Where are you now? Lady without troubles, in what part of the world are you smiling away the winter in cheerful content?

Write me again when the spirit moveth you.

The night I visited rue Tambour was November 26.

LETTER XV

RUE TAMBOUR, 4 bis, PARIS,
Christmas Day.

The night you visited rue Tambour I sat high up in 4 bis, watching a sick woman.

My poor old nurse was taken ill a few days before, and as she has only me in the world, I moved from my hotel here, and have been with her ever since. I leave to-morrow, but have a fancy for writing to you from here, so forgive this paper, which I could n't wound her by refusing, and try to admire the gilt edges.

How curious that you should have been *roder*ing about underneath our windows that night. It was her worst one, and I sat up till dawn. Several times I went to the window and looked out at the rain. I was very anxious and very sad. I love old Annette; she gave me all the mothering I ever had, and one does n't forget that.

The young doctor, hastily called in when she fainted, was unsatisfactory, being too busy trying to show me, in delicate nuances, his full appreciation of the strangeness of the presence in that house of such a woman as I; the nurse, a stupid Sister of Charity, made me very nervous; if I had known you were below, who knows whether I would not have rushed down for a word of sympathy? But now I am happier again, the dear old woman is nearly well, and her sweet taking-for-granted of my kindness to her, better than all the gratitude in the world.

Thanks for your letter. I am glad that you like the apron. I did make it myself, — every stitch, and a terrible time I had finding the famous beech-leaf pattern! Only please wear it, burn holes in it (instead of your poor thumb) and really use it. Then, when it is worn out, I 'll make you another. Did I tell you how old I am? I am twenty-nine.

By the way, olive oil and lime water is a very good remedy for burns. Re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member this, as you will doubtless go on burning yourself from time to time! Good-by.

LETTER XVI.

*January* 14, THE LABORATORY.

DEAR LADY, — What, in your wisdom, do you think of this story? A woman, whom I have known for more years than she would care to remember, has just enlivened us by running away from her husband with a man whom every one knows and nearly every one dislikes. The town has been agog with the tale for the past week; it has been the occasion of much excited conversation at two or three dinners where I was, and the different view-points of different people have interested me greatly. The retrospective keenness of observation of almost all those men and women is delightful; but as for myself, though I have known many men and some women, and flattered myself that I knew more than a little about human nature, this case has floored me. Listen, and then tell me what you think.

*She* is a woman of forty-two or three, handsome, fairly clever, masterful, with a faint idea of metaphysics and some knowledge of archæology. Her husband is a good sort, with plenty of money, who let her do about as she liked, — even to the extent of blackening her eyebrows. The other man is thirty-four, with padded shoulders and a lisp. He wears opal shirt-studs, and was formerly suspected of a bracelet. He has no money, no profession, no prospects. Off they went one moonlight night, and as Mr. —— will divorce her, they will marry, and live on — love, in New Jersey. Do you think it possible for two rational beings to live on love, in New Jersey? And yet they must love each other, or they would n't have done it.

The question and the collateral ones suggested by it have been distracting me greatly. When I was twenty — or even twenty-five, I could — in fact *did* — believe in the sufficiency of one man and one woman to each other. I no longer do, however, and know few people who could swear to such a belief. My sister-in-law, a clever woman, with whom I have discussed the affair, seems inclined to envy them, — she herself has been a widow for years, and shows no disposition to change her estate; but I am conscious of pitying them both. Are n't they going to wake up in a few weeks at most, and loathe each other? Tell me what you think?

Even assuming that Browning is right in his Soul-Sides theory, must not two people, as isolated as they must be, be bored to death by each other's soul-sides after a time? People rarely tell each other the whole truth in the discussion of such questions, chiefly because every one has a certain amount of pose ; but you, woman of the world, from your forest, could tell me fearlessly your inmost thoughts about the matter. If you wish to!

I like to think of you caring for your old nurse, and I am glad you were in the house that night when the spirit in my feet led me to it.

This disembodied friendship has a great charm for me, and I like knowing of you all that you will allow me to, though I grant you that did we know each other personally much of the interest would be lost. You are wise in telling me nothing of your outside personality, your name, your home, your looks, etc., but let me know what you can of your character, your thoughts, your feelings.

I would willingly tell you my name, but it would not interest you, and would change the whole attitude of things, perhaps disastrously to me. We would be friends if we met, you and I, but each would keep from the other something that he or she would tell the next comer. Our view-points would influence, not the character of each other, but what each would be willing to show the other.

Would there not be a great charm in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being absolutely truthful to each other by letter? In showing each other — you know what I mean. The idea is not original, but we have drifted unconsciously into the beginning of an original exposition of it.

I am over forty years old. I have never had any especial fondness for women as a whole; I am a busy man, with an engrossing life-work that, even were my temperament other, would prevent my ever trying to penetrate your incognito.

You are a young and (I insist) beautiful woman, living in the world, occupied with the million interests of the woman of the world; consoled on the other hand for the inevitable slings and arrows of life by a curiously strong love of nature and a certain intelligent curiosity as to things abstruse.

Granted, then, that I am (alas!) no impetuous boy, to fall in love with you and rush across the world to find you out, — that you are no lonely sentimentalist with a soul-hunger, — why not be friends?

You say you have no troubles. Good! Then tell me your joys. What I will be able to give you, Heaven knows! I am asking much, and can probably give little — or nothing, though one thing I can do. I can send you books, if you will let me, books that would never come in your way, probably, and that you will love.

And you will — do! — give me many pleasant thoughts, instantaneous day-dreams, so to say, gleams of sunshine that brighten my hours of hard work.

This has grown to be a volume, and if, after all, you only laugh at me, O dreamer? I 'll only say, if you must snub, snub gently!

There is a heart-breaking hole burnt in the front breadth (!) of the apron, and a terrible tear at the root of one of the bib-strings. I forgot I had an apron on, and nearly hanged myself getting down from a ladder on which I 'd been standing driving some nails in the wall. My sister-in-law mended it, and offered even to make me another, but I would n't have it.

I hope you 've not forgotten your promise?

Dear Lady of the Beeches, good-by.

LETTER XVII.

*February* 1,
In a small room high in a tower.

Why should I snub you? On the contrary I am pleased — flattered, possibly — by your letter. Another thing, — you have put into words something that I have felt for years. The influence of the character of another person, not on one's own character, but on the choice of the side of one's character that one is willing to show that person.

If I have a virtue (besides that of modesty, you see!) it is that of frankness. I think I may honestly say that I know no woman with less of conscious pose. Yet even when striving with somewhat untoward circumstances to be perfectly natural, I am conscious of something more than mere justifiable reserve.

The side I show to one person is never, do what I will, the same side I show to another, and, as the French say, that afflicts me, in morbid moments. "Each life casts a shadow, be it ever so slight, on the lives about it, and is shadowed by those lives. The sun showing through a combination of blue and green, though the same sun, throws a light different from that it throws when it shines through blue and red."

You will remember this quotation, though it is not exact.

In moments of self-confidence, which are more frequent than the morbid ones, I tell myself that one must respect one's moods, which are a part of one's self after all. Am I right? Is this a bit of what you, O Wise Man, call so gently "an intelligent interest in things abstruse"?

This interest in one's self, in one's motives, is of course a kind of vanity,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but surely if one honestly tries, one can learn to know one's self better than any other person's self, and one's self belongs to humanity as much as does one's neighbor.

So we are to be friends. I am glad. I am glad you are not young, I am glad you are a busy man. And you must indeed be busy between your laboratory and your metaphysics. I like busy men, and I am glad you understand so well the advantages of our not knowing each other personally.

Frankly, I should be terribly influenced by external things. It could never be the same. If your eyes happened to be blue instead of brown, or brown instead of gray, I should be disappointed. Also, if you had a certain kind of mouth I should be quite unable to like you. Observe how gracefully I ignore the possibility of *your* being influenced by such trifles. Your great mind being sternly bent on molecules, you no doubt would not even notice whether I am tall or short, bony or baggy! But you will think this very foolish babbling, after the profundity of my beginnings.

About your story. I agree with you in pitying her. In such cases I am always inclined to pity the woman. And this woman has put everything into the scale against the love of a man years younger than she, as well as having taken from him, at least for a time, the companionship of other men and women, his club, all his menus.

As a merciful Providence in the mystery of his wisdom has created man polygamous, woman monogamous (by instinct, which is, after all, what counts), every man, unless his love for a woman is backed and braced by a lot of other things, the respect of his kind, amusement, occupation, etc., is bound to tire of her after a time.

Even backed by these things, how many a perfectly sincere love wanes with time!

Poor soul! I hope her husband will divorce her soon, and at least give her the legal possession of the lisp and the opals, before the charm of her position, her house, her friendships with other people, in a word, before his love — under the removal of the host of gracious "shadows" chased away by the stern sun of solitude — has begun its absolutely inevitable waning.

There is my opinion; take it for what it 's worth.

I have just been out for a walk through softly melting snow, on which all shadows are blue, into the beechwood. The snow was so deep that I could not go far, but I stood under a big, knobby old fellow near the edge, and looked up the slope, up which the blue shadows slanted.

A wood in winter is very beautiful. The white quiet was not yet broken by the thaw, though the branches gleamed black in the moist air; all little twigs seemed sketched in ink against the snow. The sun behind me threw a red glow for a second over it all, edging the shriveled leaves clinging here and there with fire.

The snow will soon be gone, leaving the ground an untidy mass of slippery red soil, and I will put on rubber boots, take a stick, and pay a round of visits on the slope. The winter has been hard, and some of my friends will have suffered.

There is a pastel portrait hanging opposite me as I write, and I think you must be like it. I don't mean as to features, but in a certain air of quiet determination and knowing what you are about.

I forgot to tell you that the other day, in a certain old university town, I was taken to see a chemical laboratory. It made me think of you, dear Pessimist, and I admit that the retorts and crucibles have a certain charm, to say nothing of all the other things, nameless to me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I shall be glad to have the books. Don't forget to send them.

Since my walk, by the way, I am less fearful for the poor woman with the blackened eyebrows. Possibly she has great charm, and possibly he is too completely under her sway to tire of her. I hope so, and I have seen it, only in my case the woman was greatly the social superior of the man. At all events, they interest me, and she was certainly better and more courageous in running off with him than she would have been in doing what nine women out of ten — over here, at least — would have done.

It is late; I must dress for dinner. Shall I wear yellow or pink?

Good-night, amigo di mi alma.

LETTER XVIII.

*March* 16.

Thank you. I can write you only a few words, dear lady, as I have had pneumonia, and am still almost helpless. Your letter was given me to-day, and Heaven knows how often I have re-read it. I suppose that by this time you are busy hunting the first violets? Send me one.

It is an infernal thing to be ill; a worse thing to be ill and alone. It is just as well, perhaps, that I can't write, for I am in a state approaching the tearful.

If I had married the girl whom I once loved, my eldest child might have been nineteen, and, if a girl, sitting there in the big chair with the firelight on her hair. I am growing old; I drivel. If I were even ten years younger I should want you awfully. It is hard to feel that one is too old for falling in love with the most charming woman in the world, — and you are she, of that I am sure.

Have you dimples, and blue veins in your temples? My nurse has come, and is scolding me for disobeying her. She has no dimples; she has an imperial instead.

Write me soon, and forgive all this idiocy. I am to have a poached egg. If it is slippery, I won't eat it. Would you? C. R. S.

LETTER XIX.

*March* 30.

Poor dear! I am so sorry that you have been ill. Are you better now? Here is the violet, poor wee thing! bringing a most cordial and sincere greeting from me to you.

It is awful to be ill, and it is worse to be ill and alone. A nurse with an imperial would hardly improve matters, I suppose, though, all things considered, perhaps the imperial was a blessing in disguise.

You were, despite your potential daughter of nineteen, in a dangerous state of mind when you wrote that note, Mr. Pessimist! But now, no doubt, you are back at work, at least no longer shut in your room, and all is well.

This last month has been an anxious one for me. My poor Annette, fired with ambition as to window-cleaning, fell off a chest of drawers and broke her leg, a few days after I wrote you. She was in Paris; I — far from there. She is the embodiment of health as a rule, but she is over sixty, and to make matters worse, fell to fretting for her husband, a creature charming in his way, but with whom she had never been able to live in peace, and whom she left twenty years ago and more.

Her letters to me have been very touching. Years ago they had a child, a poor little thing born lame, and it seems that Père Bonnet's one good quality, beyond great charm of manner, and a tenor voice fit for the heavenly choir, was his utter devotion to Le Mioche. I know no other name for him. Le Mioche lived only four years, but those four years, looked back on, through the kindly mist of something over thirty, have grown to be of paramount importance to the poor old woman. Her man, she wrote me, used to carry Le Mioche in a sort of hammock on his back, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then, while he worked, Le Mioche sat in a heap of sawdust covered with her man's coat, and looked on. Le père Bonnet was working in a lumber camp at that time, — indeed, they lived in a log hut built by his own hands. Le Mioche had a precocious fondness for mushrooms, and many times "mon homme" brought a hatful home with him, and tenderly fed them to the poor child — raw! The grave is somewhere there in the Maine woods, and several times, of late, Annette has expressed to me her longing to visit it once more with the recreant Bonnet, who, "after all," was the father of Le Mioche.

It would be a pitiful pilgrimage, would it not? She was a high-spirited, handsome woman, as I first remember her. Now she is old and bent, this very longing for the husband she hated in her youth being a pathetic indication of her weakness. He, I gather, for I remember him very faintly, was a handsome, light-hearted creature who simply could n't understand her mental attitudes, and whom her ideas of faithfulness and honor bored to death. Think of the meeting, drawn together over the grave of Le Mioche!

I suspect her of having written to him, poor soul! Does this bore you? I hope not, for it really is "being friends," as children say. My mind is full of Annette and her troubles, so I tell you of them. It is at least a suggestive story enough. I hope your friend who ran away with the man with the opals had no Mioche!

To-morrow I go south on a yachting trip. We leave Italy about April 15, and I don't know where we shall go, so do not hurry about writing, though I am always glad to have your letters.

Has not your book come out?

I will write you some time from the yacht, and in the meantime, behüt' dich Gott.

You signed your initials to your note, do you remember?

LETTER XX.

ON BOARD THE YACHT X——, *May* 3.

Just five minutes in which to beg a great favor of you. Le père Bonnet needs money, and I cannot get ashore to send it him. Will you send him $200 at once, with the inclosed note?

We shall be in England next week en route for home, and I will of course send you the money at once. I know that this is very dreadful, but I have no one in America to do it for me, and Annette writes, urging me to send it at once, as a miracle has come to pass, and he wishes to go to France to see her.

You see, I trust you, in giving you the address of this man who would tell you all about me. I will send you the money in English banknotes, registered, care Harper Brothers.

Thanking you a thousand times in advance, believe me to be sincerely your friend, W. Z.

LETTER XXI.

*May* 20, THE LABORATORY.

Thank you for trusting me. Père Bonnet has his money, and as I sent no address he could not write to acknowledge it, and I know no more of you, dear Lady of the Beeches, than I did before. That is — do I not? Am I not learning to know so much that it is more than just as well that I know no more? Thank you for signing the initials of your name, and thank you again for trusting me.

I am tormented by an insane desire to tell you my name, but I dare not. I know you would snub me, and possibly you might never write me again. So good-by. I have been writing to you for hours with this result.

C. R. S.

*Bettina von Hutten.*

(*To be continued.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## WALKS WITH ELLERY CHANNING.

THE following extracts from the MS. diaries of Ralph Waldo Emerson are here for the first time offered to the public, with the consent of his children. They describe with utter frankness his walks, talks, and excursions with his younger neighbor and friend, the late William Ellery Channing, usually known as Ellery Channing, to distinguish him from his uncle and godfather, the eminent divine. The younger Channing resided for the greater part of his life in Concord, and clearly inspired in Emerson much admiration for his rare gifts, as well as a warm affection for his wayward and recluse temperament. This combination of feeling shows Emerson in a light almost wholly new to the general reader, exhibiting him, not merely as a warm and even tender friend, but as one fully able to recognize the limitations and even defects of the man he loved and to extend to him, when needful, the frankest criticism. With all our previous knowledge of Emerson, it may yet be truly said that he has nowhere been revealed in so sweet and lovable a light as in these detached fragments. His relations with Thoreau may have come nearest to this friendship with Channing; but in dealing with the self-reliant Thoreau, he had not to face a nature so complex, so shy, or so difficult to reach. It might well be of this friendship that Emerson wrote, in his essay bearing that title, "Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them."

*T. W. H.*

Probably 1841. 10 December. A good visit to Boston, saw S. G. W. [Ward] and Ellery [Channing] to advantage. E. has such an affectionate speech and a tone that is tremulous with emotion, that he is a flower in the wind.

Ellery said his poems were proper love poems; and they were really genuine fruits of a fine, light, gentle, happy intercourse with his friends. C.'s [Channing's] eyes are a compliment to the human race; that steady look from year to year makes Phidian Sculpture and Poussin landscape still real and contemporary, and a poet might well dedicate himself to the fine task of expressing their genius in verse.

1843. Ellery, who hopes there will be no cows in heaven, has discovered what cows are for, namely, it was twofold, (1) to make easy walking where they had fed, and (2) to give the farmers something to do in summer-time. All this haying comes at midsummer between planting and harvest when all hands would be idle but for this cow and ox which must be fed and mowed for; and thus intemperance and the progress of crime are prevented.

20 May. Walked with Ellery. In the landscape felt the magic of color; the world is all opal, and those ethereal tints the mountains wear have the finest effects of music upon us. Mountains are great poets, and one glance at this fine cliff scene undoes a great deal of prose and reinstates us wronged men in our rights.

Ellery thinks that very few men carry the world in their thoughts. But the actual of it is thus, that every man of mediocre health stands there for the support of fourteen or fifteen sick; and though it were easy to get his own bread with little labor, yet the other fourteen damn him to toil.

Ellery said the village [of Concord] did not look so very bad from our point; the three churches looked like geese swimming about in a pond.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. E. C. railed an hour in good set terms at the usurpation of the past, at the great hoaxes of the Homers and Shakespeares, hindering the books and the men of to-day of their just meed. Oh, certainly! I assure him that the oaks and the horse-chestnuts are entirely obsolete, that the Horticultural Society are about to recommend the introduction of cabbage as a shade tree, so much more convenient and every way comprehensible; all grown from the seed upward to its most generous crumpled extremity within one's own short memory, past contradiction the ornament of the world, and then so good to eat, as acorns and horse-chestnuts are not. Shade trees for breakfast.

Ellery's poetry shows the art, though the poems are imperfect; as the first daguerres are grim things, yet show that a great engine has been invented.

Ellery's verses should be called poetry for poets. They touch the fine pulses of thought and will be the cause of more poetry and of verses more finished and better turned than themselves; but I cannot blame the N. Americans [N. A. Reviews] and Knickerbockers if they should not suspect his genius. When the rudder is invented for balloons, railroads will be superseded, and when Ellery's muse finds an aim, whether some passion, or some fast faith, and kind of string on which all these wild and sometimes brilliant beads can be strung, we shall have a poet. Now he fantasies merely, as dilettante in music. He breaks faith continually with the intellect. The sonnet has merits, fine lines, gleams of deep thought, well worth sounding, well worth studying, if only I could confide that he had any steady meaning before him, that he kept faith with himself; but I fear that he changed his purpose with every verse, was led up and down to this or that with the exigencies of the rhyme, and only wanted to write and rhyme somewhat, careless how or what, and stopped when he came to the end of the paper. He breaks faith with the reader, wants integrity. Yet, for poets, it will be a better book than whole volumes of Bryant and Campbell.

A man of genius is privileged only as far as he is a genius. His dullness is as insupportable as any other dullness. Only success will justify a departure and a license. But Ellery has freaks which are entitled to no more charity than the dullness or madness of others, which he despises. He uses a license continually which would be just in oral improvisation, but is not pardonable in written verses. He fantasies on his piano.

Elizabeth Hoar said that he was a wood-elf which one of the maids in a story fell in love with and then grew uneasy, desiring that he might be baptized. Margaret [Fuller?] said he reminded one of a great Genius with a wretched little boy trotting before him.

1846. Channing thinks life looks great and inaccessible and constantly attacks us, and notwithstanding all our struggles is eating us up.

Sunday, September 20. Suffices Ellery Channing a mood for a poem. "There, I have sketched more or less in that color and style. You have a sample of it, what more would you get if I worked on forever?" He has no proposition to affirm or support, he scorns it. He has, first of all Americans, a natural flow, and can say what he will. I say to him, if I could write as well as you, I would write a good deal better.

No man deserves a patron until first he has been his own. What do you bring us slipshod verses for? no occasional delicacy of expression or music of rhythm can atone for stupidities. Here are lame verses, false rhymes, absurd images, which you indulge yourself in, which is as if a handsome person should come into a company with foul hands or face. Read Collins! Collins would have cut his hand off before he would have left, from a weak self-esteem, a shabby line in his ode.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1847. Channing wished we had a better word than Nature to express this fine picture which the river gave us in our boat, yesterday. "Kind" was the old word which, however, only filled half the range of our fine Latin word. But nothing expresses that power which seems to work for beauty alone, as C. said, whilst man works only for use. The *Mikania scandens*, the steel-blue berries of the cornel, the eupatoriums enriched now and then by a well-placed cardinal adorned the fine shrubbery with what Channing called judicious modest colors, suited to the climate, nothing extravagant, etc.

1848. I find W. E. C. always in cunning contraries. He denies the books he reads, denies the friends he has just visited; denies his own acts and purposes: "By God, I do not know them," and instantly the cock crows. The perpetual *non sequitur* in his speeches is irresistibly comic.

Ellery affirms, that "James Adams, the cabinet maker, has a true artistic eye; for he is always measuring the man he talks with for his coffin."

He says that Hawthorne agrees with him about Washington, that he is the extreme of well-dressed mediocrity.

If he was Mr. Bowditch [President of the Life Insurance Company] he would never insure any life that had any infirmity of goodness in it. It is Goodwin who will catch pickerel; if he had any moral traits, he 'd never get a bite.

He says writers never do anything; some of them seem to do, but do not. H. T. [Thoreau] will never be a writer; he is as active as a shoemaker. The merit of Irving's Life of Goldsmith is that he has not had the egotism to put in a single new sentence; 't is agreeable repetition of Boswell, Johnson & Company; and Montaigne is good, because there is nothing that has not already been cured in books. A good book being a Damascus blade, made by welding old nails and horseshoes. Everything has seen service, and had wear and tear of the world for centuries, and now the article is brand-new. So Pope had but one good line, and that he got from Dryden, and therefore Pope is the best and only readable English poet.

Channing has a painter's eye, an admirable appreciation of form and especially of color. But when he bought pigments and brushes, and painted a landscape with fervor on a barrel-head, he could not draw a tree so that his wife could surely know it was a tree. So Alcott, the philosopher, has not an opinion or an apothegm to produce.

Ellery C. declared that wealth is necessary to every woman, for then she won't ask you when you go out whether you will call a hack. Every woman has a design on you — all, all — if it is only just a little message. But Mrs. H. rings for her black servant.

Ellery was witty on Xantippe and the philosophers old and new; and compared one to a rocket with two or three millstones tied to it, or to a colt tethered to a barn.

He celebrates Herrick as the best of English poets, a true Greek in England; a great deal better poet than Milton who, he says, is too much like Dr. Channing.

Yesterday, 28 October. Another walk with Ellery well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what we saw. It needs the pencils of all the painters to aid the description.

November 19. Yesterday, a cold fine ride with Ellery to Sudbury Inn and mounted the side of Nobscot. 'T is a pretty revolution effected in the landscape by turning your head upside down; an infinite softness and loveliness is added to the picture. Ellery declared it made Campagna of it at once; so, he said, Massachusetts is Italy upside down.

26 November. Yesterday walked over Lincoln hills with Ellery and saw golden willows, savins with two foliages, old chestnuts, apples as ever.

"What fine weather is this," said El-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lery, as we rode to Acton, "nothing of immortality here!"

"Life is so short," said he, "that I should think that everybody would steal."

"I like Stow. He is a very good character. There is only a spoonful of wit, and ten thousand feet of sandstone."

He told Edmund Hosmer that he "did not see but trouble was as good as anything else if you only had enough of it."

He says "Humour is unlaughed fun."

He said of Stow's poor Irishman that he "died of too much perspiration."

He thinks our Thurston's disease is "a paralysis of talent."

Of H. D. T. [Thoreau] he said, "Why, yes, he has come home, but now he has got to maximize the minimum, and that will take him some days." [This irresistibly suggests Thoreau's noted sentence, "I have traveled a great deal — in Concord."]

[Apparently a quotation from Ellery Channing's talk.] "Drive a donkey and beat him with a pole with both hands — that 's action; but poetry is revolution on its own axis."

He says he has an immense dispersive power.

"How well they [the stars] wear!" He thought a man could still get along with them, who was considerably reduced in his circumstances; they are a kind of bread and cheese which never fail.

1849, November 17. Yesterday saw the fields covered with cobwebs in every direction, on which the wake of the setting sun appeared as on water. Walked over hill and dale with Channing, who found wonders of color and landscape everywhere, but complained of the want of invention: "Why, they had frozen water last year; why should they do it again? Therefore it was so easy to be an artist, because they do the same thing always, and therefore he only wants time to make him perfect in the imitation; and I believe, too, that pounding is one of the secrets." All summer he gets water *au naturel*, and in winter they serve it up artistically in this crystal johnny-cake; and he had observed the same thing at the confectioners' shops, that he could never get but one thing there, though [they] had two ways of making it up.

14 December. Every day shows a new thing to veteran walkers. Yesterday, reflections of trees in the ice; snowflakes, perfect, on the ice; beautiful groups of icicles all along the eastern shore of Flint's Pond, in which, especially where encrusting the bough of a tree, you have the union of the most flowing with the most fixed. Ellery all the way squandering his jewels as if they were icicles, sometimes not comprehended by me, sometimes not heard. "How many days can Methusalem go abroad and see somewhat new? When will he have counted the changes of the kaleidoscope?"

1850. Then came the difference between American and English scholars. H. said the English were all bred in one way, to one thing, they went to Eton, they went to college, they went to London, they all knew each other and never did not feel [*i. e.*, never doubted] the ability of each. But here Channing is obscure, Newcomb is obscure, and so all the scholars are in a more natural, healthful, and independent condition.

W. E. C. said A. [Alcott] is made of earth and fire; he wants air and water. How fast all this magnetism would lick up water! He discharges himself in volleys. Can you not hear him snap when you are near him?

1852. Walk with Ellery to Lincoln; benzoin, laurus, rich beautiful plant in this dried-up country; parti-colored warbler. E. laughed at Nuttall's description of birds, "On the top of a high tree the bird pours all day the lays of affection," etc. Affection! Why, what is it? A few feathers, with a hole at one end, and a point at the other, and a pair of wings; Affection! Why, just as much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affection as there is in that lump of peat. We went to Bear Hill, and had a fine outlook. Descending, E. got sight of some laborers in the field below. Look at them, he said, those four! four demoniacs scratching in their cell of pain! Live for the hour! Just as much as any man has done or laid up in any way, unfits him for conversation. He has done something, makes him good for boys, but spoils him for the hour. That 's the good of Thoreau, that he puts his whole sublunary capital into the last quarter of an hour; carries his whole stock under his arm. At home I found H. T. [Thoreau] himself who complained of Clough or somebody that he or they recited to every one at table, the paragraph just read by him or them in the last newspaper, and studiously avoided everything private. I should think he was complaining of one H. D. T. [Thoreau himself].

1853. Yesterday a ride to Bedford with Ellery along the "Bedford Levels" and walked all over the premises of the Old Mill, King Philip's mill, — on the Shawsheen River; old mill, with sundry nondescript wooden antiquities. Boys with bare legs were fishing on the little islet in the stream; we crossed and recrossed, saw the fine stumps of trees, rocks and groves, and many Collot views of the bare legs; beautiful pastoral country, but needs sunshine. There were millions of light to-day, so all went well (all but the dismal tidings which knelled a funeral bell through the whole afternoon, in the death of S. S.).

Rich democratic land of Massachusetts, in every house well-dressed women with air of town ladies; in every house a *clavecin* [harpsichord] and a copy of the Spectator; and some young lady a reader of Willis. Channing did not like the landscape; too many leaves — one leaf is like another and apt to be agitated by east wind, on the other hand "Professor" (Ellery's dog) strode gravely as a bear through all the sentimental parts and fitted equally well the grave and the gay scenes. He has a stroke of humor in his eye, as if he enjoyed his master's jokes — Ellery "thinks England a flash in the pan;" as English people in 1848 had agreed that Egypt was humbug. I am to put down among the monomaniacs the English agriculturist, who only knows one revolution in political history, the rape-culture. But as we rode, one thing was clear, as oft before, that is favorable to sanity — the occasional change of landscape. If a girl is mad to marry, let her take a ride of ten miles, and see meadows, and mountains, she never saw before, two villages and an old mansion house and the odds are, it will change all her resolutions. World is full of fools, who get a-going and never stop; set them off on another tack, and they are half-cured. From Shawsheen we went to Burlington; and E. reiterated his conviction, that the only art in the world is landscape-painting. The boys held up their fish to us from far; a broad new placard on the walls announced to us that the Shawsheen mill was for sale; but we bought neither the fish nor the mill.

1854. Delicious summer stroll through the endless pastures of Barrett, Buttrick, and Esterbrook farms, yesterday, with Ellery; the glory of summer, what magnificence! yet one night of frost will kill it all. E. was witty on the Biographie Universelle — *de soi-même*. H. D. T. had been made to print his house into his title-page, in order that A. might have that to stick into one volume of the B. U. [Probably referring to Alcott's voluminous journals.]

1856. November 15. Walk with Ellery, who finds in Nature or man that whatever is done for beauty or in sport is excellent; but the moment there is any use in it, or any kind of talent, 't is very bad and stupid. The fox-sparrows and the blue snow-birds pleased him, and the water-cresses which we saw in the brook, but which he said were not in any botany.

When I said of Ellery's new verses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they were as good as the old ones, "Yes," said Ward, "but those were excellent promise and now he does no more." He has a more poetic temperament than any other in America, but the artistic executive power of completing a design he has not. His poetry is like the artless warbling of a vireo, which whistles prettily all day and all summer on the elm, but never rounds a tune, nor can increase the value of melody by the power of composition and cuneiform [*sic*] determination. He must have construction also.

As Linnæus delighted in a new flower which alone gave him a seventh class, or filled a gap in his system, so I know a man who served as intermediate between two notable acquaintances of mine, not else to be approximated, and W. E. C. served as a companion of H. D. T., and T. of C. [Thoreau of Channing].

In answer to evidences of immortality, Ellery said, "There is a great deal of self-importance, and the good Oriental who cuts such a figure was bit by this fly."

He said of Boston, "There is a city of 130,000 people, and not a chair in which I can sit."

There often seems so little affinity between him and his works that it seems as if the wind must have written the book and not he.

1859. Secondary men and primary men. These travelers to Europe, these readers of books, these youths rushing into counting-rooms of successful merchants, are all imitators, and we get only the same product weaker. But the man who never so slowly and patiently works out his native thoughts is a primary person.

Ellery said, looking at a golden-rod, "Ah! here they are. These things consume a great deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments."

Glad of Ellery's cordial praise of Carlyle's history, which he thinks well entitled to be called a "Work," far superior to his early books; wondered at his imagination which can invest with such interest to himself these (one would think) hopeless details of German story. He is the only man who knows. What a reader, such as abound in New England, enwreathed by the thoughts they suggest to a contemplative pilgrim.

> "Unsleeping truths by which wheels on Heaven's prime."

There is a neglect of superficial correctness which looks a little studied, as if perhaps the poet challenged notice to his subtler melody, and strokes of skill which recall the great masters. There is nothing conventional in the thought or the illustration, but "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and pictures seen by an instructed eye.

Channing, who writes a poem for our fields, begins to help us. That is construction, and better than running to Charlemagne and Alfred for subjects.

W. E. C.'s poetry is wanting in clear statement. Rembrandt makes effects without details, gives you the effect of a sharp nose or a gazing eye, when, if you look close, there is no point to the nose, and no eye is drawn. W. M. Hunt admires this, and in his own painting puts his eye in deep shadow; but I miss the eye, and the face seems to nod for want of it. And Ellery makes a hazy, indefinite expression, as of miscellaneous music without any theme or tune. Still it is an autumnal air, and like the smell of the herb, Life Everlasting and syngenesious flowers. Near Home is a poem which would delight the heart of Wordsworth, though genuinely original and with a simplicity of plan which allows the writer to leave out all the prose. 'T is a series of sketches of natural objects.

W. E. C., the model of opinionists, or weather painters. He has it his own way. People whose watches go faster than their neighbors'.

1861. March 26. Yesterday wrote to F. G. Tuckerman to thank him for his book [Poems. Boston: 1860], and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praised Rhotruda [a poem]. Ellery C. finds two or three good lines and metres in the book; thinks it refined and delicate, but says the young people run on a notion that they must name the flowers, talk about an orchis, and say something about Indians; but he says, "I prefer passion and sense and genius to botany."

Ellery says of Tennyson, "What is best is the things he does not say."

He thinks these frogs at Walden are very curious but final facts; that they will never be disappointed by finding themselves raised to a higher state of intelligence.

Here is a right bit of Ellery C.: "Helps's book, called Friends in Council, is inexpressibly dull." "In this manufacture the modern English excel. Witness their Taylors, Wordsworths, Arnolds and Scotts (not Walter). Wise, elegant, moderate, and cultivated, yet unreadable."

Ellery says of Thoreau: "His effects can all be produced by cork and sand; but the substance that produces them is godlike and divine." And of C. [Curtis?], "Yes, he would make a very good draughtsman, if he had any talent for it."

October 24. A ride yesterday to Marlborough, though projected for years, was no good use of the day. That town has a most rich appearance of rural plenty, and comfort; ample farms, good houses, profusion of apples, pumpkins, etc. Yellow apple heaps in every enclosure, whole orchards left ungathered, and in the Grecian piazzas of houses, pumpkins ripening between the columns. At Gates's, where Dr. Channing and Mr. Jonas Phillips used to resort, they no longer keep a public house, closed it to the public last spring. At Cutting's, though there were oats for the horse, there was no dinner for men, — so we repaired to the chestnut woods and an old orchard, for ours. Ellery, who is a perpetual holiday, and ought only to be used like an oriflamme or a garland for May-days and parliaments of wit and love, was no better to-day nor half so good as in some walks.

Ellery says: "What a climate! one day they take the cover off the sun, and all the Irishmen die of drinking cold water; and the next day you are up to your knees in snow."

He admires, as ever, the greatness in Wilhelm Meister. "It is no matter what Goethe writes about. There is no trifle; much superior to Shakespeare in this elevation."

A. B. A. [Alcott] said of W. E. C. that he had the keen appetite for society with extreme repulsion, so that it came to a kind of commerce of cats, love and hate, embrace and fighting.

Ellery thinks that he is the lucky man who can write in bulk, forty pages on a hiccough, ten pages on a man's sitting down in a chair (like Hawthorne, etc.) that will go. [Evidently referring to the marvelous chapter in the House of the Seven Gables, where Governor Pyncheon sits dead in the lonely room.]

Ellery thinks that these waterside cottagers of Nahant and Chelsea, and so on, never see the sea. There, it is all dead water, and a place for dead horses, and the smell of Mr. Kip's omnibus stable. But go to Truro, and go to the beach there, on the Atlantic side, and you will have every stroke of the sea like the cannon of the "sea-fencibles" [old-fashioned military companies for coast defense]. There is a solitude which you cannot stand more than ten minutes.

He thinks the fine art of Goethe and company very dubious, and 't is doubtful whether Sam Ward is quite in his senses in his value of that book of prints of old Italian school, Giotto and the rest. It may do for very idle gentlemen, etc., etc. I reply, There are a few giants who gave the thing vogue by their realism, Michel Angelo and Ribiera and Salvator Rosa, and the man who made the old Torso Hercules and the Phidias — man or men who made the Parthenon



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reliefs — had a drastic style which a blacksmith or a stone-mason would say was starker than their own. And I adhere to [Van Waagen's?] belief, that there is a pleasure from works of art which nothing else can yield.

1862. Matthew Arnold writes well of "the grand style," but the secret of that is a finer moral sentiment. 'T is very easy for Alcott to talk grandly, he will make no mistake. 'T is certain that the poetic temperament of W. E. C. will utter lines and passages inimitable by any talent; 't is wood-thrush and cat-bird.

His talk is criss-cross, humorsome, humorous. I tormented my memory just now in vain to restore a witty criticism of his, yesterday, on a book.

1864. On the 24th of September Ellery and I walked through Becky Stow's hole dry-shod; hitherto a feat for a muskrat alone.

This year the river meadows all dry and permeable to the walker. But why should Nature always be on the gallop? Look now, and instantly, or you shall never see it. Not ten minutes' repose allowed. Incessant whirl? And 't is the same, I thought, with my companion's genius. You must carry a stenographic press in your pocket if you would have his commentaries on things and men or they are irrecoverable.

---

## TWO YEARS' LEGISLATION IN PORTO RICO.

### THE WORK OF THE FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF PORTO RICO, 1900–1902.

THE problem of endowing our newly acquired insular possessions with political institutions and systems of law at once conforming to American ideals of individual liberty and political justice, and yet adapted to the peculiar conditions in each island and the character of its inhabitants, constitutes one of the greatest of the many responsibilities now resting upon the American people. Of the various possessions to which this problem relates Porto Rico occupies an unique position from the fact that it is the first of the possessions coming to us from Spain to be granted a civil government and a considerable measure of local autonomy. It is in this island, then, that the United States is really making its first essay in the field of governing a dependency. The capacity of the United States to govern another people may be said there to be on trial. More than this, it is certain that the results there actually accomplished will exercise a profound influence upon the management of affairs in our other possessions. If the policies pursued in Porto Rico meet with success, they will undoubtedly be used as a guide for action elsewhere. Everything, therefore, that is done in Porto Rico in the way of working out the problem of government and administration assumes an interest and importance to the whole United States almost as great as to Porto Rico itself.

Civil government was organized in Porto Rico on May 1, 1900. Its constitution is found in the so-called "Foraker Act," approved by Congress April 12, 1900, which provides the Organic Act under which civil government is established on the island. This act did little more than set forth the bare outlines of a scheme of central government, leaving to the Porto Ricans its subsequent elaboration. Briefly, the act provided

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the government of the island should be administered by a Governor and six chiefs of executive departments known as the Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor, the Commissioner of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Education, all appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The exercise of legislative powers was vested in a Legislative Assembly consisting of an Executive Council, or upper house, and a House of Delegates, or lower house. The Executive Council was composed of eleven members, — the six chiefs of executive departments already named, and five others, citizens of Porto Rico, appointed by the President. The House of Delegates was made to consist of thirty-five members, to be elected by the people of Porto Rico. The Governor was given the usual power of veto of legislation, while Congress remained the final authority with full power to legislate regarding the affairs of the island in any particular.

While Congress thus provided for a form of insular government, it made almost no provision regarding the fundamental laws that should regulate Porto Rican affairs. The greatest freedom was given to the newly constituted government to work out the great problems of revenue, of education, of public works, of local government, and, in fact, of practically every question requiring the exercise of governmental authority. A great responsibility was thus thrown upon the persons entrusted with the administration of affairs in the island. Whether the bestowal of so large a measure of independent government was or was not a wise act would be determined according to the way in which the great powers entrusted to those in authority were exercised by them. The two sessions of the first Legislative Assembly have now been held, the first sitting for sixty days in the months of December, 1900, and January, 1901, and the second during the months of January and February, 1902, and it is a matter of no little interest to attempt to sum up the manner in which it has performed its novel duties and the extent to which it has met the great responsibilities thrown upon it.

Properly to appreciate the work of these two sessions it is necessary to understand something of the conditions under which the law-makers worked. As the Legislative Assembly of Porto Rico is organized, the American members of the government, constituting a majority of the Executive Council, are able to control the action of that body. The lower house is composed entirely of representatives elected by the people of Porto Rico, and, therefore, represents the will of the island in respect to all matters. The consequence of this condition of affairs is that though the Executive Council and the Governor through his power of veto can prevent legislation which they believe to be undesirable, they cannot secure legislation that they may desire without the consent of the lower house. Any measure to become a law must, therefore, meet with the approval of both the representatives of the United States and of Porto Rico.

Generally speaking, the essential point of difference between the two bodies is that of location of power in the central or insular government, or in the local or municipal governments. The American representatives feel the necessity for exercising a considerable degree of control for some years to come, and this control they can only exercise through the insular government. The Porto Ricans, however, almost without exception, are demanding a greater voice in affairs, and as they absolutely control local government in the island they desire to have governmental duties and functions as far as possible made municipal functions. This essential difference in the positions of the American and the Porto Rican representatives in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Assembly must always be borne in mind in the framing of any policy affecting the political institutions of the country. Not a measure can be brought forward, whether regarding the organization of a system of taxation, of a public health service, of the regulation of industry, or what not, but that it is subjected to the closest scrutiny of the House of Delegates with a view to determining if its administration cannot be entrusted to the local authorities.

When the first Legislative Assembly convened on December 1, 1900, it had before it several imperative tasks for accomplishment. The first and most important of these was probably that of providing a revenue law. The system for the raising of revenue which had existed under the Spanish régime had been slightly modified by certain general orders issued by the military authorities, but even in its modified form, was of a character so inequitable to individual taxpayers, and so inefficient in the methods of its administration, that its continuance could not for a moment be contemplated. The urgency of devising a new revenue system for the island had already been recognized by the War Department, and the President had sent a special commissioner, Dr. J. H. Hollander, a trained economist, to visit the island and report upon the steps that should be taken for reorganizing its finances. Upon the inauguration of civil government the wise step was taken by the President of appointing this special commissioner to the important office of Treasurer of the island. The man best fitted for the task was thus put in a position where he could exercise a direct influence in having the plans which he deemed desirable adopted. Dr. Hollander, before the meeting of the legislature, had carefully drawn up a revenue act providing for a fiscal system closely following American practice in taxation. This system was embodied in a bill and promptly introduced into the legislature. It immediately met with intense hostility on the part of the Porto Ricans, because it contemplated the shifting of the burdens of taxation to the owners of property, — to whom such burdens properly belong. In spite of this hostility the act was finally passed, with slight modifications, and became the law under which the insular government now obtains its revenue.

Though this act has been in operation but little over a year, it has vindicated the claims of its author, and those who were its strongest opponents are now among its greatest admirers. It provided that the insular revenue should be obtained from the following sources: (1) excise and license taxes upon the manufacture and sale of liquors and tobacco in their various forms, and upon certain classes of commercial papers; (2) a general property tax upon all real and personal property, with certain liberal exemptions, of one half of one per cent; (3) a tax upon inheritances; and (4) certain miscellaneous imposts of minor importance. In addition to the proceeds of these taxes, it should be stated that Congress had provided with great liberality that the net receipts from all customs duties collected in Porto Rico on foreign importations should be turned over to the insular treasury. The act, furthermore, made elaborate provision for carrying out the assessment of property on the island for purposes of taxation. This in itself was a stupendous task, and, considering the short time that was available for its performance, was in the main successfully carried through. This was the first great accomplishment of the first session of the legislature.

The reputation of this assembly for ability to transact business does not, however, rest wholly upon the enactment of this law. One of the distinct pledges of the American government was to provide an adequate system of public schools. This work had already been begun and notable results accomplished under the administration of the military

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authorities. That this work, however, might be systematized and made a permanent undertaking there was required a fundamental school law. A bill providing for such a law was drafted by the Commissioner of Education, and was duly enacted. It outlines a scheme of public instruction comparable to that which exists in many of the American states, and its workings thus far have given great satisfaction. Under it local school boards have been created all over the island; the municipalities have been required to devote a certain percentage of their income to school purposes; schools have been established in all important centres, and their work has been received with great enthusiasm by all classes of the population. In addition to this general educational law special acts were passed providing for the sending of twenty young men and women to the United States at the expense of the insular government, — to be educated in the various arts and trades best qualifying them to assist in the improvement of conditions in Porto Rico, — and a further number of young men to pursue advanced studies, for a period not to exceed five years, in such subjects as the Legislative Assembly and the Commissioner of Education should determine. An annual appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars was made for carrying out the provisions of these two acts.

Among other laws going to the very basis of the legal constitution of the island that met with successful action at this first session was a law introducing trial by jury. This act was drawn with great care by the present Governor of Porto Rico, Honorable William H. Hunt, who then held the office of Secretary. Another law provided for the creation and maintenance of an insular police force. This was an imperative necessity, as many of the municipalities did not possess financial resources permitting them to maintain a police force on a proper basis. It also gave to the insular authorities a body of men through whom order could be maintained throughout the island, of which there was great need.

Other important acts were those providing for the organization of police courts throughout the island of Porto Rico, for the abolition of the board of charities, and the creation of the new office of director of charities, the creation of the office of director of prisons and the determination of his powers and duties, the establishment of a penitentiary, the condemnation and use of lands for cemetery purposes, and, finally, an act authorizing the larger municipalities of the island to incur bonded indebtedness to an extent not exceeding in any one case seven per cent of the total value of the property of such municipalities for purposes of taxation, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the making of urgent public improvements. Under this act a number of the municipalities have already successfully floated issues of bonds at or above par, and a beginning in the application of the sums thus realized has been made.

The second session of the legislature was productive of even more important results. It assembled with the great advantage of the experience gained in the preceding session. The members of both houses had become familiar with parliamentary procedure, committee work, and the drafting of bills, and it was thus able to accomplish within the sixty days, which constitutes the maximum length of the session permitted under the Organic Act, a much greater volume of work.

While the first session accomplished the fundamental task of providing a revenue and a school system for the island, the second session performed the equally important work of definitely adopting a series of codes covering the more important branches of law, and of thoroughly reorganizing the entire system of local government. In addition to this work a large number of very important laws were also enacted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prior to the organization of civil government on the island, the Secretary of War had appointed a special commission to prepare codes relating to these different branches of law. This commission went out of existence with the organization of civil government, but one of the first acts of the first Legislative Assembly was to provide for a new commission to continue the work of the old. This commission completed its labors shortly before the assembling of the second session of the Legislative Assembly, and promptly upon the convening of the latter laid before it drafts of a penal code, a code of criminal procedure, a civil code, and a political code. Both houses of the legislature went over these proposed codes with great care, examining each feature in detail, and as a result made important changes, most or all of which were undoubtedly in the line of betterment. The improvement that will be brought about by the adoption of these codes cannot well be overestimated. Owing to the change of government, — first from the Spanish to the United States military authorities, and then from the military to the civil authorities, — there had inevitably arisen uncertainty regarding the laws in force, and many of the laws that the civil government received as a legacy from prior governments were framed on principles so contrary to American practice that the substitution of other laws for them was extremely desirable. With these four codes duly enacted Porto Rico will now be able to continue her advancement under a system of law closely in accord with American practice and principle.

Second only in far-reaching effect to the enactment of these codes should be reckoned the important action taken by the Legislative Assembly for the reorganization of the whole system of local government upon the island. The Organic Act related only to the provision of a scheme of central government for the island, and contained no provision whatever regarding municipal affairs, local government being thus allowed to continue in practically the same form as under the Spanish régime. Without entering into details, it may be said that this system presented almost every defect that it would seem a local government could well present. Authority and responsibility were not definitely located; the form of government was on a scale far more expensive than the resources of the municipalities could afford; public office was administered as a means of gratifying private ends rather than the public good; extravagance and misdirection in the expenditure of municipal funds were prevalent, but a small part of the public revenues being spent for public improvements, while the majority went for the payment of excessive salaries, or for the salaries of useless officers; the obligations of the municipalities were persistently disregarded, and many of them were burdened with obligations the results of deficits running back a number of years, and which they were wholly unable to pay; discriminations of the most unfair character were made between taxpayers, some being greatly overburdened, while others standing in the favor of those in authority were practically exempt from taxation; and, finally, there existed a hopelessly complicated system for regulating the relations that existed between the insular government and the local governments.

The defects of this system were both in organization and in administration. As regards organization the chief points of criticism were: the excessive number of local divisions into which the island was divided; the unsatisfactory relations which existed between the governments of these districts and the central government; and the entrusting of both legislative and executive powers to the same set of individuals within the municipality, thus making it possible in certain cases for one man or a few men absolutely to control the government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This small island was divided into sixty-six local divisions called municipalities, each of which was endowed with a scheme of government fitted for a large city, though many comprehended only sparsely settled rural districts. An obvious measure of reform, therefore, consisted in the reduction of the number of these municipalities. This was accomplished by a special act, which provided for the consolidation of twenty-one of the weaker municipalities with the remaining stronger ones, leaving the island divided into forty-five instead of sixty-six separate local divisions. It is doubtful whether this consolidation went far enough, but it was believed to be as radical a measure as was advisable at the present time.

Nothing short of a complete reorganization of the scheme of government could meet the other two evils. A bill was therefore carefully prepared providing a new scheme of local government for the island, and after receiving some amendment was duly enacted. The general principles upon which this act is framed are the following: —

In the first place a complete change is made from the old system — whereby, as has been said, legislative and executive powers were exercised by the same parties — to one where they are rigidly divorced. This is accomplished by providing that the mayor of a municipality shall no longer be the president of the municipal council, as under the old system, and by providing that all appointments with the exception of that of comptroller, whose essential functions are those of checking the administration of finances by the executive, shall be taken away from the council, where they formerly rested, and be given to the mayor.

There is an equally complete change in the manner in which the insular government will exercise its control over the administration of affairs in the municipalities. The old system required the local authorities to get an authorization or permit before they could take any step of importance. This, while apparently giving to the central government a very great power over local affairs, in practice resulted frequently only in vexatious interference. The central government was utterly unable to pass upon the wisdom of every proposal brought before it, and the fact that the local authorities had to secure such authorization weakened to a very great extent their own sense of responsibility. The new system is framed upon the theory of frankly entrusting to the local authorities original power to act within their jurisdiction regarding local affairs without intervention on the part of the central government so long as they act in a legal and just manner. Should, however, the local authorities be guilty of action contrary to law or working injustice between individual citizens, the central government has then full power to intervene on appeal being made to it, or on the matter coming to its attention in any way. Considerable apprehension has been expressed regarding the wisdom of thus entrusting the management of affairs to the local authorities, but it is evident that if a beginning is ever to be made in the building up of responsible local self-government in Porto Rico it must be by giving to the local authorities the power of independent action so long as this power is not abused.

The third important principle involved in the new law is that in respect to the authority of the insular government as exercised through the Treasurer over the management of the financial affairs by the municipalities. The act as framed gives to the Treasurer full power to prescribe the manner and form in which municipalities shall keep their accounts, deposit all moneys, audit all claims, et cetera; to require such reports from municipal treasurers and comptrollers as he deems fit; and, finally, and most important of all, to have their accounts inspected at any time by examiners especially appointed by him for this purpose. Un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der these provisions it will now be possible for the Treasurer of the island to require all of the municipalities to keep their books according to an uniform system and in accordance with the most approved rules of public accounting. He will also be able to keep himself informed of exactly how the affairs are being administered, whether irregularity or dishonesty exists, and to bring about the prompt removal and punishment of offenders. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the tremendous significance of these powers in bringing good local government to the island.

Another very important feature of the bill relating to municipal finances is that which provides that if any municipality fails to make adequate provision in its budget for any fiscal year for the meeting of any deficit resulting from the operation of prior years, or of expenditures for which it is obligated in consequence of contracts already entered into, or of all payments imposed upon it by the laws of Porto Rico, or of all payments on account of final judgments rendered against it by any competent tribunal, its budget for the next fiscal year shall not become effective until it has been submitted to and duly approved by the Treasurer of Porto Rico, and that officer is given full power to make such changes in the budget in the way of eliminating or reducing items of expenditure, or in raising the rates of the proposed taxes, that he deems necessary. It will be observed that according to this provision municipalities are to be treated exactly as are ordinary corporations. Within the limits of their charters they are allowed full freedom of action as long as they meet all of their legal obligations, but as soon as they default in any respect the state steps in — in one case by the intervention of the Treasurer, and in the other by the appointment of a receiver under the authority of the courts — to manage the affairs of the defaulting corporation until all legal requirements have been complied with. There are a great many other features of this bill which are of interest, but limitations of space prevent us from entering into further details.

Mention has been made that one of the defects of the old system was that municipalities utterly failed to perform a number of the most important duties properly falling to local governments, the revenues instead being expended upon extravagant salaries or the remuneration of useless officers. This failure was especially apparent in respect to the maintenance of public schools and the opening and improvement of local highways. To correct this evil two special laws were passed: the one provides that each municipality shall devote a certain proportion of its income to the constitution of a school fund, to be used in promoting public education in conjunction with the expenditures for the same purpose made by the insular government; the other divides the island into a number of road districts, and provides that not less than twenty-five per cent of the income derived from the tax upon real estate situated in the rural districts shall be carried to a road improvement fund, to be exclusively expended for the betterment of local roads. The insular government, as is well known, has already done a great deal in the way of the construction of main thoroughfares, and is still devoting large sums to the working out of a comprehensive system of public trunk highways. This work would fail of accomplishing the results desired unless improved local roads, to act as feeders, were constructed by the municipal authorities. With this act in practical operation Porto Rico will in time be given a system of improved highways of which many states in the Union might well be envious.

Another matter in respect to the municipalities urgently requiring action was that of making some provision regarding the heavy floating debt with which they were burdened. An act was accordingly passed which provides that each munici-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pality having a floating indebtedness may issue certificates of indebtedness in liquidation of all claims against it due and unpaid on July 1, 1902, which certificates shall bear interest at the rate of three per cent and be retired in five annual installments.

All of these acts that have been mentioned go in force on July 1, 1902, and on that date, therefore, the new forty-five municipalities will start upon a new life under a new form of government with their old obligations definitely adjusted, and with new services to look after two of their most important functions: that of providing for public education, and for road improvement. Only time can tell how this new system will work, but it at least represents a step that had to be taken sooner or later, and permits the people of Porto Rico to make the essay of local government under more favorable conditions than they have ever heretofore enjoyed, while at the same time leaving to the insular government full power to intervene wherever failure results.

A great deal of attention has been given to this subject of local government, as it is one of such fundamental importance. The second session of the legislature, however, found time to take important action in a number of other directions. A law was thus passed vastly simplifying and improving the system for the assessment of property on the island for purposes of taxation; while another act corrected features of the revenue system passed by the first session that had been found to work badly in practice. The most important of these changes introduced were the more definite separation of the sources from which the incomes of the insular and municipal governments, respectively, should be derived: in raising slightly the license taxes upon saloons, restaurants, merchants, and others selling liquor and tobacco; in providing that each piece of real property should be separately listed, assessed, and taxed, instead of the holdings of each individual being assessed as a whole, — a matter which often made it impossible to determine whether a particular property was encumbered by a lien on account of unpaid taxes or not; in making the corporation tax strictly an insular tax; and in correcting an omission in the first law which failed to state specifically the method to be followed in assessing foreign corporations.

Another act that will have the most beneficial effect upon the industrial development of the island was that putting upon the statute books a general corporation law. This law is modeled closely after that of the state of New Jersey, which possesses features especially desirable in the case of a new country awaiting development. Under it the investment of capital in the island under the corporate form of management will be much stimulated, and one of the obstacles that have stood in the way of the influx of foreign capital will be removed.

To attempt to comment at any length upon other important measures becoming law would require an examination of almost every department of public affairs. Thus, the whole system of the protection of public health and the duties of the insular and local authorities in respect to sanitation and prevention of disease was put upon a more definite and satisfactory basis by a general law providing for the appointment of a director of public health and a superior board of health, and defining their respective duties. An act was passed for the regulation and government of the insular police force of Porto Rico and permitting its extension throughout the island of Porto Rico. The political system of the island was improved by the enactment of a general election law embodying the chief features of the Australian ballot and regulating in detail the manner of holding elections. The organization of building and loan associations and their regulation were provided for by a law modeled closely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the Massachusetts statute though incorporating several of the good features of other acts. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for the representation of Porto Rico at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1903. The Governor was authorized to coöperate with the United States Geological Survey in having a topographical survey and map of the island prepared, and an adequate sum of money was placed at his disposal for this purpose. The purchase of land for the use of the new United States Agricultural Experiment Station was authorized. A conservative employers' liability law was enacted. Provision was made for the establishment and maintenance of an asylum for the indigent blind. The carrying of firearms and concealed weapons was regulated. Gaming was prohibited. Cruelty to animals was made a misdemeanor. The judicial system of the island was modified in various ways so as to introduce needful changes and make it conform to American practice. Finally must be mentioned the passage at each session of that most important of laws, the general appropriation act. These acts, carrying each between two and two and a quarter million dollars, determined the whole programme of the government for the ensuing fiscal years. Inevitably there existed much difference of opinion regarding the wisdom of certain items that were included and of the failure to include others. The demand for appropriations for certain works was very great, and the final passage of the acts carrying total appropriations well within the financial resources of the treasury constitute not the least claim of the first Legislative Assembly as a conservative and public-spirited body.

In conclusion, when the facts are taken into consideration that each session of the legislature was limited by law to a duration of sixty days; that one of its houses, at least, was composed of members exercising for the first time legislative functions, and were, consequently, wholly unfamiliar with parliamentary procedure; that there was an essential difference between the two houses in respect to the extent to which power should be conferred upon the people of Porto Rico acting through their local governments; that many of the measures proposed represented radical changes from existing customs; that the patriotic purposes of the United States were still questioned by a portion of the population, — when these and numerous other difficulties are appreciated, this record of the first genuine legislative body that the island has ever enjoyed cannot but be considered as a remarkably creditable one. Yet this is but the beginning of the real work of endowing Porto Rico with institutions and laws conforming to Anglo-Saxon ideals. The problems that confront the United States cannot be solved by a few months of legislative activity. The great questions are questions of administration rather than of legislation. Whether the laws that have been passed will prove successful or not will depend wholly upon the manner in which they are administered, and the tact and ability with which the American representatives exercise their delicate functions of control and supervision. Years will be required before the difficulties involved in the political problem will be brought under control, the new system of local government perfected, and the thousand and one details of the administrative machinery satisfactorily worked out. Only the most conscientious and sustained activity on the part of those entrusted with authority in our insular possessions will bring about the full realization of the high aims that the American people have set before them in respect to the government of the countries that have lately come under the protection of the American flag.

*William F. Willoughby.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## SAILING.

FAR back beyond the shadowy years in which the Egyptian traders were wafted across the Mare Internum to the shores of Greece, before the Phœnician galleys carried the crystals and purples of Sidon to the barbarians of Gaul, or took homeward the ivory and gold of Ophir, the incense and spices of Arabia, or the pearls of the Persian Gulf, there blazed in the insatiable heart of man a burning desire to cross great waters, to master the might and mystery of the sea. Byron, wresting truth to poetic ecstasy, sang,

"Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore."

But man has never rested content upon the shore. Somewhere in the dim ages beyond the furthest backward glance of peering History, he embarked in a quavering, infant shallop, and ferried himself over some appalling rivulet. Thirty centuries before Christ there were tolerably fashioned sailing ships, and commerce had taken its place among the activities of the world. Furthermore there were luxurious yachts in the early days of Greek history, for even then man sailed not for gain or necessity alone, but for his lordly pleasure.

The story of the distant times is the story of to-day. For the mastery of the seas man still strives. Though the power of steam has revolutionized commerce, and huge steel leviathans have made the ocean safer than a New England railway, the brave spirit of old yet lives, and it delights men to adventure upon the waters in light sailing craft, not immune from the furies of wind and wave. It is this spirit which preserves the sport of sailing, in all its forms, from the impudent challenge of foamy windrows by the cedar canoe to the triumphant progress over crested hills of the sea-going schooner yacht.

In this favored land of ours the general history of the practice of sailing has been obscured by the brilliant annals of yacht racing. Our long series of triumphs in the defense of the America's Cup has monopolized our attention, and in looking at ourselves as adepts of the flying start and connoisseurs of balloon canvas, we have forgotten how much of the true sea hawk's blood flows in our veins. The spirit of the Saxon and Danish and Norman invaders, who harried the hosts of Britain, and of their descendants, Drake and his followers, who swept the coasts of the West Indies and southern America, has never died out in the land which produced Lawrence and Perry, Farragut and Dewey. But in Great Britain a greater proportion of the people is familiar with sailing than in our country. This is not the place nor the occasion for a discussion of political policies which bear upon this matter. We may safely confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the work of natural causes.

In the creation of the differences in the seafaring proclivities of the two nations the vast extent of our interior as compared with our coast line is a primary factor. Our shores measure many more miles than Britain's, but our territory measures still more, and thus the ratio of sailors to non-sailors becomes smaller in our population. In England, the shore is scalloped by innumerable harbors, and the heart of the land is touched by rivers that have not far to flow to reach the sea. A thousand sails woo the breezes of these streams, while here the river sailing craft is almost a stranger except in tidewaters. In too many of our rivers sailing except for business is neglected, because tides race swiftly, or high shores cut the breezes into alternate streaks of calm and sud-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

den squall. One may watch the paddles of a hundred steamers churn the waters of the Mississippi or the Ohio, but seldom see the tower of a white sail, while the lordly Hudson is ploughed by only a few patient strugglers against pitiless tides and baffling winds. As for the inland lakes, only in recent years has the spirit of sailing adventure reached them, though they have long borne upon their bosoms a race of hardy and skillful seamen of commerce.

Not only have the lakes and the inland rivers lacked the physical advantages of salt water, but they have also wanted the stimulus of yacht racing, and the great cruises of the leading yacht clubs. Sailing as a sport is nurtured by the racing and the cruising spirit. The great regattas and the monster cruises of fleets belong to the eastern coast. And the eastern coast has these things largely because of its eastward outlook. To face the western ocean is to bask in the sunlight of four centuries of maritime glory. It is to sit continually before the glittering page on which Columbus and Raleigh, Hudson and John Smith, wrote their deeds with the stylus of the streaming prow. It is to breathe inspiration from the breezes that brought to our shores the first adventurous caravels of Spain laden with their precious freight of futurity. It is to smell the odor of the distant gales that sent Tyng and Pepperell to take Louisburg, Paul Jones to find the Serapis, and Hull and Decatur to make the American frigate the terror of the seas. It is to look out upon the waters over which, in fair weather or foul, with the winds roaring out of their crescent canvas and acres of smoking foam under their thundering bows, the American clippers and packets scored records of speed only to be obliterated by the black smoke of the Atlantic greyhound. It is to front the ocean over which royal Sammy Samuels drove the clipper Dreadnaught from New York to Liverpool in 13 days and 15 hours, and the schooner yacht Henrietta from Sandy Hook to Daunt's Rock in 13 days and 21 hours.

And to face that eastern outlook is to fix the eyes upon a sea whose power is still subject to the mastery of seamanship. Though the record-breaking tonnage giant, hurling herself over vainly opposing combers, never pausing for gale or lying helpless in calm, has superseded the clipper and the packet as a carrier of both freight and humanity, the Atlantic is not bare of canvas. Even yet the

> "stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill,"

for the splendid four-masters of Liverpool and Glasgow stem the tides of the Gedney and Hypocrite channels, and the barkentines come swimming up from the south with the odor of the northeast trades yet in their sails. And it 's

> "O, well for the fisherman's boy,
> That he shouts with his sister at play!"

for the schooners of Chatham and Gloucester still scatter their dories above the mighty submarine pasturage that spreads from the southernmost limit of the ice northward to where the swells quiver around the Virgin Rock.

Where man goes for his necessities, he goes for his pleasure. Sordid and filled with the thirst of gain as we all are, we have dared more from curiosity than from hope of wealth. Men have faced the deadly cold and eternal snows of Nome for gold, but there are no diamonds away yonder in the north where lie the bones of Franklin, and where Peary yet struggles to wrest the secret of the Pole. Men have toiled over the Rockies in search of the yellow dust, but there are no diadems of precious stones upon the brows of Mont Blanc and Everest. If only the insatiable curiosity of the human intellect has sent men to their fates on the sands of Sahara, in the jungles of India, and in the hills of South Africa, a lordly scorn of danger in the pursuit of pleasure has been the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

page of many a story of missing craft, and in the wake of the streaming hull of commerce always floats the gilded pinnace of pastime. The yacht ensign has circled the world; it has flown to the gales of the North Atlantic and the monsoons of the Indian Ocean. And the great majority of sea-going yachts which make long voyages lift their anchors in the harbors of our eastern seaboard, for the storied waters of the western ocean invite with the irresistible witchery of recorded daring.

But prosaic and practical considerations play no less important a part in making the eastern seaboard the sailing front of our country. The geographical features of the coast offer advantages or impose limitations which guide the operations of the human will and fancy. The essentials of a sailing country are an extensive coast line with numerous bays of considerable extent and depth. These bays should be well sheltered by land from the swifter winds and rougher seas to be found on the open waters outside. Within the bays small craft, unsuited to the outer waters, could find abundant room to spread their little wings, and in days of light winds and smooth waters could venture outside and rock themselves upon the deep-chested breathing of summer swells. The generous depth of water in these bays would afford riding ground for large sea-going yachts, thus bringing together all types of pleasure craft.

If now we add to these large, deep, landlocked bays some shallows, of mingled fresh and salt water, with openings into the bays or the sea, such shining veneers of water as the Shrewsbury River and Barnegat Bay, we have a sailing country which offers every conceivable advantage. Perhaps the man who loves to solve small problems with tiller and sheet may ask for one thing more, — a narrow tidewater creek, winding its devious path among salt grass and wiry reeds, far up into the bosom of some marshy flat where ages ago a broad river flowed, and where now the bittern broods and the kingfisher chatters in the idle sun of the summer afternoon. A most enticing ribbon of water is the tidewater creek, and its elusive waters woo the brown and ragged urchin of the countryside to launch his rickety bateau, flat-bottomed and sprit-sailed, upon voyages of conquest or adventure, not infrequently ended by ignominious stranding upon the unsuspected mud-bank.

A country combining all these features will produce pleasure sailors as surely as salt meadows produce mosquitoes. The number of the sailors, however, will be greatly increased if large cities and rich yacht clubs are in this country and operating to stimulate in the surrounding population the sailing spirit. The country boy who goes out in his dirty skiff to get clams enjoys no longer his pristine peace of mind when once he has seen the thirty-footer of some "city chap," with her white sides gleaming with new paint, her brass flashing back the refulgence of the sun, her rigging all a-taut, and her ensign snapping in the breeze. For him the line between the working and the pleasure craft is now drawn, and he rests no more till the ancient bateau gets a coat of green paint and the old sprit is scraped, if not varnished.

Such a land as this lies along the eastern seaboard of the United States. The deep, landlocked bays, the shallow broads, the tidewater rivers and creeks stretch along almost the entire length of our Atlantic coast, and even follow the line around into the Gulf, where Tampa Bay, at least, invites the sailor with no little charm. But the Gulf has no yachting waters to compare with the Atlantic shore, while the Great Lakes require of the sailor a large amount of hardihood and ready skill. Though landlocked, these bodies of water are too large to resemble bays, and they are subject to sudden and fierce squalls. The west

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coast of our country is almost destitute of waters favorable to yachting. San Francisco Bay stands almost alone as a sailing centre. Once outside the Golden Gate, the sailor must face the iron coast of the Pacific, which is not at all what its name implies.

Let us look at these matters more closely. Boats are sailed on the coast of Maine. The natives of the region sail strictly for business, for they are not gifted with large quantities of this world's goods, and they cannot afford to loiter on the waters for their amusement. If they venture, as they often must, into open water, they meet with stiff breezes and lumpy seas. Wherefore one finds along this coast a race of raw-boned, slab-sided fishermen, who squint to windward with an especial solemnity, and go down to the sea in craft of sturdy patterns and sound timbers. Up in the northern islands sailing is more comfortable, but even here the native is a professional. A professional he is with a world-wide reputation, for who has not heard of the Deer Island sailors of Defender and Columbia? Nowhere on the American coast are there better seamen than these sons of Maine, and out of their rock-bound harbors come the great five and six masted schooners, leviathans of pure American breed, not born in other lands. Up among these same Maine islands are thousands of summer homes, owned by people from Boston and New York; even from as far west as Cleveland. These people have their pleasure craft almost literally tied up to their front gate-posts. Small sloops and catboats are the favorite types, but all are broad of beam, fairly deep, and high-sided; for the sea will get up occasionally and the boat must be able. These are not the only pleasure craft, for the cruising yachts sail up from the south, and the magnificent floating palaces of Boston and New York magnates often lave their shining sides in the cold waters of Bar Harbor.

But sailing on the Maine coast as a sport is purely exotic. The people there sail, as has been said, too much for business to care about doing it for pleasure. To them the sea is a hunting ground and a burial place, a vast, mysterious expanse from which a precarious livelihood is wrung by daring, in the face of cruel danger, and where the bones of many a sound vessel and good man lie fathoms deep among swaying grasses and indescribable crawling things.

As one slips slowly down the eastern coast, however, he comes upon a land of boats and boatmen, a land where every boy has some sort of craft to sail, and where the waters whiten on Saturday and Sunday with the foam of a thousand driven keels. Spreading away to the northward in the swelling neck of Marblehead, the kind lagoons of Salem and Lynn, and the broad bight of Nahant Bay, to the southward in the streaming stretches of Nantasket Roads, the sheltering circle of Hingham Bay, the tortuous channels of Cohasset Harbor, and the pygmy cranny of Scituate, it is the lovely land that lies round about the hub of the world. It is a land of channels and reefs, tideways and tiderips, rocks and islands, with its Graves and its Roaring Bulls, its Devil's Back and its Shag Rocks, its Thieves' Ledge and its Centurions, its score of scattered islands, and in the centre of all the wise old eye of Boston Light gazing in benignant refulgence over all.

Boston Harbor is confessedly a "mean" place for sailing, but Boston Bay, out to the northward and eastward of Deer Island, down to the southward and eastward of Boston Light, is a paradise, while in Marblehead Harbor there is the sweetest anchorage imaginable for craft of high and low degree. With such waters, it is not at all astonishing that Boston is the most enthusiastic yachting port in the United States, and that in every nook and corner of the surrounding waters are to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be found boat sailors of all kinds. Racing runs rampant. Even the fishermen have schooners built by yacht designers, and meet in stirring competition for substantial prizes. The Eastern Yacht Club leads in the luxury of the sport, while the Corinthian and the Hull-Massachusetts, and a score of others, supply the demands of sailors of small boats.

The small boats used around Boston Bay are a demonstration in themselves of the hold the sport of sailing has on all classes. Even young men of small means associate and raise money enough to purchase some old-fashioned sloop of small tonnage, discarded by her owner for a newer type. Such out-of-date craft one may see any summer Saturday fighting for supremacy off Marblehead Rock with the newest designs in "knock-abouts" and "raceabouts," and not infrequently, through superior skill and the inventiveness which comes of necessity, winning the prizes. But this is not all. The numerous contests among small boat sailors in and around Boston have developed the fastest, stanchest, and soundest types of small craft known to the eastern seaboard. There is plenty of water all around Boston Bay, and the typical small yacht of that country has what the seamen call a "long leg." This means that she is built with a healthy body going well down into the water, giving her a deep draught, placing her ballast and her centre of gravity low, and making her uncapsizable. These characteristics have been found in a dozen types of Boston small craft, which have set the pattern for the rest of America.

Deep keel sloops of the old type were more popular around Boston than elsewhere. Who forgets the famous Burgess thirties of a dozen or fifteen years ago, Saracen, Rosalind, and their companions? I never sailed a sweeter ship than one of these, twenty-nine feet seven inches on the water line, thirty-five feet over all, with six feet of head room in the cabin, and berthing space for six persons forward and aft. And she had a sound lead keel going six feet toward the bottom. Fin keels abounded in Boston waters in the days when these sword-fish of the sailing world were the fashion, and the sneak-box bow and elongated overhang were familiar around Marblehead before they were at Newport. In short, there is no kind of sailing craft that is used for pleasure and sailed by an amateur that is not to be found in the waters around Boston.

Who sails boats in that part of the world? Why, every one! From the "Adams Boys," the smartest yacht racers of the East, down to the Marblehead street boy, every one takes pride in his skill in getting the best work out of some sort of sailing boat. Those who do not sail talk about it, and on a summer day in the drowsy atmosphere of a Boston club, or in the shadow of some tall pile in Washington Street, you shall hear more racing seaman's lore than anywhere else in this country except on the cruising ground of the Rocking-Chair fleet at the Larchmont Yacht Club. Boston's claim to be the hub of the universe may be disputed perhaps when you consider the steel industry or the unimportant matter of freight tonnage; but when you come to talk about sailing, you must admit that Boston is the greatest yachting port in this country. Even the little children there know the history of the America's Cup, and the public school boy can sail a dory with a leg-of-mutton sail for driving power and an oar for steering gear.

The New England coast from Provincetown down to the entrance to the Vineyard Sound is not favorable to the sport of sailing, and little is done except for the business of fishing. Nantucket is no place for small craft, though a few hardy catboats do take out fishing parties. The same is true of Cottage City. The tides race swiftly east and west through the Sound, and fresh breezes kick up a choppy sea. It is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wet and uncertain sailing ground. But it has a sound type of catboat, broad of beam, deep of draught, high-sided, strongly sheered, and not over-sparred. All sorts of craft are seen in Vineyard Haven and even at Edgartown, for here is the eastern limit of the cruising grounds for the great fleets of small sailing craft from Newport, New London, New Haven, and New York. But on the other side of the northern shore of the Vineyard Sound, and connected with it by those captivating little passages, Wood's Hole, Quick's Hole, and Robinson's Hole, lies the broad, inviting bosom of Buzzard's Bay, landlocked on all sides, filled with a thousand nooks and corners of placid shoal water, a very paradise for small boat sailing, and the sailing grounds of a truly amphibious race. If the boys of Boston are nautical, those of the heel of the Cape are pure salt, and when the summer heat sends the Boston boy down to join the Cape boy for the months of July and August, all that man knows of the art of sailing small craft is explored and revised.

Westward from where the barrens of Cuttyhunk front the Joseph's Coat of Gay Head the gliding keel moves through enchanted waters of translucent blue, till the rising of the lighthouse at West Island warns of the approach to Newport. Here is the summer haven of all that is opulent and luxurious in the world of the sailor. It is the riding ground, too, of the humblest; for as a cat may look at a king, so may the homely single-handed cruiser of some New York boy lie within the shadow of the boom of the railroad magnate's palatial schooner. For west of Newport lies the most inviting stretch of yachting water in all America, water ploughed by every type of sailing craft known to the United States, from the Herreshoff cup defender to the crusier that "looks as if some fellow had built her himself." Deep keels, skimming dishes, centreboards, fins, schooners, sloops, yawls, knockabouts, half-raters, auxiliaries, and a thousand weird patterns of small craft improvised out of old ships' boats or cut down fishing smacks, —all these may be seen of a summer's day on the welcoming bosom of old Long Island Sound.

A wondrous and beneficent gift of nature to New York is that Sound. The Hudson River is not favorable to sailing; the bay is rough and torn to shreds by the iron prow of restless Commerce; the East River is a roaring tideway beset with ferry-boats and tows. But once past the treacherous swirls of Hell Gate, the world is open to the New York sailor, and as he sets his face eastward, he knows that as far as Nantucket he may thrash the foamy windrows with his little vessel almost certain of a comfortable harbor every night. True, the tide does set east and west through the Sound with perceptible force, but the prevailing winds are such that almost any sailing craft can beat the tides. Seriously rough weather is not often encountered in the summer season, though a smoky southwester does sometimes make a bad lee shore of Connecticut. But the weatherwise sailor is seldom on the lee shore, and if he is, there are plenty of harbors. The most frequent winds have some southing in them, and the north shore is dotted with islands and scalloped with bays. The south shore has fewer, but deeper harbors, and in such shelters as Glen Cove a mighty fleet could lie at anchor.

At the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound one passes out into a stretch of open water, but here he may pick his weather for the run around to Newport, and while waiting may lie peacefully in the placid waters of New London Harbor, or in the still more sequestered anchorage of Stonington. Or he may slip across to the south shore, and threading the narrows of Plum Gut, swim into the broad lagoon of Gardiner's Bay, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hurry on to the slimmer avenues opposite Greenport and the enticing hotels at Shelter Island. Biting deep into the heart of Long Island at this end lies Peconic Bay, but although I have gone over its shores and its shallows with compass and sounding line making a naval militia reconnaissance, I have seen little use of its waters by pleasure craft. It lacks objective, — there is no place to go. That is the secret of the idleness of many an otherwise attractive piece of water.

Who sails the alluring waters to the eastward of New York? For pure sport one may take it for granted that the dwellers along their shores do not. These sail for business. There is a fine fishing fleet at Larchmont, and the Larchmont Yacht Club gets one race a year out of it by offering good prizes; but this race is a gentle bribe to prevent the fishermen from removing course marks and buoys planted out in the Sound by the club. From every bay and harbor of these waters oystermen or fishermen go out to seek for food products beneath the surface, but the pleasure sailing is done almost wholly by summer visitors or city people who have made country homes along the shores. As a cruising ground for the New York youths of moderate means the Sound is most popular, and many a badly built, badly manned, and badly sailed craft, with a crew and a cook of the lowest amateur standing, staggers out past Execution Light, finding her nightly anchorage by good luck rather than good navigation. Yet it is the nautical spirit that sends her out, and an added store of nautical experience that brings her back. From such beginnings grow up the crack yachtsmen of New York, men who almost hold their own with the professional skippers, who fill pages of the racing annals of great years, and who sometimes become even managers of cup defenders.

Long Island Sound is the scene of the big annual cruises of the yacht clubs of New York, but the history of these is known of all men. Let me pause here only to say that there never was a more interesting popular error than that which regards the yachtsmen of the New York, Larchmont, Atlantic, and Seawanhaka yacht clubs as so many gilded ornaments on the decks of their own yachts. It is true that these clubs contain a good many dilettante sailors, but the representative men are masters of their art, and command even the patronizing admiration of their own sailing masters.

On the south side of Long Island lies the Great South Bay, and here is the real nursery of New York yacht sailors. In this broad, shallow sheet, where four feet are a deep draught, and where a forty-foot water line is the foundation of a leviathan, has been bred a race of expert small boat sailors, capable of handling the omnipresent catboat or the jib-and-mainsail yacht as well as any others in the world. Along the shores dwells a hardy race of seafarers, who venture out through the treacherous waters of Fire Island Inlet into the open sea in search of fish. These sailors never sail for pleasure, but all summer long they carry on the business of taking out visitors for hire in all sorts of craft, from the twenty-foot catboat of Amityville to the high-sided, broad-bodied, forty-foot jib-and-mainsail that plies between Sayville and Water Island. These sailor men are the instructors of thousands of youngsters from the cities, and the dean of them all is that splendid old racing master, Captain "Hank" Haff of Islip.

Again, to the southward of New York lie the great summer resorts of the New Jersey coast, with the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers and Barnegat Bay within easy reach. Shallow broads are these where the skimming-dish catboat and the half-rater are sailed daily, but again chiefly by the boys from the cities. The native sails for gain in the summer; in the winter — on the Shrewsbury at least — he finds his sport in racing the swift ice-boat. But in all these wonder-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful stretches of water that lie around New York there are sailors of all classes, and he who imagines that yachting is a sport exclusively for the rich has not seen the young adventurers of Gotham. From the poor clerks who band together in groups of four or five and hire a New Haven sharpie, long, squat, and uncomfortable, for a two weeks' vacation cruise, and the hard-fisted Brooklyn boys who spend Saturday afternoon in thrashing down the Bay against the southerly wind that they may lie over Sunday in the racing tides of the Shrewsbury near the Atlantic Highlands drawbridge and bathe with the excursionists at Highland Beach, to the owner of the big schooner that reels off her ten knots as she flies eastward through the Sound, or of the steamer that drops her anchor off Sea Gate and lolls lazily in the summer sea, all conditions of men are represented in the army of pleasure sailors in and about New York. They form a smaller percentage of the population than the sailing fraternity of Boston and its vicinity, and there is probably no other seaport, except London, where there is such a vast and overpowering ignorance of nautical matters as there is in New York. Yet the love for sailing and the appreciation and understanding of it grow every year, and there is a very considerable influence of that spirit which made the War of 1812, the clipper ship, and the America's Cup all ours.

What has been said of sailing on the northern part of the Atlantic coast of the United States embodies what might be said in a general way of sailing in the Southern states. The use of the boat among the natives is almost invariably fathered by necessity. To find a coast dweller going out "for a sail" is, indeed, a rare thing. If he goes, he uses his boat as a means of conveyance. He goes to fish, or perchance to shoot ducks, or to set lobster pots — but not just to sail. On the other hand there is hardly a bay or a river mouth on the entire coast without its group of summer homes, and the dwellers in these homes use boats for their pleasure. Men do not build cottages beside the water without the desire to float. These summer visitors carry with them the racing spirit, and with it they stimulate the native to look upon his boat as something more than a mere vehicle. Thus sailing as a sport makes its way among the toilers of the sea, and the fishing craft learns to jockey for position at the start and to fly kites. All the way down the Atlantic coast one finds the sport of sailing and flourishing yacht clubs. The cruising yachts of various ports find their way along the coast line, and some of them creep through the sheltered waters of the various sounds. The government a few years ago sent a torpedo boat through the tortuous channels of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, solely for the purpose of demonstrating their usefulness. While these waters have long been ploughed by light-draught vessels of the types familiar to the eastern coast, they now not infrequently carry on their kindly bosoms the larger and deeper sea-going craft from distant ports. And so you may follow the sportsman of the water all the way round into Tampa Bay, where you will be welcomed by the members of a lively little yacht club, and will find at anchor as pretty a "mosquito" fleet as you would in Larchmont Harbor.

On the west coast of the United States sailing as a sport is almost wholly confined to San Francisco, for the simple reason that the requirements of a yachting country are to be found only there. Outside cruising is little practiced for reasons already given. Winds are heavy, seas rough, harbors scarce. Almost singular in western sailing annals stands the cruise of the Casco, schooner yacht, ninety-four feet long, which went down into the South Seas. It was a memorable cruise, a never-to-be-forgotten schooner, for one of the passengers was Robert Louis Stevenson. When the San Fran-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cisco yachtsman does venture outside the Golden Gate, it is for a run down to Monterey. Owing to the prevalent winds, it is literally a run down and a beat back. Usually the owner of the yacht leaves the windward "thrash" to his sailing master and goes home by train. If he stays on his yacht, he has much patience or no engagements. In the summer the sailor's worst enemy, fog, is frequently found outside, and consequently most of the sailing is done inside the Bay. Here, indeed, is a magnificent body of water. The Bay proper is 290 square miles in extent, and with all its branches it reaches the size of 480 square miles. Hundreds of miles of river and creek open into this splendid inland sea and offer irresistible allurements to the sailor of the light-draught vessel. Chiefly because the masters of this Bay issue out of these creeks and rivers the deep-keel yacht is scarce in San Francisco waters. The typical craft is a centreboard, fore-and-aft rigged yacht, of wide beam and short spars. The yawl rig is very popular, and balloon canvas is rare.

Of course there are reasons for these peculiarities. When it blows, it blows a fresh breeze, and it comes on quickly. It is more comfortable to have a yacht with a small rig than to be continually reefing. Owing to the regularity with which the wind rises in the afternoon, when the sailor men wish to reach their home ports, balloon canvas is seldom carried, because at the time when it would be most desired it would be superfluous. The favor of the yawl rig is due to the ease and celerity with which it admits of the shortening of sail. Yachting in San Francisco Bay is all done in the summer season, for the excellent reason that in the winter there are no winds and a good deal too much rain. In the summer, however, there is enough sailing to delight the eye of the most enthusiastic lover of the sport, and the waters north and south and east and west are ploughed by a great fleet of high-sided, short-bodied, and low-rigged craft which get their stability chiefly from their wide, squat hulls, and which, though not especially fast, are safe, weatherly, and comfortable.

There was a time when the fresh water sailor was not taken into account, but that time has passed. The Great Lakes are, as I have already said, not encouraging to the sport of pleasure sailing, yet it is not absent from them. One of the greatest drawbacks to the pastime is the want of places to visit. When a man goes out sailing he likes to run into some inviting place to dine or eat a light luncheon. Such resorts are rare on the Great Lakes. When you go out to sail, you sail and you go home again. But the racing spirit again comes to the front, and incites the amateur of the helm and sheet to drive his craft over the blue waters of our inland seas. The history of the international races between American and Canadian yachts on the lakes is yet young, but it is inspiring. These races have done much to evolve sound and swift types of sailing craft for lake sailing, and they will do a great deal more in the future. On Ontario, for instance, there has been for years a racing circuit, which embraces Big Sodus Bay, Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, and Toronto. The fleet cruises around this circuit, sailing races at each port, and the sailors gain a large amount of valuable experience.

The lakes are squally waters, and the yachts and sailors are both fashioned to suit their needs. The trading schooners, for example, all have short lower masts and long topmasts, so that by clewing up topsails they are immediately put under snug canvas and made fit for any ordinary squall. So one finds that the pleasure yachts are mostly able-bodied craft, with ample freeboard and low rigs. They are just the sort of sailing boats to contend with fresh winds and choppy seas. Plenty of modern designs are to be found on the Great Lakes now, and the eastern designers send many of the pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ducts of their boards to fight for the supremacy of the inland seas. The working seamen of the lakes are splendid sailors, and the amateurs are a handy, hardy lot, who compare very favorably with the best Corinthians of the salt water clubs.

Even the smaller lakes of the Northwest have their sailor men and their racing craft. The twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul can turn you out some of the liveliest handlers of the good old "sand-bagger" to be found anywhere outside of Larchmont. Minneapolis people sail on Minnetonka Lake, while the St. Paul yachtsman finds his sea on White Bear Lake. But the sand-bagger with outriggers is rapidly going out of fashion, if, indeed, it has not already quite gone; and now one finds in these waters half-raters, one-raters, and the omnipresent catboat.

This cursory glance at the sport of sailing as practiced in the United States should suffice to demonstrate at least one thing, namely, that it is chiefly in the hands of amateurs, most of whom are dwellers in cities and towns. The rural population does little sailing for pleasure. From it, however, comes the great body of professional seamen, who teach the amateurs all they know. The nautical spirit of the country is fairly divided between the two classes; for, if the city yachtsman races from Sandy Hook to Daunt's Rock or defends the America's Cup, he has the aid of the best professional talent in the land; and when the American flag is to be carried to the uttermost ends of the earth, it is the professional seaman who takes the helm, who cons the ship, and who shapes the course. The traditions of the American merchant marine, except in the matter of the treatment of men by officers, are all glorious, and they go far toward inspiring the amateur with courage to adventure upon the sea. If to the professional belongs the desire to master the ocean for utilitarian purposes, the amateur seeks to master it for the sheer joy of the game.

Out of the endeavors of the two classes have grown the American ship and the American yacht. The former now shows a diminished glory, but her past is imperishable. The records of the Dreadnaught, the Flying Cloud, the Comet, and the Sovereign of the Seas are graven in letters of gold on the pages of sea annals. The achievements of American skill in yacht building and handling are known to all the world. For a time the nautical spirit seemed not to penetrate deeper than the skin of the land. It lay *along* the coasts. But with the advent of the specially designed defenders of the America's Cup, beginning with the Puritan in 1885, there came a revival of nautical enthusiasm, and a spread of it into the interior. Doubtless this had not a little influence in the passage of certain appropriation bills by Congress looking toward the beginnings of our new navy. In the War of 1812 the American frigate was the terror of the seas, and the American seaman the monarch of the deep. The spirit which made that seaman and that frigate living actualities has returned, and it has given us our new navy, with its unsurpassed ships and its unequaled personnel.

The nurture of that spirit in its broadest relations to the national life begins with the boat sailor, who learns to feel the thrill of conquest of the elements even when steering his little catboat across some landlocked bay. His act, his thought, his emotion are the seedlings from which grow the splendid plant. Yet in nine cases out of ten he but follows in the wake of the large yacht, and strives to imitate the yachtsman of the club. We owe a big debt to our leading yacht clubs. They are the propagators of the true nautical spirit among the lovers of sport. Their membership is a very small percentage of the myriad of sailors they give to the country.

*W. J. Henderson.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE WATCH BELOW.

His childhood's longings are come true
In all their widest, wildest range;
This is the picture fancy drew;
How real, yet how strange!

The braces snap; the storm sails rip;
The fettered gales have struggled free;
The straining greyhound is the ship,
The foaming wolves, the sea.

Their glistening fangs are wide to strike;
Their famished eyes are flakes of fire;
Hunger and surfeit whet alike
Their immemorial ire.

But fleeter than the fleeing hound,
And surer than the ruthless foe,
On rushes to its fated bound
The midnight watch below.

The watch is called; he never heeds;
Let the sweet feast his longing cloy;
On nectar and ambrosia feeds
The sleeping sailor boy.

The fo'castle, the deck, the spars,
The swollen sea, the lowering skies,
The drowning sun, the dripping stars
Have faded from his eyes.

The mast is creaking by his berth,
The lantern smokes above his head,
But sleepless potentates of earth
Might envy him his bed.

His yearning gaze is on the past:
Through their red gates the hot tears flow:
That this swift hour will be his last
Ah, well he does not know!

His sister's prattle charms his ear;
His mother's silence stirs his soul:
What matters now the exile's tear,
The vessel's plunging roll?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All in the revel of his dream
He loiters down the leafy lane;
He plashes in the pebbly stream;
Above the storm's refrain

He hears the oriole's sweet clang;
He sees the swinging apple spray;
The same call through the orchard rang
The morn he came away.

The age-long malady of grief
No earthly remedy can mend:
Alas, that only joy is brief,
That fairest visions end!

He wakes at rush of trampling feet,
And shouts, and oaths that stay his prayer,
To join, at halyard and at sheet,
The seamen swaying there.

With these he lines the lurching deck
And mans the yards that skim the seas:
He fears nor wind, nor wave, nor wreck,
Nor destiny's decrees.

In all his wrath the storm is on;
Deep calls to deep in travail-moan:
Down to the waste the boy has gone —
The weltering waste — alone.

The horror of the downward sweep!
The struggle of the smothering brine!
My guardian angel, thou wouldst weep
If such a fate were mine!

Did ghostly forms about him flit
In the vast void of rolling foam?
Did all the demons of the pit
To mock his anguish come?

Stay, weak lament! He fared not ill;
My life-dream too will soon go by.
It is his watch below; be still:
Let the wet sea boy lie!

*Edward N. Pomeroy.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE GENIUS OF RETTA ROMANY TOMPKINS.

If Penangton had been in England instead of in Missouri, the relative superiority of the Tompkins family would have come to stunted blossom in the title of squire; but the advantage of living in Missouri over living in England is suggested by the aphorism that to title superiority is to limit it. To be heralded a squire is to be heralded as better than a yeoman, but it is also to be heralded as not so good as a lord. Nobody in Missouri could stand that. Instead of being squires, the Tompkins family for three generations had been prosperous citizens; and for three generations they had been the kind of citizens to whom a Western town can most safely allow success. Whatever the degree of success attained by a Tompkins, the stress of it had never yet carried him beyond the claim of Penangton; there had been no lifting him out of the Missouri soil; he had been warm and rich with Missouri, and he had lived and died in Missouri.

Going back three generations, the first Tompkins out from Kentucky was Thousand-acre. He came with the rush in 1816, and on the banks of Big Snibble Creek he took up so much government land and "pitched" his crops so successfully that being a Tompkins came easier ever after. The son of Thousand-acre was State Rights Tompkins, one of the elect few called down to St. Louis in 1861 to help determine which way Missouri should go. It was Frank Blair, with that great mailed hand of his immediately on the throat of the caucus, who jumped to his feet on the side of the Union in the very fever of the St. Louis discussion, and shouted: "Gentlemen, we waste time! Let us have a country first, and talk politics later!" And it was old State Rights Tompkins who jumped to his feet next, and caught Blair on the rebound, as though Blair had been a rubber ball. "In God's name, sir," State Rights bellowed, "what better country do you want than Missourah?"

And then, continuing in the inevitable Missouri sequence of those days, with gouge of spur and hemp-tied, rotting boots, there dashed to the front State Rights' son Elmer, Colonel Barehead Tompkins, who rode into Penangton one September evening, hatless, blood-dabbled, and laughing like a lunatic. "The Lyon's whelps 'most got me, boys!" he called to the gray-faced men who came hobbling from the Court House steps. "But I said I 'd bring those dispatches through from Jackson, did n't I?" Elmer was not the sort of man to have thrown away his hat for the sake of riding into Penangton with his yellow hair streaking out behind, but it would have been plain to a baby, if there had been any babies that September, that since the hat was gone the gentleman knew how to make the most of himself without a hat. He made his mare leap forward, he rose in his stirrups, and he yelled over his shoulder: "Well, I guess I got 'em! They got my hat, but I got the dockyments. Erraw for Pap Price 'n' the State Guard!" Bareheaded, with the hair blowing back from his gay, thin face, he thundered on toward Academy Hill where Price lay encamped.

State Rights' daughter, Miss Muriel "Murmur," was a Tompkins whose talents were essentially and delicately preservative. In the first blush of those talents she compiled a volume of poems from the works of Missouri's best poets, and styling the compilation Missouri's Murmurings, the title's gentle meanderings through happy hearts, winter winds, soft sighs, and rippling rivers finally brought it to rest upon the gifted lady's own head in an encircling climax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not unlike laurel. It also fell to Miss Muriel's lot, after the finish of Elmer in the wild hours at Bloody Hill and the death of Elmer's heart-broken father and wife, to supervise his orphan children, and prod them up to what was expected of them as Tompkinses.

During the childhood of Elmer's son and daughter it was Miss Muriel's habit, as it was all Penangton's habit, to dwell with a certain high-headedness upon the characteristics of the Tompkins girl. "Her father's own child, you may say," was Miss Muriel's and Penangton's way of labeling the girl's energy, vitality, and tricks of face and gesture, until the child herself took up the song, and got around in front of her brother with it. "I 'm a Tompkins all over, ain't I, Marmaduke? And you are like mother, ain't you, Marmaduke?" she would say. And the boy would say yes, with a strange, old feeling of locking arms with his mother, and so standing, white and ineffectual, before a capable world of Tompkinses. Then he would probably lift the girl from some fence to a lower and safer place, or pull her back from the brink of Little Snibble, or in some other way look out for her and take care of her.

It was not until the girl was fifteen, and had twice run away from the Central Missouri Female Boarding School in St. Louis, that Miss Muriel and Penangton began to see that the Tompkins energy and vitality might prove disturbing elements in a woman, and to set about doing their best by the Tompkins boy, and showing him that since his father had been cut down in the very heat and sweat of accomplishment, and since his sister was n't a man, he was expected to finish that father's record. Having set about this, Penangton and Miss Muriel did it so well that all through his youth Marmaduke had to carry about with him a digging sensation that he ought to do something or other, or be something or other; and all through his youth life presented dark, unsatisfactory spots where the Penangtonians buttonholed him and tried to help him toward a big career.

Perhaps it was General Tom Whittington, his father's one-time crony, and now deputy United States marshal: "Marmaduke, see here a minute. Would you care for that West Point place? Seems like a pity to put you in the off-color clothes; but what 's past help 's past grief, Marmaduke, and if you can be half as good a fighter as your daddy, seems like a pity not to put you where you can fight."

Perhaps it was his aunt Muriel herself, with her transparent hand on his shoulder, prodding him poetically: "Whither now, young aspirant? Under which queen? Scientia? Justitia? Martia?"

Meantime Marmaduke was growing up the more helpless to do because the more appreciative of what ought to be done. The boy realized, if the town did n't, that it was not to be allowed to him, as it had been allowed to his ancestors, to be a pillar of state without ever leaving the porch of Thousand-acre. Missouri was too big for that now, and his father had already brought the family name too close to the outer boundaries of Missouri. If the Tompkins record was to be continued, the banner must next, and inevitably, be carried on beyond Missouri. Marmaduke did not want to get beyond Missouri, under no matter how good a banner. It was not only that he had n't the capacity for that sort of progression; he did n't want it. He had accepted the family feeling for Missouri just as it had been handed to him; then, as his town was a good place, something Southern and something Western, and as he was susceptible to the influence of old landmarks, well-known faces, the fair, wide roll of the land, the crunching bite of the river, and the sweep of the wind in the wheat, the feeling had grown as he grew into an immeasurable devotion to his state and to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town. He saw things as his town saw them; he was accustomed to what his town was accustomed to, and he was convinced, as his town was convinced, that everybody ought to be a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Campbellite, and eat supper at night instead of dinner.

It was on a fine June day, close to his twenty-second birthday, that he came home from Chicago, after one last effort at the university somehow to get himself ready to do what was expected of him. When he left the train at the Penangton depot, he doubled straight back into the Thousand-acre land, jumped Little Snibble Creek, climbed a fence into the Red Haw Pasture, fared across that, struck the Fair Ground Road at Big Snibble Bridge, and so up to the great Thousand-acre gate. There he stooped down and patted the earth. "Good old ground," he said. Once in his old room, he lost no time in getting out of his pepper-and-salt suit, got his stiff shirt up over his head, and flapped his arms vigorously. "Because," he crowed, "I 'm done. Before I 'd squeeze up my soul in kid, before I 'd forget the smell of the ground where the reaper 's run over, I 'd — well, I don't squeeze and I don't forget. That 's all. As I am, after this, not as I ought by family rights to be. Can't be a lawyer, can't be a soldier; going to be a farmer — and a damn good one almost surely," he said, while his eyes rioted outside in the young glory of his fields.

For a few months he lay back easy and fanned himself in the relief his decision had brought him. Miss Muriel had closed Thousand-acre that last winter, because the Fair Ground Road got so bad, and had moved in to the Tompkins town house to live; but it did n't take Marmaduke very long to marshal the old force of Tompkins darkies back into the kitchen, to the tubs, and into the fields; and he was so well satisfied to be about it, and got so busy selling his wheat and keeping his fences up, that cold weather had fairly come before he saw that the tragedy which his decision had entailed upon the town had worked to the surface and had frozen over Penangton like a great tear. By Christmas time he was having to stand the knowledge that Penangton was saying soberly, "Oh, 't is n't as though Marmaduke had taken after his father's side."

Two years is a good while to work against the disappointment of your town, against its patiently silent reproach, but it was all of two years — years of close-mouthed effort on Marmaduke's part to lift some of the results of the war from Thousand-acre — before General Tom Whittington found occasion to say: "Talk to Marmaduke about the farmers' body militant or the mistakes of the Grangers, and you won't get him to do nothing but bat his eyes; but harkee," — the general cleared a permanent way for the revised opinion by spitting far up the cottonwood tree in front of the Commercial Hotel: "Marmaduke can pitch the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section seben in township leben of range thirteeun in chicory beans and reap a mighty good article of wheat off the forty."

That ought to have meant a good deal to Marmaduke, and undoubtedly would have, had it not been that just at this time he was too absorbed in his sister Retta's future to care much about his own present, or what Penangton thought or said about it. Retta had gone from the school in St. Louis to a school in New York, and she had now written from the New York school that, please God, she was done with schools, and was going to visit a friend in the city. She said she would stay at the friend's house until she could think up another place. "And the place won't be Penangton," she said.

As the girl had moved restlessly farther and farther from Marmaduke and Thousand-acre, it had followed, as one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the results of his nature, that Marmaduke had all the more braced himself, ready and waiting, for whatever she might by and by require of him. Almost unconsciously, the religious feeling that was his by inheritance came to be doubly his by necessity, in the matter of Retta's future. He had grown to feel that the only thing to do was to turn the matter over to God; that it was too much for him. But long after Penangton had given Retta up, and long after Miss Muriel had ceased to speak of her except with a frightened sigh, Marmaduke kept hoping that all that fanfare of childish ability in Retta might yet mean something, that she might some day do something that would pull both her and him to a fair level with the dead-and-gone Tompkinses, even while he kept fearing that she might some day do something so terrible that she would pull both her and him down too low for the shadow Tompkinses on the heights ever to recognize them. There was a cheerfulness in his conviction that he would go up or down with Retta that gave it the free dignity of a determination, and there was enough of a haunting prescience that the journey would be down to give the conviction the set face of courage.

It was out in the wheat at Thousand-acre, one day, that he lifted up his eyes and saw a boy coming toward him, waving something that was flat and white; and though the boy was little he was accurate, and he landed fair at Marmaduke's feet. In another flash the special letter was open and Marmaduke was reading: —

"MARMADUKE, DEAR, — You see I have n't been telling you all I 've been up to these last few weeks. I 've been meeting some people and pulling some strings, and now such a splendid thing has happened. I 'm going on the stage. And right in the beginning, don't you get the idea that you or anybody can stop me. It means too much to me. It 's a great thing for me, even if I do have to begin at the bottom. I don't care where I begin. I don't care how I begin. The thing is to begin — begin — begin " —

The letter blurred under Marmaduke's eyes, and he stared about him. The post-office boy was cutting along the fence path, slashing at the fluffy-headed wheat as he went. The darky on the reaper had turned on the upsweep, and only his back was visible, a round, sweat-stained back, which soon disappeared through the barn gate. Down on Snibble a bird crinkled her timid toes in the shallows, gave a cheep of terror, and careened into the air toward some distant nest. Every man and bird and beast on Thousand-acre, just at that hour, was bound for home, where the niche of shelter was. Would all of them find the way? The man would: he rooted close to earth, where there is room. The boy would: a boy can always squeeze in. But the bird yonder, already far up in the tremulous air, — would it find the way? It was flying to the north now, where the town stretched out as calm and cocksure as though no baneful news ever seeped into it. In a little while the town must know. Then the talk.

"Ah, God!" cried Marmaduke, "the talk!" He turned to the letter again.

"Oh, Marmaduke, I know I 'm a silly to believe them, but they say it is n't just talent: they say it 's genius; they say I owe it to the world as well as to myself to go on the stage " —

"They!" snarled Marmaduke, — "they! And who may they be? Some yellow-skinned, thick-lipped son of a pawnbroker; some lying, hump-nosed scoundrel who knows of the girl's money; some — Ah, God!" cried Marmaduke again, dropping crazily down into the wheat. "Why do you let it happen? Why did n't you protect her? I trusted you, I trusted." The letter rustled waitingly on the wheat heads while he dug at his eyes.

"They say there is no question about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my career, that I 'm sure of a great future " —

"Oh yes, great — of sin and suffering," choked Marmaduke.

"Of course I 've got to start almost at the bottom. At first I thought I should have to start at the very bottom, and when the extras were called for the Far From Home Company I went down to the theatre to take my medicine with the rest; but Goldberg happened to be there, and seemed to notice me, for I saw him go over to Silbermann, who is staging the play, and say something, and directly I was singled out for a little business part. Oh, Marmaduke, ever since then the world 's been turned upside down, and I 've been walking with my feet inside heaven. Be glad. I don't stop now till I get to the top. I want you to come a little later to see my success. It 's not to be a little success, not just a Penangton, Tompkinsy success. The whole wide world is to ring with it. Poor old Marmaduke, are you very afraid for me? Of course you are. You were always afraid for me; afraid I 'd fall off things or get too close to things, — scare-for-nothings all, Marmaduke. I 'm all right. I 'm not so awful just because I 'm going to be an actress. But I tell you what, if it was the most awful thing on earth, I 'd still be one; I 've got to. Only I wish one thing, — I wish you did n't have to hear Penangton talk about me. I know it 'll hurt. Take my side, Marmaduke, take my side. Also send me a lot of money."

She wrote just enough more to remind him that she was of age; that he could come after her now if he wanted to, but that he would n't get her; that she had found a good place to board; and that New York was not as dark a place to get around in at night as Penangton. Then she closed in order to add a postscript: "My! oh, won't they talk!"

Ay, would n't they? Penangtonians are as kind as the exigencies of conversation permit anybody to be, but when a girl reared in the first Presbyterian Church of Penangton goes on the stage, there is a great deal to be said. It began to be plain to Marmaduke that the town's very kindness, the close intimacy, the interest, must pour out in a tide of talk that would menace the Tompkins family root and branch. All about him, across miles of pasture land, timber, and cereal, spread the honor and the glory of his family. He looked, as his ancestors had looked, at the stretch of it, and off across Snibble Bridge he saw, as his ancestors had seen, the town that was at once his vassal and his mistress.

That bird had closed in again, and straight up over his head was circling dizzily. Off to the left was the Fair Ground Road, crawling like a strip of gold back into his childhood, where a little hot hand had often lain in his, throbbing, twitching, burning.

*Take my side, Marmaduke.*

In front of him lay the big house, bare, lonely, stripped down to a ridiculous bachelor stiffness inside, yet as full to-day as it had been all these sixty years of his sagacious great-grandfather, of his assertive grandfather, of his gay, daring father, — all of them forceful still, even as ghosts, and all of them demanding their dues from their posterity.

*Take my side, Marmaduke.*

He lay flat down in the wheat, dry-eyed again, and stared at the sky. The bird in the high, white air was going rickety; she teetered; and little by little she descended, batting the air with a helpless flutter, until she settled plaintively back into the shallows of Little Snibble. Marmaduke wondered what she had hoped to find up there that she had not found.

*Take my side, Marmaduke.*

He got up then, and went around the wheat to the house. A half hour later he came down from his room, and passed through the dining-room without so much as a glance at the portraits on the wall. He had taken off his corduroys for a blue serge suit, and he looked trim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and strong and young in spite of the blue, beaten places under his eyes.

"Shan't want any supper, Dilse," he said to the negress in the kitchen. "I 'm going in to the town house. I 'll take supper with aunt Muriel."

Dilsey shuffled lazily on her flat feet; then cried out in half fright: "Namergawd, Mist' Mommyduke, what matter yeh face? Look like yeh been stompin' on yehse'f."

He remembered afterward that he laughed at Dilsey, and that he whistled as he went out the kitchen door to take the reins from the stable hand who had just brought his buggy up. He remembered because that was where the laugh and the whistle first came to his aid, and because he used both afterward till the laugh sounded like the Penangton firebell and the whistle seemed to take the asthma. Ten minutes later he drove around the corner below the town house, and saw Miss Muriel in the grape arbor at the rear of the house. By the time he had let the mare's head down and had drawn her rein through the hitching ring Miss Muriel was on her way to him across the short, tough Missouri grass, and the very air had curled on itself and was bugling the command: Place for the granddaughter of Thousand-acre Tompkins! Place for the daughter of State Rights Tompkins! Place for the sister of Barehead Tompkins! And also, place for the Preserver of Poetry!

"Good-evening, Marmaduke," she said cordially. "Hess was just this minute wishing you would drive in. There 's to be flour cakes for supper. Come right in."

He came in, with a terrible distaste for flour cakes, supper, everything that a man has to swallow when his throat is dry, springing up within him. Ever since his return from Chicago the town house had seemed to Marmaduke like a great frame for the Tompkinses' past. Miss Muriel had gathered between its four walls all the horsehair sofas, all the dragon-legged tables, all the silver soup ladles, and all the chandeliers with dangling prisms that had checked off the prosperity of the family from generation to generation. If the difference between Retta and Retta's forbears was pronounced at Thousand-acre, it was appalling here in the town house. Marmaduke put his hat on the antlered rack, — his great-grandfather had killed the deer which furnished the antlers, — sat down in an armchair which had been his grandfather's special delight, and stared at his father's old rattletrap gun which hung above the rack.

"Well, what news from Retta?" Miss Muriel was getting a glass of crab-apple jelly from the closet under the stairway, and she put her question with some physical difficulty because of the strained position of her body, and some hesitation because of the strained position her mind was always in about Retta.

With his eyes on the gun barrel, Marmaduke replied quite steadily: "The best of news. Retta — Retta, aunt Murey, is going to be a great success. What would you think, now, if you were some day to be pointed out as the aunt of a great — well, say of a great actress?"

Miss Muriel backed out of the closet, and unscrewed the top from the jelly-glass. "Why," she said, trying to support herself on a laugh that trembled, "why don't you ask me how I should like to be a great actress myself?" She fished off the cap of white paper from the top of the jelly and said sombrely: "I should n't like it. I guess you know that, Marmaduke."

Marmaduke got up from his chair, and began again, straight and even as the gun barrel above him: "I mean a great one, aunt Murey. I mean one of the actresses who sink all questions of family position and convention by the very weight of their genius. I mean one who will make the whole wide world ring with her success. I don't mean a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Penangton success, I don't mean a Missouri success. I mean world-wide" —

"Wait, Marmaduke, — wait, child." As they stood there, the flower-like delicacy of Miss Muriel's own achievement drifted between them like the fragrance of a past day. "I know what 's coming. I 've always known it would come, or that something like it would come. It 's that Retta 's going on the stage."

"It 's that she 's gone on the stage! And why not?" cried Marmaduke. "Why not the stage? 'T is as good a way as any. For genius, mind you. If 't were talent, now, there might be a question; but there 's no question for genius, is there? That 's what it is in Retta, — genius! Let her go. 'T would be a shame to keep her back. 'T would be wrong to her, wrong to the world." He had the matter well in hand now. He had already carefully figured out just what he had to do. Back of his aunt Muriel stretched the phalanxes of tradition, religion, and unworldliness, stern and jealous. He dared not take Retta into their midst; he felt that he must somehow project her over them, he must give her wings. "You want to get you some smoked glasses and watch the flight of that girl, aunt Murey. Ho! there 's a Tompkins that 'll count. You 've always been nagging at me to take up the Tompkins banner where my father dropped it. Watch that girl. There 's a Tompkins that 'll do it for you. She 'll have it waving high and steady soon" —

"Yes," cried Miss Muriel at last, bringing up her words with a cog-wheel catch, "yes, the Tompkins banner — from the stage — with a device of the devil on it — in letters of red" —

Then Marmaduke: "From the stage! With Genius on it in letters that you 'll never wash out with your tears, aunt Murey" — He came over and faced his aunt, and there was suddenly something overpowering in the great hulking reach of his young body. "See here, aunt Murey, you got to quit taking this thing this way before you begin it. You shan't do it. You can ruin Retta by it. You can make the town take her as a runaway girl, set over against her family; you can make her cheap. But if you 're going to do it," — he leveled his long brown hand at her with loose, supple force, — "if you 're going to do it, I 'm a pretty good person not to have around when you do it." It was the sort of voice that wipes away tears as with a scrubbing brush, and he began to ring in that short, sharp laugh he had just picked up. "The plain truth," he said, "the plain truth is that just because it 's your own niece you are n't getting it into your head how big a matter this is. This is no ordinary question of a young girl going on the stage, no question of morals and paint and disgrace. Those things fall away, they flatten out, under the feet of Genius. You know that, and you 'd better take my word for it that Retta 's a genius." His lips stayed parted even when he stopped for breath, and his eyes had a peculiar hard brightness.

"When did you hear?" asked the poor, unconvinced, but overwhelmed lady in front of him, driven like a hapless leaf in the swirl of his zeal.

"Just got the letter. It 's like this: she 's already attracted the attention of the New York managers, and I 'm to go on to New York myself pretty soon to help arrange with 'em about her — her career, you know." He came up close to his aunt, the wistful sadness of an honest nature betrayed by itself in his eyes. "'T is n't all thought out yet," he said meaningly. "What I 'm going to try to do is to let her know that we are with her, — that I am, at least; to let her know that she can't get so far away but what I 'll be with her; to let this town know it; to let everybody know that she does n't have to stand alone nor to fight alone. D' you see what I mean?"

There was a long pause in the hall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through the open door came the soft, mystifying rays of the evening sun, and the intermittent murmur of the town's life as it went, quiet and satisfied, up and down the street in front of the house. Miss Muriel, with her thin knuckles against her mouth, seemed to be pushing herself through some substratum of thought. "I guess I do see what you mean, Marmaduke," she said by and by. Her mouth was still rigid, but her eyes rippled in light. "That is n't all: whatever you mean, I 'm with you, Marmaduke. We 'll stand shoulder to shoulder with Retta, Tompkins with Tompkins. That 's it, is n't it? Now see here; now don't, Marmaduke, — now don't give way." Defrauded of anything further on the outside to fight down and trample under, his emotion had turned inward and undone him, and he sobbed miserably before her. "Marmaduke," she said, with a fitting and beautiful assumption of the rôle of comforter, "you are right about it. It 's getting plainer to me. It 's getting as plain as day. And it 's a good way, Marmaduke, and we 'll work it out just that way. What a girl she is, Marmaduke, so fearless and so ready-witted! And, Marmaduke, I certainly do wish you would come on in and try the cakes."

He laughed full and clear now, because he could never help laughing at the Tompkins women for expecting a man to eat his way through trouble. "No, I think not, aunt Murey. I could n't get the cakes down, this trip. I want to cut back to Thousand-acre and think it out, but I 'll survive overnight on the comfort you 've been to me."

She watched him go over the grass a moment later, and unhitch the mare, and she saw how for one second man's head and mare's head rested together in his dumb cry for further comfort, and how with a leap he was in his buggy and off again to Thousand-acre.

For the next three months, while he waited, full of anxious foreboding, for Retta to summon him to New York, it was Marmaduke's self-imposed task to trumpet his sister's genius to Penangton. In his way of putting the matter before his aunt he had shown that he knew the town's point of view; that he realized that the only way to save Retta in the town's eyes would be to get her before it in such a white electrification of genius that the town could think of her only as a sort of diaphanous, depersonalized glory, too big and remote to bother about, as it thought of the United States Senator who got his first growth in Penangton, or as it thought of Mark Twain, who once went to school at Penangton Academy. In his effort to establish Retta in this goodly company he soon threw Penangton into a peculiarly disagreeable state of perplexity. If there is one thing a Missourian likes better than another, it is to be forehanded in belief in the right thing; and if there is one thing he hates worse than another, it is to be gulled into belief in the wrong thing. Perhaps, if Marmaduke had gone a little slower in his argument, Penangton would have joined him a little earlier in his conclusion; but Marmaduke was far from being able to go slow; he was enfevered with anxiety, and because he had to argue not only against the town, but against his own fear, he became over-vehement, and soon irritated the town into jeering opposition.

"Marmaduke," General Whittington would say, "you ought to stop this goldarned ballooning of your sister, and get on a train and go bring her home. What that girl needs is an apron round her waist and a tea-towel in her hands. I guess that 's about what she needs."

"General," Marmaduke would reply, with bitter politeness, "you used to be a good guess with a gun, but nowadays your guesses don't come knee-high to a puddle duck."

"And another thing, Marmaduke," the general would continue irascibly, "you forget that Retta is a professor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't build a theatre big enough for a stage and a pulpit. They won't house together and they can't house together."

"Then I 'll tell you what," Marmaduke would cry, goaded to fury and laughing that harsh, snorting laugh of his, — "I 'll tell you what: if it comes to a choice, genius will have to have the stage! It 's got to act, it 's got to sing, it 's got to paint, it 's got to discover, it 's got to get itself expressed. That 's the great thing with genius, religion or no religion."

Sometimes he sat on his back porch out at Thousand-acre, his face pulled and thoughtful, and read over the last letter from Retta, trying to find in it something like willingness to give up the struggle, something like the first stirring of a desire to get out of the glare and the scorch, something like homesickness for the sweet, cool life at Thousand-acre; but he always put the letter back in his pocket with a deep and burdened sigh. For the letter only said: —

"MARMADUKE, DEAR, — Well, I did n't pass up on a line last night. Did n't have but one to pass up on! I 'm to get something better next time. Trouble is I 'm so everlastingly young. They 're afraid of me. They say it is n't often that a girl gets even as much of a start as I 've had. Try to believe in me. Mr. Goldberg stands right up for me; he says I 'm to have a chance in centre before the season is over, whether I get any older or not. Marmaduke, I 'll tell you a secret: it 's slow work and hard as nails. I 'll tell you another: I would n't give it up if it were ten times harder and I knew that I was never to succeed in it. Are they still talking? Course they are. Better send me some money pretty generally when you write."

After such a letter he was always more taciturn out at Thousand-acre and more vehement in town, bringing into his arguments with Penangton an added fire and discursiveness, an uncompromising assurance, that were as disconcerting to the town as they were exhausting to Marmaduke.

"What 's your feeling in regard to Retta's course, Miss Murmur?" Penangton would ask, in despair over Marmaduke.

"Oh, I agree with Marmaduke," Miss Muriel would answer, as true as steel.

It was well that this sort of thing did not have to go on forever. When Marmaduke had had three months of it he was limp. He drove down to one of his farms near Weaver for a few days, to get away from it; but as he turned into the Fair Ground Road, coming home, one crisp fall morning, he found that he had not gotten away from it at all. It made him irritable to see Thousand-acre piling off before him in a great spreading protection that had yet fallen lamentably short of protecting the girl who had the best claim on it. It exasperated him, as he came on around the house, to see Miss Muriel with her nose deep in some newspapers before the sitting-room fire, safe, comfortable. She so emphasized to him the difference between the woman who stays at home and gets old without ever running any danger from anything and the woman who fares forth and runs the gamut of every danger in the world, that he made a point of staying at the barn as long as he could find any excuse for doing so. When he did at last turn toward the house, it was because Miss Muriel had come to the cistern platform outside the kitchen and was shaking a paper at him.

"You, Marmaduke! I 've been waiting for you! Come to the house this minute!"

He had put himself between the shafts, and was backing his buggy into the buggy-house as the long shake in her voice smote him. With a sick feeling of crisis he stopped, his hands still on the shafts, and tried to steady himself.

"Marmaduke, why don't you come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on? Or if you won't come, listen. This 'll bring you" — and she raised the paper and shrieked across the yard to him: "'Missouri has reason to be proud of the success achieved in New York a few nights ago by the actress Retta Romany, a Missouri girl.'" She flapped the paper with her hand. "St. Louis Republic!" she screamed. "And there 's a telegram come for you two days ago, and New York papers. Why, Marmaduke, what in the name of craziness are you bringing that buggy for?"

With his hands still on the buggy shafts he had started on a leaping run to the cistern platform. "Well, I guess I won't take it any further," he said, abashed. "'T won't go through the kitchen door, will it? Quit your laughing at me, aunt Murey, and give me that telegram." He bounded on into the sitting-room, snatched a yellow envelope from the table, tore it open, and read: —

"I send papers to-day now will you believe in me come as soon as you can."

His aunt was beaming at him from across a table piled with newspapers. "You went to Weaver the wrong time," she said gayly; "these came yesterday. Did you ever hear of a young lady named Retta Romany? I 'm told her last name is Tompkins. Listen." She picked out one of the papers and began to read: "'The success of the evening was made by Miss Retta Romany, a young actress of little or no experience, but who last night gave evidence of the higher dramatic ability which we are wont to name, not talent, but genius.' And here 's another of the best: 'Retta Romany is the name of the young person of whom Mr. Goldberg has been predicting glory all season, once he could get her before the public in a suited part. The astuteness of Mr. Goldberg's judgment was made manifest last night when a large audience of accustomed first-nighters clapped its hands and stamped its feet for Miss Romany. She is one of the notable comédiennes of the future.'"

Under Miss Muriel's guidance, Marmaduke cut his way, like a pair of clipping scissors, through one marked place after another; then took all the papers, rolled them into a neat bundle, slipped a rubber band around them, and started for the front door. "I 've got to go to the office of the Progress," he said. "The town must have the facts."

At the Thousand-acre gate he stood a moment to let the enlightening sun blaze away at him from the eastern sky.

"So that 's Retta," he said, "and it 's all true, all my lies. And I have n't even done her justice. I bet the next time I lie I do it a-plenty."

A little later he had left the papers at the office of the Penangton Progress; a little later still he was sauntering into the post office. The post office was full of men and women; at the pen-and-ink desk stood General Tom Whittington.

"Yes," the general was saying, "she 's a genius. Oh, well, she always showed it as a child. I always said — Hi! that you, Marmaduke?" The general, a trifle uneasily, held out his hand. "You 've heard from Retta?"

"Yes, I 've heard from Retta," said Marmaduke carelessly, though his heart was trailing blood-red wattles and strutting like a turkey gobbler. "Heard same thing I 've always heard, — heard she 's a genius. You all are pretty deaf around Penangton, general, but I reckon you are beginning to hear it too about now, are n't you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Marmaduke," said the general, drowning the words as much as he could in a stream of tobacco juice, "we will have to admit that you know what 's what in theatricals better 'n we do."

"I should think it," said Marmaduke, with that damnable assurance that had made him so distasteful to Penangton for the past three months. "If," continued the young man mercilessly, "I could n't tell genius any better 'n you all, I 'd never go out by daylight."

*R. E. Young.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE NEGRO: ANOTHER VIEW.

So much has appeared in the public prints touching the various phases of the negro problem in the South that it is perhaps presumptuous to attempt any further contribution to the literature on that subject. Previous discussion, however, seems open to two very serious criticisms, — it has been largely *sectional;* and, by consequence, it has been for the most part *partisan.*

Northern writers, with practically no knowledge or experience of actual conditions, have theorized to meet a condition that they did not understand. Since emancipation, the negro has been regarded as the rightful protégé of the section that wrought his freedom; and his cause has been championed with a bitter and undiscriminating zeal as earnest as it is misguided. Southern writers, on the contrary, remembering the negro as the slave, consider him and his rights from a position of proud and contemptuous superiority, and would deal with him on the ante-bellum basis of his servile state.

The North, with many things in the Southern treatment of the negro justly open to impeachment, by a general indictment at once weakens its own case and fortifies the evils it seeks to overthrow. The South, in answer to what is unjust in the charge of the North, recalls former days, persuades herself of the righteousness of her cause, and continually recommits herself to an antiquated and unsound policy.

Such partisan and sectional discussion cannot fail to be alike bitter and unfruitful. While it may, indeed, have been natural at the close of the Civil War that the hostile sections should align themselves on opposite sides, and carry on by the pen, and with a more virulent because impotent animosity, the discussion that had been fought out with the sword, yet now, surely, the time for such recrimination is past. If we are, indeed, one people, *United* States in more than name only, the problems, perplexities, and interests of every section appertain in no slight or trivial measure to the country as a whole. It is true that each section and state and county and township has its own problems, — but the particular problems of the part are the general problems of the whole; and the nation, as a nation, is interested in the administration and concerns of the most insignificant members of the body politic.

It would be trite and old-fashioned to apply to ourselves the old fable of the body and its members; but we surely lie open to its application in our treatment of the negro question. The South has regarded it as a local and not a national matter; has refused to receive any light upon it from outside sources; and has met any suggestions and offers of outside help with a surly invitation to "mind your own business." The North, on the other hand, considering the question in its wider bearings, has approached it from the side of preformed theories, rather than of actual facts; in a spirit of tearful or indignant sentimentality, rather than of calm, unbiased reason; and has therefore proposed remedies that must, in the very nature of things, be at once undesirable and impossible. As is usual in such cases, the truth lies between the two extremes.

The negro question is a national one; as much so as the question of tariff, of immigration, of subsidies, or any such issue that is universally recognized as touching the interests of the whole people. It is but right, therefore, that the solution of the question should command the attention and enlist the interest of the people as a people, regardless of sec-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion or party or ante-bellum attitude; and the South has no right to take offense at any well-meant and kindly effort to relieve the situation.

But, at the same time, the fact must be recognized that the negro question is not different from all other questions, does not occupy a place apart, unique, and cannot be dealt with in any other way than the common, rational method applicable to the commonest social and political problem. Ignorance of the facts cannot take the place of knowledge here any more than elsewhere. Sentiment cannot safely here or elsewhere usurp the place of reason. Blindness, prejudice, uncharitableness, vilification, have the same value here as elsewhere, and are as likely to lead to a fair and satisfactory solution of the negro problem as of any other, — just as likely and no more. We must, as a whole people, candidly and honestly recognize a certain set of underlying facts, which may or may not differ from our theories, cross our sympathies, or contravene our wishes. Then we shall be in a position to deal with the question.

Now, the fundamental facts to be recognized in the case are these : —

(1.) *The negro belongs to an inferior race.*

And this not by reason of any previous condition of servitude or brutal repression on the part of his former master, whether in the days of slavery or since; not on account of his color or his past or present poverty, ignorance, and degradation. These, to be sure, must be reckoned with; but they do not touch the fundamental proposition.

The negro is lower in the scale of development than the white man. His inferiority is radical and inherent, a physiological and racial inequality that may, indeed, be modified by environment, but cannot be erased without the indefinite continuance of favorable surroundings and the lapse of indefinite time. But what the negro race may become in the remote future by process of development and selection is not a matter for present consideration. The fact remains that now the negro race is an inferior race.

There can hardly be any need to defend this proposition in these days of the boasted universal supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon. Occasionally we hear hysterical utterances by negroes or by well-meaning, but misguided friends of the race to the effect that the negro is the equal of any white man anywhere. But in general such ill-advised cant is being laid aside, and the inferiority of the race is coming to be recognized.

This is a hopeful sign. And the general recognition of the proper place of the freedman will go far toward adjusting conflicting theories and removing lingering sectional misunderstanding and bitterness. It will do away at once with all those schemes that used to find favor in the North, and are still at times most unwisely advocated, for the establishment of social equality and the amalgamation of the races.

Probably no scheme advanced for the solution of this problem has given more lasting offense to the people of the South, or done more to embitter sectional feeling than this of amalgamation. It has been received in the same spirit, and has engendered the same feelings, as a proposition to bring about equality and a union between some cultured New England belle and the public scavenger of her city, with all the filth and foulness of his calling on his person and in his blood. The very words are sickening. And the idea, so coarse and repugnant to every finer feeling, could have originated only in the brain of the wildest theorist, ignorant of conditions, and hurried by his negrophile propensities and desire to do justice to the black man into entire forgetfulness of the rights and feelings of the Southern white man.

There seems to be no essential condition of causality between the previous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bondage and suffering of the negro and the assumption by him or for him, on emancipation, of any equality with his former master other than the grand and fundamental equality of man to man before God and the national law. Emancipation could not eradicate the essential inferiority of the negro. No such conditions existed as in other states of slavery, — in Greece or Rome, for example, where the slave was often of kindred blood, and even higher born, better educated, and of finer tastes and feelings than his master. Emancipation there might naturally be followed by an approximate equality between the ex-slave and his former master. But the negro when enslaved was — a negro; and the emancipated negro was a negro still. Freedom had not made him a new creature. He was, indeed, better than when he entered slavery; but his emancipation had not changed, and could not change, the fundamental features, the natural inferiority of his race.

(2.) *But the negro has inalienable rights.*

While the North has erred in approaching the negro question with the assertion of the equality of the races, and seeking to solve it on that unsound postulate, the South has, much more grievously, erred in precisely the opposite direction. For our section has carried the idea of the negro's inferiority almost, if not quite, to the point of dehumanizing him. This is an unpalatable truth; but that it is the truth, few intelligent and candid white men, even of the South, would care to deny. Blatant demagogues, political shysters, courting favor with the mob; news sheets, flattering the prejudices, and pandering to the passions of their constituency; ignorant youths and loud-voiced men who receive their information at second hand, and either do not or cannot see, — these, and their followers, assert with frothing vehemence that the negro is fairly and kindly treated in the South, that the Southern white man is the negro's friend, and gives him even more than his just desert.

But, if we care to investigate, evidences of our brutal estimate of the black man are not far to seek. The hardest to define is perhaps the most impressive, — the general tacit attitude and feeling of the average Southern community toward the negro. He is either nothing more than the beast that perishes, unnoticed and uncared for so long as he goes quietly about his menial toil (as a young man recently said to the writer, "The farmer regards his nigger in the same light as his mule," but this puts the matter far too favorably for the negro); or, if he happen to offend, he is punished as a beast with a curse or a kick, and with tortures that even the beast is spared; or, if he is thought of at all in a general way, it is with the most absolute loathing and contempt. He is either unnoticed or despised. As for his feelings, he has n't any. How few — alas how few — words of gentleness and courtesy ever come to the black man's ear! But harsh and imperious words, coarseness and cursing, how they come upon him, whether with excuse or in the frenzy of unjust and unreasoning passion! And his rights of person, property, and sanctity of home, — who ever heard of the "rights" of a "nigger"? This is the general sentiment, in the air, intangible, but strongly felt; and it is, in a large measure, this sentiment that creates and perpetuates the negro problem.

If the negro could be made to feel that his *fundamental* rights and privileges are recognized and respected equally with those of the white man, that he is not discriminated against both publicly and privately simply and solely because of his color, that he is regarded and dealt with as a responsible, if humble, member of society, the most perplexing features of his problem would be at once simplified, and would shortly, in normal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, disappear. But the negro cannot entertain such feelings while the evidence of their groundlessness and folly is constantly thrust upon him. We do not now speak of the utterly worthless and depraved. There are many such; but we whose skins are white need to remember that our color too has its numbers of the ignorant, lecherous, and wholly bad. But take a good negro, — well educated, courteous, God-fearing. There are many such; and they are, in everything save color, superior to many white men. But what is their life? As they walk our streets, they lift their hats in passing the aged or the prominent, whether man or woman; yet no man so returns their salutation. They would go away; at the depot they may not enter the room of the whites, and on the train they must occupy their own separate and second-class car. Reaching their destination, they may not eat at the restaurant of the whites, or rest at the white hotel. If they make purchases, shop ladies and messenger gentlemen look down upon them with manifest contempt, and treat them with open brusqueness and contumely. And if, on a Sabbath, they would worship in a white man's church, they are bidden to call upon God, the maker of the black man as well as of the white, and invoke the Christ, who died for black and white alike, from a place apart. And so, from the cradle to the grave, the negro is made, in Southern phrase, "to know and keep his place."

In the case we are considering, these distinctions are not based on this negro's ignorance, on his viciousness, on his offensiveness of person or of manner; for he is educated, good, cleanly, and courteous. They are based solely on the fact that he is a negro. They do not so operate in the case of a white man. But the black man, *because of his blackness*, is put in this lowest place in public esteem and treatment.

Lynching, again, is but a more inflamed and conspicuous expression of this same general sentiment. An investigation of the statistics of this practice in the United States will bring to light several interesting and startling facts.

1. In the last decade of the last century of Christian grace and civilization, more men met their death by violence at the hands of lynchers than were executed by due process of law. And this holds true, with possibly one exception, for each year in the decade. The total number thus hurried untried and unshriven into eternity during these ten unholy years approximated seventeen hundred souls.

2. The lynching habit is largely sectional. Seventy to eighty per cent of all these lynchings occur in the Southern states.

3. The lynchings are largely racial. About three quarters of those thus done to death are negroes.

4. The lynching penalty does not attend any single particular crime, which, by its peculiar nature and heinousness, seems to demand such violent and lawless punishment. But murder, rape, arson, barn-burning, theft, — or suspicion of any of these, — may and do furnish the ground for mob violence.

These facts, especially the second, third, and fourth items, are bitterly controverted in the section which they most concern. But they are as demonstrable as any other facts, and demand the assent of every candid mind.

The world is familiar with the usual Southern defense of lynching. Passing by the number, place, and race of the victims, the defense centres on the fourth statement above made; and our public men and our writers have long insisted that this terrible and lawless vengeance is visited upon the defilers of our homes, who should be as ruthlessly destroyed as they have destroyed our domestic purity and peace. This is the regular plea put forth in defense of this brutal practice,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warmly maintained by hot-blooded and misinformed people in private and in the public prints. No less a person than a former Judge Advocate-General of Virginia, in a recent issue of the North American Review, reiterates these threadbare statements.

He says: "It is unnecessary to shock the sensibilities of the public by calling attention to the repulsive details of those crimes for which lynching, in some form, has been the almost invariable penalty. They have always been, however, of a nature so brutal that no pen can describe and no imagination picture them." "Lynchings in the South are mainly caused by the peculiar nature of the crimes for which lynching is a penalty;" and, more explicitly, "The crime itself, however, is more responsible for mob violence than all other causes combined." "No right thinking man or woman, white or black, ought to have, or can have, any sympathy for such criminals as those who suffer death for the crime described, nor can they believe that any punishment, however cruel or severe, is undeserved." This is a fair type of the usual plea of the Southern advocate. For such a statement as the last quoted to be possible is sufficient evidence of the general sentiment of the section.

But, now, if it were strictly the fact that violent rape is the cause of most of our lynchings; if it were true, moreover, that the man were suddenly and violently slain by the husband, lover, father, brother, of the dishonored one, in quick tempest of wrath and agony unspeakable, — while we must still condemn, we might, in sympathy and sorrow, condone the deed of hurried vengeance. *But neither of these things is true.*

It has been repeatedly shown, in the first place, that only a very small proportion (in some years *one tenth*) of Southern lynchings are due to rape, either actual or suspected. Statistics on the subject may be had for the asking; and in their light it seems about time for our apologists to drop this stock and entirely false pleading. "But the writer in the Review cites a case where this plea held good." Granted; but this is advocacy: and for every case so cited from five to ten cases can be cited where it not only did not hold good, but was not even pretended by the workers of mob violence. So, in a recent issue of a noted and rabid Southern daily a case of lynching for rape is indicated by large headlines; and just beneath it is a short and insignificant paragraph noting the lynching of *two* negroes for *suspected* barn-burning. But these latter cases are not mentioned by our advocates; or, if mentioned, are minified by those who feel that our section must be defended at any cost, and so plead.

On the contrary, a frank consideration of all the facts, with no other desire than to find the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, however contrary to our wishes and humiliating to our section the truth may be, will show that by far the most of our Southern lynchings are carried through in sheer, unqualified, and increasing brutality. In nearly every case, neither the sentiment that prompts them nor the spirit of their execution deserves anything less than the most bitter arraignment. We do, indeed, hear from time to time of an "orderly body of leading citizens" conducting a lynching. But, while the writer knows of certainly one instance where this took place, — the accused being, however, a white man known as guilty, and put to death in the most painless possible way with chloroform by those nearest and dearest to his victim, — it is fortunately a much rarer occurrence than our newspapers would have us believe. Our lynchings are the work of our lower and lowest classes. What these classes are is hardly comprehensible to one who has not lived among them and dealt with them.

One adult white man in the South in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every six or eight can neither read nor write; and if the standard be put above the level of most rudimentary literacy the disproportion rapidly increases. A generation before our Civil War, George Bourne charged the Southern slaveholders with "self-conceit," "marble-hearted insensibility," total lack of "correct views of equity," and "violence in cruelty." Whether applicable, as used by Mr. Bourne, or not, this terrible indictment at once intimates the origin of our present views and treatment of the negro, and may be applied to-day, in every term, to the classes that supply our lynchers. Wholly ignorant, absolutely without culture, apparently without even the capacity to appreciate the nicer feelings or higher sense, yet conceited on account of the white skin which they continually dishonor, they make up, when aroused, as wild and brutal a mob as ever disgraced the face of the earth. For them, lynching is not "justice," however rude; it is a wild and diabolic carnival of blood.

No candid man who has seen the average lynching mob, or talked with the average lyncher, can deceive himself for a moment with the idea that this is the expression of a public sentiment righteously indignant over the violation of the law and its impotence or delay. This, too, is a common Southern plea; but it is pure pretense. The lyncher is not, even under ordinary circumstances, overzealous for the law; and in this case he is not its custodian, but himself its violator. As for the law's delay or inefficiency, the lyncher does not wait to see what the law will do; and yet it is a well-known fact in the South that in the case of a negro, where violent rape is proven, the punishment of the law is both swift and sure. And in other crimes as well, it is known that the negro will receive at the hands of the constituted authorities the same, perhaps even a little sharper justice than is meted out to the white man. But as the lyncher sees it, the case stands thus: A negro has committed or is supposed to have committed a crime. A negro, — and the rest follows. There may be some maudlin talk about the "dreadful crime," about "upholding the majesty of the law," about "teaching the niggers a lesson;" yet the lyncher is but little concerned with the crime, less with the law. As for "teaching the niggers a lesson," that catch phrase of the lynching mob betrays its whole attitude and temper. It would teach the negro the lesson of abject and eternal servility, would burn into his quivering flesh the consciousness that he has not, and cannot have, the rights of a free citizen or even of a fellow human creature. And so the lyncher seizes his opportunity at once to teach this lesson and to gratify the brute in his own soul, which the thin veneer of his elemental civilization has not been able effectually to conceal.

A recent experience of the writer's may serve to illustrate. A murder had been committed in one of our Southern states. On a night train, returning to the capital of the state, were a marshal and several deputies. Word had gone before that these officers had in charge a negro, *suspected* of being the murderer; and at four stations in less than forty miles, as many mobs were gathered to mete out summary vengeance to the merely suspected black. Fortunately, the negro was not on the train. Had he been, his life were not worth the asking; and he would have been most fortunate to find a speedy end on the nearest tree. It cannot be supposed that these mobs were composed of friends and kinsmen of the murdered man. Probably not one quarter of them had ever heard of him previous to the murder, and fewer knew him. They were not orderly bodies of leading citizens, nor of the class in which one would usually find the upholders of the law; but they were coarse, and beastly, and drunk, mad with the terrible blood-lust

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that wild beasts know, and hunting a human prey.

Take another instance. The burning of Sam Hose took place on a Sabbath day. One of our enterprising railroads ran two special trains to the scene. And two train-loads of men and *boys*, crowding from cow-catcher to the tops of the coaches, were found to go to see the indescribable and sickening torture and writhing of a fellow human being. And souvenirs of such scenes are sought, — knee caps, and finger bones, and bloody ears. It is the purest savagery.

The utter shallowness and hypocrisy of this Southern plea that this is a righteous public sentiment, aroused and administering a rude but terrible justice, is patent and undeniable, and can be shown in the clearest light by a single simple proposition. White men commit the same crimes, and worse, against the black man, for which the black man pays this terrible and ungodly penalty. Can any sane man, white or black, North or South, suppose for a single instant that a Southern community would either permit a black mob to lynch a white man, whether merely suspected or known as guilty of his crime, or that a white mob would lynch one of its own color for any crime against a black? The idea is inconceivable. The color of the victim's skin is the determining factor in most of our lynchings.

And yet, the home of the negro is as sacred as that of the white man; his right to live as truly God-given. If the negro can be kicked and cuffed and cursed rightly, so can the white man. If there is no wrong in dishonoring a negro's home, there is no more wrong in dishonoring the white man's. If the negro criminal may be burned at the stake with the usual accompaniments of fiendish cruelty, a white man guilty of the same crime deserves, and should suffer, the same penalty. There is nothing in a white skin, *or a black*, to nullify the essential rights of man as man. And yet to the average Southern white man this manifestly just view seems both disloyal and absurd.

It is useless to speak of any solution of the negro question while the condition of public sentiment above described continues to exist. The negro's poverty is, in the main, the result of the regular operation of economic laws; his ignorance is the result of several, but, in general, very natural causes; his social position is, aside from general sentiment, the result of a manifest inferiority and antipathy of race; so that any effort satisfactorily to solve his problem on any of these lines, not touching the root of the matter, cannot hope to meet with any large success. The radical difficulty is not with the negro, but with the white man! So long as the negro is popularly regarded and dealt with as he is to-day, his problem will remain unsolved, and any views as to its solution or "passing" under present conditions are optimistic in the extreme. Indeed, it may be fairly said that, as things now are, the educational, financial, or social advancement of the negro will only serve to render more acute the situation in the South.

It is not necessary, nor desired, that the negro should be the social equal of the white man. His political privileges may be curtailed, and without injustice or offense, provided the curtailment work impartially among blacks and whites alike. If fifty per cent of the negroes are deprived of the right of suffrage by reason of illiteracy, and the same legislation is fairly permitted to work the disenfranchisement of all whites (fifteen to twenty per cent of our voting population) of the same class, no injustice is done, and there is no ground for complaint. His economic and educational condition may be left to the operation of natural and statute laws, fairly administered. For it is certainly most unwise in any case to surround him with artificial conditions, and to create in him artificial ideas, ideals, or desires.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The development of a free people is a process of law, — the gradual unfolding and expansion of the inherent potentialities of the race. If they are capable of advancement, they will inevitably advance; if not, they will as inevitably fail and fall out; and no artificial conditions, temporarily created, can permanently affect the operation of this law.

Yet it will not do, on this principle, to say, as is so often said in the South, that the negro has had his chance and has failed. He is but a generation from servitude and almost complete illiteracy. During that time he has lived under the cloud of his former state, and in the miasmic atmosphere of unfriendliness and repression. That he has made any progress is strange; that he has made the progress that he has is little short of wonderful. For the development of a servile people cannot be measured by the standards of the free. But freedom is not a matter of form and statute only. No people is free whose simple human privileges and possibilities are curtailed or denied by the public sentiment that surrounds them. No people is free that is dominated and terrorized by a more numerous and powerful class. No people is free whose inherent rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, how much soever guaranteed by the organic law, are, in practice and in fact, held on sufferance, and constantly at the mercy of a lawless mob.

Freedom does not, indeed, imply social, intellectual, or moral equality; but its very essence is the equality of the fundamental rights of human creatures before God and the law. Such freedom is not a human institution; and no man or men have any right inhering in their birth, color, or traditions, to tamper with or curtail such freedom at their arbitrary pleasure, or in accordance with the dictates of their frenzied passions. Such men are violators of the law, both human and divine.

And here lies the remedy for the condition of things as existing in the South. The white man who wrongs a black and the white mob that lynches a negro have, by that act and to that extent, become criminals in the eyes of the law, and should be dealt with unsparingly as such. It should no longer be a notable thing, to be chronicled in the news columns and elicit editorial comment, that several white men should be punished for the brutal murder of one inoffensive negro. It should be the rule. And as for lynching, — let all the officers of the law, with all the powers of the law, defend the rights and life of every prisoner. Surely we who can revel in the burning of a fellow human being, and a section some of whose prominent men can soberly defend such a bloody proceeding, ought not to have any over-sensitive scruples at the shedding of a little additional blood, and that too of criminals caught in the very act of crime. So let our marshals have instructions, failure to obey which shall result in criminal prosecution, to protect at any cost the accused who come into their care.

If this seems bloody, is it more bloody than the lyncher's purpose? Or is he any the more a murderer who, in silence and alone, takes the life of a fellow man, than every member of a mob which, without the process of the law, takes a human life? And if the mob calls murder a justification for its course of vengeance, does it not, by its own act and attitude, condemn itself to a like penalty? At any rate, this is the only restraining influence that our lynchers can comprehend, and this, together with the most rigid administration of the law in the case of every wrong done to a negro, is the only available remedy for conditions as they now exist. Our lower classes must be *made* to realize, by whatever means, that the black man has rights which they are *bound* to respect.

This is the heart of the Southern problem of the negro. If we call upon the people of the North to give over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their mistaken ideas of the equality of the races in superficial and accidental things, we are called upon by the louder voice of simple humanity to give over our much more vicious idea of the inequality of the races in the fundamental rights of human creatures. If we call upon them to lay aside sentiment, we must lay aside cruelty. If they are not to elevate the negro above his proper sphere, we are not to debase him to the level of the brute. But in mutual understanding, a frank (if sorrowful) recognition of all the facts, — of the limitations of the race on the one hand, and of its inalienable rights on the other, with charity and good will between North and South, and of both toward the black man, — let us give him fair and favorable conditions, and suffer him to work out, unhampered, his destiny among us.

*Andrew Sledd.*

---

## THE BO'S'N HILL GROUND.

LYING upon its side on a little shelf containing the few books owned by Miss Mercy Gaskett was an ancient and much thumbed copy of the American Coast Pilot, dog-eared and dirty, and stained by countless soakings in fog, rain, and salt water. For thirty odd seasons Skipper Reuben Gaskett carried the book with him to the coast of Labrador in the old pinky schooner Good Intent, and when in a memorable gale over half a century ago the stout little vessel at last laid her bones on the desolate Magdalens, the old book was one of the very few articles saved from the wreck. All those sturdy mariners who eagerly scanned its pages in fog and storm for so many years have long slept either with the skipper behind the weather-beaten meeting-house on the hill at the Cove, or fathoms deep in the ocean. As a pilot the old book has entirely outlived its usefulness, since owing to variation of the compass, the courses given in it would speedily lead to disaster if followed to-day, while so many changes have taken place in the appearance of the coast since it was compiled that the sailing directions are also wholly untrustworthy.

Miss Mercy was herself aware that the book had now no practical value, and was therefore somewhat surprised when one morning Jason Fairway came shambling up her path in his red fishing boots, and asked leave to look it over for a few moments.

"Look at it!" she exclaimed. "Why to be sure you can look at it all you want, an' welcome, Jase, but it ain't the least mite o' good to you aboard your bo't, now I can tell you that! Brother Pel'tiah I know, he set out one time to run a course outen her, an' like to have got cast away there to the Mussel Ridges too. He allus has told how they had a dretful close shave of it, an' I guess likely 't was that much 's anything made him quit goin', an' stop ashore same 's he has sence."

"Wal, Miss Mercy," said Jason, "I ain't cal'latin' to take no chances runnin' ary course outen the book, for I don't doubt a mite but that it 's jes' you say, she 's pooty nigh bein' a back number at this day o' the world, but what I 'm comin' at is this here. Your brother Pelly was tellin' of me only the very last time I was to his store there, how there was a writin' somewheres into that ole book that give the marks for the Bo's'n Hill Ground. He 'lowed 't was years sence he see it, but he says, 's 'e, 'It 's there somewheres into that ole book right in black an' white, an' in my father's own han'writin', too.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, well," said Miss Mercy, "prob'ly it 's so, then! Bo's'n Hill Ground! Land's sakes, ef that don't carry me clean way back to the time I was a little gal a-pickin' oakum stormy days up in the ole attic there to home! You take an' set down in the cheer there back o' the laylocks, where it 's good an' shady, Jase, an' I 'll fetch her right out to ye."

So saying, Miss Mercy went into the house, and soon returned with the venerable leather-covered book.

"You would n't b'lieve," she continued, "you would n't scursely b'lieve how kind o' queer it doos seem to hear tell about the Bo's'n Hill Ground ag'in! Why, when I was growin' up, 't was nothin' but Bo's'n Hill Ground, an' the Spring Gardin, an' Betty Moody's Ten Acre Lot, an' a sight more I clean forgit the names of now. How comes it we don't never hear tell about them ole fishin' grounds now'days, Jase?"

"Wal," replied he, taking the old book in his lap, "come to that, there 's some that doos fish on the Spring Gardin by spells now'days, but I can't say 's ever I knowed jes' the marks would put ye onto Betty Moody's Lot, there, though I would n't wonder but that there 's folks here to the Cove that 's got 'em yit, but you come to take the Bo's'n Hill, an' seem 's ef the marks was gone from here clip an' clean! That is, there 's jes' one man knows 'em, fur 's I can make out, an' he 's so blame' mean he won't tell 'em to nobody, so there we be hung up, ye see."

"Who is it knows 'em?" cried Miss Mercy. "Guess I can think, though, who it must be!" she added.

"You would n't have to travel fur to run foul on him!" said Jason, as he clumsily turned the old book's yellow pages. "Oho!" he soon exclaimed. "Here we have it, so quick! Here 's the whole bus'niss wrote on a piece o' paper, an' pasted in here plain 's can be! 'Marks for the Boatswain's Hill Ground. Brandon's Cove, November 5, 1822. Scant eight fathoms at low water. Hard bottom.' See, Miss Mercy?"

"No," she said. "Can't make out a word without my specs, but you take an' read it out loud, Jase."

"Wal, 't ain't so ter'ble plain 's what I thought for, come to look right at it," said he. "The ink 's eat chock through the paper in spots, so 's 't the words kind o' run together like; then here 's 'nother place where it seem 's though somebody 'd spilt fire outen his pipe, from the looks on 't. Beginnin' starts off consid'ble plain though, ef only a feller could make out to git holt o' the res' part. Lemme see now, how doos she read, anyways? 'Bring the steeple of Ole York meetin'-house to bear eggsac'ly over the sou'west dry ledge o' the Hue an' Cry,' — that 's plain 'nough so fur, but 't ain't right, I know! Never was so in God's world! That range would fetch ye clean away to the east'ard, way off here on the Big Bumpo, I sh'd cal'late!"

"Well, but Jase!" interrupted Miss Mercy, "prob'ly it means the big ole yaller meetin'-house use to set there on the post ro'd 'most up to the Corners, you rec'lec', or was that 'fore your time, though? Burnt chock to the ground she was, one time when ole Elder Roundturn was preachin' into her, oh, years ago."

"I jes' barely rec'lec' her, an' that 's all," said Jason, "but ef that 's the style, we 're all adrift ag'in on gittin' them marks! Le' 's see, though, what it goes on to say 'bout t'other range. 'Bring the dark strake in the woods on the no'therly side of Bo's'n Hill to bear in range' — Wal, it jes' happens there don't make out to be no woods up there, not a blamed stick! Stripped ri' down to the bare rock, she is! Now where was I to? Oh, here, I guess! 'To bear in range with the eastern c-h' — What in blazes is it? C-h-i- oh, chimbly, that 's it! The eastern chimbly on the — what house? Set-fire ef I can make that out, noways! The ink 's eat the paper all to flinders right here! Now don't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that make out to be some aggravatin', you!

"Still, I dunno 's it makes no great odds, neither, for I cal'late 't would puzzle the ole boy hisself to take an' put a bo't on the Bo's'n Hill Ground from them marks to-day, 'lowin' we could make out to spell 'em out! 'S too bad, I swan to man! Jes' much obliged to you, though, Miss Mercy, o' course, for the trouble."

"Not a mite o' trouble, Jase! Not a speck! Sorry you can't git no sense out o' the thing, I 'm sure! It doos seem 's ef there 'd ought to be some ways to git holt o' them marks though, as many years as what folks has been fishin' on that Bo's'n Hill Ground!"

"Wal," replied Jason, "the thing of it is, the Bo's'n Hill ain't been fished o' late years, an' that 's jes' where the trouble comes in. 'Cordin' to tell, them ole fellers used to git the biggest kind o' fishin' out there in the spring an' fall o' the year, but nigh 's I can make out, it fin'lly come to be fished pooty much dry, ye see, an' folks got in the way o' goin' furder to the west'ard, or else out to them grounds way off shore there, till bimeby 'most the whole o' them ole fellers that knowed the Bo's'n Hill marks was un'neath the sod, or else drownded, so come to take it at this day o' the world, seem 's ef the only man left here to this Cove that 's got 'em yit is ole Loop-eye Kentall, an' you know what *he* is, prob'ly!"

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Mercy. "It 's likely we ain't lived next door neighbors all these years for nothin'! I guess if 't depends on him, — but there! He 's all the nigh neighbor I 've got, an' I s'pose it don't look jes' right my sayin' no great, anyways. Don't he never go out there fishin' into his bo't, so 's 't you could kind o' watch him like, or else make out to foller him someways?"

"Oh, he 's fishin' there right along, this spring," answered Jason. "It 's seldom ever he 'll miss ary decent chance to git onto the ground now'days, for there 's fish there ag'in an' no mistake! Commenced goin' out there some time last fall, the fust I knowed on 't, but it 's no sense tryin' to foller him, 'cause you might jes' soon try trackin' a blame' loon to her nest as to ketch that ole rat on the Bo's'n Hill! Ye see he won't never leggo his killick out there at all ef there 's ary one o' the other bo'ts 'round anywheres, an' you come to take it after he doos git hisself settled on the ground, quick 's ever ary other bo't shows up 'most anywheres in sight he 'll up killick an' put sail on her for all he 's wuth! Seem 's ef you can't rig it so 's to ketch him nappin' noways, for there 's quite a few on us this spring has tried to work it all manner o' ways to git the marks for the Bo's'n Hill outen him, but set-fire ef he ain't made out to beat us so fur, ev'ry dog-gone time!

"One thing, you see, there ain't no size to the ground anyways; it 's nothin' only a little mite of a shoal spot, the Bo's'n Hill ain't, with consid'ble deep water chock up to her on ev'ry side, so 's 't you might liken her to a sort o' chimbly-shaped rock that them big overgrowed steakers loves to play round, an' feed off'n, but you can see for yourself, without a feller 's extry well posted, it 's a ter'ble blind job tryin' to git on to the thing.

"Brother Sam he did make out one time to stumble right atop on 't into his drag-bo't, but as luck would have it, 't was so thick an' hazy like, he could n't see the main to git holt on ary marks at all. He took an' stopped right out there till past sundown hopin' she 'd scale so 's 't he 'd be able to see sumpin', but the way it worked, in room o' scalin', it jes' turned to an' shet in thick o' fog on him, an' the wind breezened up out here to the east'ard so spiteful that fin'lly it growed so dinged hubbly he had to give it up, an' p'int her for the turf! But he 'lowed how the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bus'niss wa'n't much bigger over 'n the Odd Fellers' Hall there to the Cove, anyways, an' right atop on 't you 'd have 'bout eight fathom o' water at half tide, but he said come to shift your berth not more 'n mebbe a couple o' bo't's lengths, an' like 's not the lead would run out thirty odd fathom o' line so quick 't would make your head swim!"

"For the land's sakes!" exclaimed Miss Mercy. "You don't tell! Why, 't is a reg'lar-built chimbly-rock, ain't it though! I do r'ally hope you 'll make out to git them marks so 's to find it ag'in, declare I do! 'T ain't I wish no hurt to my neighbor here, but it doos kind o' seem 's though an ole man that 's got as much of it laid by as what he has, an' all soul alone in the world, too, I must say it doos 'pear as if he might quit goin' bo't-fishin', an' sort o' lay back a little for the rest part o' the time he 's got to stop 'round here yit!"

"There! That 's me too, ev'ry time!" cried Jason Fairway. "That 's jes' eggsac'ly how I look at it, Miss Mercy! Why, ef only I was quarter part 's well heeled as what ole Loop-eye Kentall is, do you cal'late I 'd ever bother to set 'nother gang o' lobster-traps, or bait up 'nother tub o' trawls long 's I lived? Guess not, no great! I sh'd jes' turn to an' buy me a nice snug little place up back here somewheres, an' git me a good cow, an' a couple dozen hens, an' then I sh'd figger on takin' of it good an' easy! Prob'ly 'nough I sh'd want me a fresh haddick now an' then, an' when I done so, I sh'd slip off here in my bo't an' ketch me one without sayin' by your leaf to nobody, but this here actin' same 's a tormented ole hog" —

"S-h! Jase!" sibilated Miss Mercy. "Remember he 's" —

"Can't help it!" persisted Jason. "Sich works as them he 's up to is fit to turn a feller's poke, swan ef they hain't! Why, ef I was to set to an' go into the snide tricks ole Loop-eye allus an' forever 's been a-tryin' on, I dunno, but seem 's though I sh'd be skeered to turn in when it come night-time, for fear God A'mighty 'd up an' shet off my wind afore mornin'!"

"Why Jason Fairway, you!" began Miss Mercy again.

"He 's went to work an' got a mortgage on half the places to the Cove, I was goin' to say," continued Jason, "an' 't wa'n't but only last week he turned to an' took away the bo't from pore ole Uncle Isr'il Spurshoe way down on the Neck there! Did n't you never hear tell o' that yit? Wal, that 's what he done, an' them two was boys together, mind ye; went to the Bay together, an' growed right up together you may say, but Uncle Isr'il there, he 'd up an' slat the clo'es off'n his back any day ef he seen a man needed 'em wuss 'n what he done; that 's Isr'il Spurshoe all over, that is, but you take ole Loop-eye, an' he 'd allus rob ye in room o' givin' ye nothin' ef he see a chance to git in his work unbeknownst, an' as for lyin', why I would n't b'lieve him no furder 'n what I could take an' sling a four year ole bull by the tail!"

"There! There, Jase!" cried Miss Mercy once more. "Don't take on so, son! Ole Loop-eye, — er, that is, ole Mr. Kentall here is jest what the Lord made him" —

"Got my doubts 'bout the Lord's havin' ary hand in the job 't all!" interrupted Jason, with a grin. "But I must be joggin' down 'long. Do drop in an' see us, Miss Mercy, won't ye, when you 're our ways?"

Not long after this talk between Jason Fairway and Miss Mercy, the dogfish "struck" on the coast, and as was expected, almost at the same time, summer boarders "struck" in the Cove. Now however beneficial these latter may be accounted in other places, in the Cove the question of which were the greater nuisance, dogfish or boarders, was often discussed. According to the popular idea, both were to be looked for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at about the same date, and while dogfish were certain to drive all other fish from the shore during their stay, so the boarders were credited with driving all business from the Cove, and were even accused of attempting to drive the native population back into the woods.

At any rate, after dogfish and boarders were in full possession, fishing as a business was abandoned outright, and though occasionally a party of boarders was taken out and afforded the mild excitement of hooking a beggarly scrod or two from among the kelps at the harbor's mouth, yet the regular boat-fishermen as a rule laid their craft on the moorings for a season, and began preparing their gear for the fall fishing.

After this was well under way, Loop-eye Kentall, though sorely beset by rheumatism, started in, as he said, to get his winter's fish, but his leaky old lapstreak boat was almost daily to be seen discharging its trip of fish at the wharf in the village, while the few that found their way to the moss-grown flakes in his own yard were invariably of a sort that could not be disposed of on any terms.

Fish were scarce this fall, and as a rule the boats were obliged to go a long distance offshore to find them, starting away from the Cove long before daylight, and frequently not returning until far into the night.

But this state of things was exactly to the mind of Loop-eye Kentall, and he improved the opportunity by making use of his secret marks to the utmost. Judging from the number of great "steak" cod repeatedly landed from his crazy old craft, there was no dearth of fish on the Bo's'n Hill Ground this season at any rate, and Jason Fairway soon determined to make still another effort at getting a share of them; so one clear morning, instead of running his boat broad offshore toward the distant grounds he and the others had lately been compelled to seek, he headed her several miles to the eastward, and then hove to until sunrise.

It proved just such a day as he had hoped for. There was no haze to dim the sun's brightness, and the sea was ruffled by a brisk morning breeze, so that to a person looking eastward toward the sun, its blaze upon the dancing waters was almost blinding.

By aid of the old canvas-covered spy-glass Jason had brought with him, Loop-eye Kentall was presently discovered stealing out from under the high land in his black-sailed old boat, and in course of time dropping killick upon what was presumably the Bo's'n Hill Ground.

Then Jason put his tiller up, and keeping as nearly as he could judge directly in the wake of the dazzling sun blaze, attempted to put to the test his latest plan for stealing a march upon the foxy old fisherman.

Half an hour passed, and under the freshening breeze he was then at a distance when Loop-eye Kentall would commonly have taken the alarm and left posthaste, for he usually allowed no boat to approach within a mile or two. Nearer and nearer drew the trim little jigger, and the dark object ahead rapidly grew larger, till Jason chuckled to himself at the apparent success of his scheme.

"Ef our bird won't rise for another five minutes," said he to his boy, "I 'll resk but that we 'll be able to sound out that ground 'fore noontime, anyways!"

Five minutes, ten minutes more, and still no movement of the lone figure in the boat ahead.

"Guess he must be gaftin' 'em in solid this mornin'!" said the boy. "Can't see him movin' no great, though, neither. 'Pears to be settin' there takin' his comfort!"

"I see he doos," said his father. "Prob'ly cal'lates ev'ry blessed hooker to the Cove 's chock out on the Sou'-west Ridge by this time o' day! It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks to me as ef we 'd scored on him at last! Ef he 's on the Bo's'n Hill, I 'll have the marks this mornin' sure, for it never made out to be no clearer!"

"What you goin' to do, dad?" asked the boy. "Goin' to hail him, or jes' let her go clean down onto him, till he looks 'round?"

"Guess we might 's well run down to loo'ard a grain, an' shoot her up 'longside, ef he don't twig us fust. What you s'pose ails the ole divil that makes him set there humped up sideways, so fashion? Would n't wonder but that he 's sick, or sumpin!"

The next moment Jason's boat shot up close to the side of the other, and a quick look at its silent occupant showed unmistakably that he had dropped his killick for the last time. In the boat's bottom lay an immense cod wound up in a snarl of wet line, and as yet hardly through its gasping.

"My God! Elishy Kentall!" muttered Jason Fairway. "Ef you hain't made out to git snubbed up some short!"

Without another word he reached for the sounding lead, and let it run the line swiftly over the boat's side. Then he began hauling it up again, measuring the fathoms with his arms as he did so.

"*Is* it the Bo's'n Hill Ground, dad?" asked the white-faced boy anxiously.

"Six — seven — eight fathom, an' rocky bottom. It lacks an hour to low water yit. Yas, son, I sh'd say 't was!"

In this way Loop-eye Kentall gave away his cherished secret, and the Bo's'n Hill Ground again became common property of the fishermen at the Cove.

*George S. Wasson.*

---

## SPIDER-WEB.

A SLENDER filament is yon
Bright bit of gossamer whereon
The sunlit spider swings — what if he fall?
A couch of grass is all.

A daring architect, he lays
His skillful courses on my ways —
But see how idly! For with one light blow
I lay his rafters low.

Yet he 'll go building still, as I,
Whose castles oft in ruins lie,
Begin and spin anew my filament
By some vast Being rent.

Mayhap, because I choose to lay
My daring rafters on His way,
He sweeps His vexèd forehead with a frown
And strikes my castles down!

*James Herbert Morse.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE PLAYS OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX.

A DOZEN years ago, when M. Eugène Brieux was plying the managers of Paris theatres of all grades with his plays, most of them were not even read. In 1879, Bernard Palissy, a one-act play in verse written in collaboration with M. Gaston Salandri, had had a hearing at one of the experimental performances then and now so common at certain small theatres of Paris, but between that first night and the acceptance of Ménages d'Artistes by M. Antoine of the Théâtre Libre lay eleven years. In 1892, two years later, M. Antoine produced Blanchette, a genuine success that has become one of the stock pieces of the Théâtre Antoine, the successor of the Théâtre Libre. After the favorable reception of this comedy, plays of M. Brieux appeared in rapid succession: L'Engrenage, La Rose Bleue, L'Evasion, Les Bienfaiteurs, Le Berceau, Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, L'Ecole des Belles-Mères, Le Résultat des Courses, La Robe Rouge, Les Remplaçantes, and Les Avariés. To these should be added Monsieur de Réboval, which has not been printed. These plays have had their first nights at the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, the Porte St. Martin, the Antoine, and the Français, that is, at the leading Paris theatres; several, when published, have gone into a number of editions and are still selling; and two, L'Evasion and La Robe Rouge, have been crowned by the Academy. Surely, plays which could produce within a decade so marked a change toward their author must have unusual merit.

Two of them, La Rose Bleue and L'Ecole des Belles-Mères, are one-act ingenious trifles, but all the others are for one reason or another of decided interest, and three or four are masterly studies of French life to-day. Ménages d'Artistes treats, with much amusing satire on the affectations of would be literary people, the selfishness of the type of artist whose ambition much exceeds his powers. Blanchette paints the misery that may result from giving a peasant girl an education which, even if not elaborate, puts her completely out of sympathy with the home to which she must return when her studies are finished and her chance to teach does not come promptly. L'Engrenage satirizes the wheels within wheels of modern French political life. Of course, the subject is not new even to the stage, and, as a whole, L'Engrenage cannot be classed among the best plays of M. Brieux. Les Bienfaiteurs mocks at modern systematized charity and the pretended interest in it of the fashionable world. The conflicts in authority, the petty jealousies, the blindness to facts in absorption in theories, the frequent cruelty of this systematized charity, are treated with indignant irony. L'Evasion has a double purpose: to gird with almost Molièresque intensity at the self-sufficiency of fashionable physicians and modern medical science; and to represent the tragedy sure to result if young men and women come into maturity believing themselves as unalterably doomed by the acts of their forbears as, in the Greek tragedy, were the heroes whom the gods had banned. Le Berceau treats the powerlessness of human theoretical law when it conflicts with human natural law. Raymond and Laurence, estranged by the folly of Raymond, have been divorced. Laurence, thinking herself perfectly free, has yielded to her father's entreaties and married again. But when Raymond and Laurence meet over the cradle of the dangerously ill boy whom they both love passionately, they come to realize that, whatever the laws of man may say, nature provides a bond in their common love for the child which makes it impos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible for their lives to be wholly separate. Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont shows the tragedies of three lives caused by the absolute control of French parents over their daughters. Le Résultat des Courses is a very varied study of the life of the men employed in the large workshop of a caster in bronze, and finds its tragedy in the evil effects on this class of the betting mania. Two of the best of M. Brieux's plays follow: La Robe Rouge and Les Remplaçantes. The first, with a breadth of human sympathy, a keenness of insight, and a mercilessness of satire which again remind one of Molière, exposes the way in which personal ambition, and politics interfering with law, may blind and deprave French justice. Les Remplaçantes, probably M. Brieux's masterpiece thus far, paints, with evident complete knowledge of the conditions used, the gradual depraving of certain French districts because their chief support has come to be supplying wet nurses for the babies of Parisian women of fashion. Just before the last play, Les Avariés, was to have its first night at the Antoine last autumn, the Censure refused to allow it to be given. The logic of the Censor is a little hard to follow: apparently a French dramatist may treat what he likes so long as he is suggestively nasty or wrings from his material every bit of impropriety there is in it; but when he treats a subject, undoubtedly scabrous, with intention to make his public cry out against the conditions shown, modesty forbids — in the Censor's office. However, though one must be grateful to M. Brieux for the insight with which he has discerned the exact causes of the evils he treats, and for the courage with which he says what should be more generally understood, one cannot say much for the play as a play. In the first place the subject — the tragedy of the introduction of disease into the family by the husband — is not fit for the stage. Secondly, so completely has the indignant student of French manners swamped the dramatist, that Les Avariés is a twentieth-century morality: for, though Act II. does contain action and characterization, Act I. is but a dialogue, and Act III. is little more than a long lecture. It cannot be denied that in the plays preceding Les Avariés M. Brieux broadened the choice of topics for the modern drama, but here he has gone too far. It is to be hoped that in the play now in rehearsal at the Théâtre Français, Petite Amie, the dramatist will once more guide and control the social reformer.

From this summary it must be clear that there is no more up to date dramatist than M. Brieux: his plays of the last twelve years treat French life in those years. Nor does he seek particularly what is permanently comic or tragic: he is quite as much interested in dramatic crises which can occur only as long as conventions and habits at present deep rooted have not yielded in their hopeless struggle against more enlightened ideals and customs. The changing present is his field. Do not suppose, however, that you will find in the list only thirteen theses on social questions thinly disguised as plays. With the exception of Les Avariés, these plays are full of interesting dramatic situations developed by admirable characterization. Nor is the chief quality of the work brutal realism. The plays show tenderness, remarkable range of sympathy with human nature, and a strong underlying belief in the good in man when he is not blinded by convention or driven astray by the insistent theories of self-constituted leaders of society. The humor of M. Brieux, usually quiet, appears most often in swift, final touches of characterization such as mark the domino game in Blanchette (Act I., Sc. 13) between the suspicious, wily, and obstinate peasants, Morillon and Rousset. The portrait, in Les Bienfaiteurs, of Clara, the maid whom the charitable Landrecys endure because they know she will not be able, if dismissed, to get another place,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must thoroughly amuse any one who has suffered from impudent stupidity in servants. Often this humor of M. Brieux has an admixture of irony or satire, for naturally both are among his principal weapons. The following from Scene 1, Act I., of L'Evasion shows his gayer irony: Dr. La Belleuse asks the advice of his famous chief, Dr. Bertry, as to cases which are worrying him.

*La Belleuse.* There is one case that I can't succeed in relieving.

*The Doctor.* That will happen.

*La Bell.* Of course, but — he wants to go to Lourdes.

*The Doc.* Let him go.

*La Bell.* (*dismayed*). You don't mean that? What if he should be cured?

*The Doc.* You can always find a scientific explanation.

*La Bell.* Suggestion?

*The Doc.* Certainly, — it answers for everything. Anything else?

*La Bell.* There is Probard, the patient of whom I spoke to you. He can't last more than a week.

*The Doc.* Call a colleague in consultation. That will divide the responsibility.

*La Bell.* But Probard is almost a celebrity.

*The Doc.* Call in two.

*La Bell.* Yes. At the hospital, Number Four in the St. Theresa room is still in the same condition.

*The Doc.* Have you tried everything?

*La Bell.* Everything.

*The Doc.* Even doing nothing?

*La Bell.* Even doing nothing. Not one of us can tell what is the matter with her.

*The Doc.* (*after a sigh*). We shan't know till the autopsy. Let us wait.

*La Bell.* Stopping all treatment?

*The Doc.* No. One must never seem to lose interest in a case. That would be a mistake — a regrettable mistake. Do — no matter what, but do something. That is all?

*La Bell.* (*consulting his memoranda*). I don't see anything more.

The biting quality of the following, from Les Bienfaiteurs, results from its close, indignant observations of methods not confined to France. Escaudin calls on Pauline Landrecy at the office of one of the charities she has founded through the bounty of her brother, Valentin Salviat.

*Pauline.* We were talking, my brother and I, — this is M. Escaudin, of whom I spoke to you, — we were talking of the difficulty there is in dispensing charity. I have been robbed, M. Escaudin, I have been robbed by pretended poor.

*Escaudin.* Ah, that's it! You, you want to mix charity and sentiment: you will always be deceived. Now I, you see, have been for ten years the head of a charitable committee; that toughens a man, that does. I scent a fraud two miles and a half away. The time is past when they could trick me.

*Pau.* How do you manage?

*Esc.* I don't know. It 's a matter of instinct. You women let yourselves feel pity. In practicing charity you must use the same common sense and the same coolness as in business. I who made my fortune in business — Look here, you have still some clients, — I call them my clients, — you have still some clients in the waiting-room. Would you like to have me receive them in your presence? Then you will see.

*Pau.* Most willingly.

*Esc.* I must place myself there (*designating the table at the left*).

*Pau.* Why?

*Esc.* You must always have a desk, — a table between you and your client, — that keeps you from contact with him and insures respect. (*Laughing.*) Ah, ah, ah! That 's one of my tricks! (*He establishes himself.*) Now you can let them come in. (*Enter Rosa Magloire.*) Come forward. Your name — Christian name — your address?



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Rosa.* Magloire, Rosa, 14 Ménard Square.

*Esc.* (*after writing*). Married?

*Rosa.* Yes, sir.

*Esc.* What do you want?

*Rosa.* A little aid; I have a sick child.

*Esc.* Send him to the hospital. The hospitals are n't built for dogs, you know. What more?

*Rosa.* I am very unhappy.

*Esc.* Yes (*insinuatingly*). You have a very hard time bringing up your children?

*Rosa.* Yes, sir.

*Esc.* (*False good-fellowship.*) You work hard, and your husband, when he comes home drunk, beats you?

*Rosa.* Yes, sir.

*Esc.* Exactly: you can go, my good woman. We can't do anything for you. If we should give you aid, it would be the liquor dealer who would get the benefit of it. We don't foster intemperance. When your husband stops getting drunk, you can come back. The next. (*Rosa goes out.*) (*Laughing.*) Ah, ah! That did n't take long, eh? You saw how I sent her packing. Now for a look at this one. (*Enter Michel Moutier, neatly dressed.*)

*Michel.* Good-day, sir.

*Esc.* Come forward. Name — Christian name — address?

*Mic.* Moutier, Michel, 22 rue Basse.

*Esc.* What do you want?

*Mic.* Some aid.

*Esc.* You are a beginner, are n't you?

*Mic.* Sir?

*Esc.* You are not a professional, eh? This is the first time you have begged?

*Mic.* Almost.

*Esc.* (*to Pauline and Salviat*). You see; I am not to be fooled. (*To Michel.*) If you were a professional, you would not come in an overcoat on which you could get sixty cents from the pawnbroker, nor with a wedding-ring on which you could easily raise a dollar. We cannot aid any except the genuinely poor. Extremely sorry, sir.

*Mic.* But sir — that ring —

*Esc.* I beg your pardon, there are others waiting. Good-day, sir. The next. (*Michel goes out. Léon Chenu enters.*) Come forward. Name — Christian name — address?

*Léon.* Léon Chenu.

*Esc.* Address?

*Léon.* I have n't one. They can write to me at 4 Benoit Alley. My former landlord, who kept my furniture for the rent, is willing to pass on my letters.

*Esc.* You want aid?

*Léon.* No, sir, I want work.

*Esc.* (*laugh*). Ah, ah! You want work; very well, some shall be given you, my friend. Kindly take the trouble to go to this address. Good-day. (*Léon goes out.*) The next.

*Pau.* There is no one else.

*Esc.* (*laugh*). Ha, ha! That did n't take long, did it?

*Salviat* (*restraining himself*). My compliments! And what are you going to make that one do to whom you promised work?

*Esc.* Ah that, that is one of my fine little tricks. It is assistance through work — in my manner. I have sent him to my house with a special card which my man will recognize. There is a pump in my garden. The man who wants work will be invited to pump for an hour.

*Sal.* But what are you going to do with all that water?

*Esc.* Nothing; it will run off in the gutter. When the man has pumped an hour, he will be given ten cents. Will you believe it, sir, there was one of them who in return — Do you know what he did? When he had pumped his hour and had pocketed his money, he took a bucket he found there, filled it, and flung it hit or miss into the kitchen, upon the range on which the dishes for my dinner were cooking, saying to the cook, "Take that; the water I have pumped shall at least be of that use." Yes, sir, there was one who insulted me.

. . . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Sal.* (*from a distance*). Pauline!

*Pau.* (*going to him*). What is it?

*Sal.* Will you politely tell that gentleman to clear out, for if I listen to him for another ten minutes, I won't answer for myself, or for him. (Act III., Sc. 6–10.)

This is severe, but it is by no means M. Brieux at his sternest. Yet his love for even erring human nature keeps him, on the one hand, from the caricature which deprived Ben Jonson's satire of moral significance, and, on the other, guards him, even when his satire is most mordant, from the savageness of Swift.

Nor is the work sordid. In the first place, M. Brieux does not, to use a phrase of Mr. Meredith, "fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism." His plays are far removed from the comedy of the Restoration and from the modern drama of intrigue. Sex as sex has no fascination for him: he treats it only when it must be faced in order to make clear the central idea which binds together the parts of his play. Even then there is no lingering on the scene for its own sake: he moves with the swift frankness, even with the daring of the scientific demonstrator, and for the same reason, — because the facts and their exact significance must be grasped if the truth is not to be missed. When he does treat sex, he pleads for what must win him hearty sympathy, — for less sentimentality and more honesty in initiating youth into the responsibilities of its maturing powers; for emancipation of French girls from parental absolutism in the matter of marriage, that is, for love as the best basis of selection; for a fuller recognition by the fashionable world of the beauty of fatherhood and motherhood, and of the duties of parents to their children. It is even one of M. Brieux's chief rights to consideration that, when the sex question is absorbing the attention of serious dramatists everywhere, he has made it central in few of his plays, and, while recognizing with exactness its importance as a cause of tragedy, has found in French life many other absorbingly dramatic and genuinely tragic subjects.

The plays are not depressing. One leaves them surer that the virtues belong to no one class, and with fresh evidence that there are abidingly in life self-sacrifice, devoted love, honest men, and gentle, good women. M. Brieux is very fond of the hard-working and ill-paid country doctors who devote their lives to their patients. He may almost be called the dramatist of passionate mother love, for both Le Berceau and Les Remplaçantes are full of it. He has a genius for discerning and presenting convincingly the good even in his vicious characters. He is no pessimist: he paints existing evils, not for themselves, not despairing of solution, but that he may hasten the solution. What could be more optimistic than his defiance in L'Evasion of the present cult of Heredity? In the story of Jean and Lucienne he insists that the greatest force in so-called heredity is the self-mesmerism of those who give themselves up as doomed. Struggle and you can break free, — if indeed you really were ever bound. Compare that attitude with Ibsen's in A Doll's House, or in Ghosts.

This, then, is no ordinary *drame à thèse*, which treats sex as the most interesting factor in life, revels in sordid realism, and argues a case to a solution or ends with a pistol shot. M. Brieux is a realist because he deals with the life about him, but he does not select realistic details for their own sake. In reading his work, one should never forget that the central idea of his play is his lodestone. Approach La Robe Rouge as a character study, or as a plot in the usual sense, and the interest seems to shift from the Vagret family to Mouzon, and again to Yanetta, the peasant. Consequently the play, read in either of these ways, is confusing. Read it, however, as an exemplification of the ways in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which politics and personal ambition may corrupt French justice, and each part will be seen to be in its proper place. His plays find their unity, then, not in a central character or group of characters, but in an idea. Yet M. Brieux does not first find a theory of life, and then mould his characters by it in order to exploit his theory cleverly. Instead, clear-eyed, broadly sympathetic, he watches the life about him. Complications, tragedies rivet his attention. He does not rest till he thinks he has found the causes. Then he studies minutely the people in whom these causes and results manifest themselves. By careful selection of the moments in their lives which best show these causes and results, by remarkably accurate and interpretative characterization, he puts the story before us. In reading Le Résultat des Courses, Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, and Les Avariés, it is easy to conclude that M. Brieux finds a solution for all existing evils in forgiveness, pardon. For instance, Dr. Mossiac, in Le Berceau cries: "Forgive, always forgive. Not a single one of us is perfect. Therefore, each of us does some wrong. Consequently, marriage is possible only by dint of constant forgiveness on one side or the other." But M. Brieux cannot believe in either the advisability or the adequacy of a solution which exacts most from those who have already suffered most and provides no guarantee that the sinner will not fall again. M. Brieux offers a sedative, not a cure. He must intend that readers, seeing that the only present way out of the evils he portrays is so unjust and has so little finality, shall cry that the conditions making such a sedative inevitable must and shall be changed. Indeed, his work as a whole shows his conviction that not one but two plays are needed to present the solution of a problem in life: one to state the problem, the other to show the working of the solution. Therefore, he is content to arouse active sympathetic thought.

His right to serious consideration comes from four sources: his swift, accurate characterization; his remarkably judicial attitude toward his dramatis personæ; his power of discerning in the life of the day its own distinctive tragedy; and his skill in writing plays interesting not only as drama, but as suggestion and comment. The people of M. Brieux, whether they come from the fashionable world or elsewhere in the social scale, are always real. His keen sympathy for poverty is the result of his own bitter experience, for until recently he was very poor. In earlier days he has often read beneath the lamp-post outside his door because he could not afford the necessary light. A Parisian by birth, he knows the bourgeois intimately, and, as editor for some years of a Rouen newspaper, he has had a chance to study the peasant class closely. Indeed, he is at his best in painting peasants.

What, in large part, makes M. Brieux's portraiture of permanent value is his judicial fairness, his refusal to idealize. Think over the plays of the day and note that it is an axiom of the current playwright that, in order to keep an audience in sympathy with the hero or heroine, he must be to his or her faults so very kind as to put a blinder on the mind — and pretend he or she has none. One finds the fullest exemplification of this in the heroes and heroines of melodrama. In even so early a play as Blanchette, the heroine, though attractive, is so in spite of her petty vanity, selfishness, and sentimentality, which are plainly shown, and the obstinate, hot-tempered Rousset, father of Blanchette, is so painted that you cannot dismiss him with execration and centre your affections on the heroine. The finest thing in the play, indeed, is the way in which you are made to recognize sympathetically what natural developments from their different educations are Rousset and Blanchette, and how impossible it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that either should understand the other. Read Le Berceau and see how completely you are made to understand and sympathize with M. de Girieu, the second husband, as well as with Laurence, and with Raymond the divorced husband. Most dramatists would not only be content with our sympathy for the last two, but would even fear that sympathy for M. de Girieu might lessen our esteem for the other two. Read the tremendous scene of Julie and Antonin in Act III. of Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, and be swept on in sympathetic understanding and approval of Julie, only to realize, as Antonin answers, that he too has genuine grievances, that, as is always the case in life, but rarely in fiction, there are two sides to any wrong. How much nearer life the drama comes here, in making it difficult to take sides.

M. Brieux sees clearly that in the life of the day tragedy results, not simply from sex, but from the maladjustment of human laws and standards to the unalterable sweep of nature's laws. The century just closed has been a time of incompleted readjusting of our ideals, even of our common habitudes, to the multifold discoveries of the period. It is because men and women, instead of studying their own characters, play at being what nature never meant them to be, because they blindly follow laws and standards which are the results of theorizing, not of fearless study of nature's workings, that there is tragedy all about us. In Blanchette, Le Berceau, Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, La Robe Rouge, and Les Remplaçantes, recognition of these facts has carried M. Brieux to tragedies specially characteristic of the period just closed. Mark the restraint, the simplicity, of this representation of the powerlessness of human law when in conflict with everlasting laws of human emotion. Laurence and Raymond, her first husband, meet by chance by the sick bed of their little boy. M. de Girieu, the second husband, who is madly jealous of Raymond, and of Laurence's love for her boy, has just refused Raymond's request to be allowed to watch by the child till he is out of danger. Resting confidently on the control over Laurence and the boy which the laws give him, M. de Girieu is sure he can keep his wife and her former husband apart.

(Long silent scene. The door of little Julien's room opens softly. Laurence appears with a paper in her hand. The two men separate, watching her intently. She looks out for a long time, then shuts the door, taking every precaution not to make a noise. After a gesture of profound grief, she comes forward, deeply moved, but tearless. She makes no more gestures. Her face is grave. Very simply, she goes straight to Raymond.)

*Raymond* (*very simply to Laurence*). Well?

*Laurence* (*in the same manner*). He has just dropped asleep.

*Ray.* The fever?

*Lau.* Constant.

*Ray.* Has the temperature been taken?

*Lau.* Yes.

*Ray.* How much?

*Lau.* Thirty-nine.

*Ray.* The cough?

*Lau.* Incessant. He breathes with difficulty.

*Ray.* His face is flushed?

*Lau.* Yes.

*Ray.* The doctor gave you a prescription?

*Lau.* I came to show it to you. I don't thoroughly understand this.

(They are close to each other, examining the prescription which Raymond holds.)

*Ray.* (*reading*). "Keep an even temperature in the sick room."

*Lau.* Yes.

*Ray.* "Wrap the limbs in cotton wool, and cover that with oiled silk." I am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to do that myself as soon as he wakes. Tell them to warn me.

*Lau.* What ought he to have to drink? I forgot to ask that, and he is thirsty.

*Ray.* Mallow.

*Lau.* I 'm sure he does n't like it.

*Ray.* Yes, yes. You remember when he had the measles.

*Lau.* Yes, yes. How anxious we were then, too!

*Ray.* He drank it willingly. You remember perfectly?

*Lau.* Yes, of course I remember. Some mallow then. Let us read the prescription again. I have n't forgotten anything? Mustard plasters. The cotton wool, you will attend to that. And I will go have the drink made. "In addition — every hour — a coffee-spoonful of the following medicine."

(The curtain falls slowly as she continues to read. M. de Girieu has gone out slowly during the last words.)

Though it must be clear from what has been said that the work of M. Brieux is less varied than that of some other dramatists of the day, it is, when at its best in its chosen field, masterly. Perhaps more than any other he may be called the scientific dramatist, for he finds his tragedies mainly in the crises resulting from the shifting in social ideals which scientific discovery has caused, and his approach to his work is that of the gentle-minded scientist. With the same broad sympathy for his fellows, he has the same passion for truth, the same judiciality, the same fearlessness in the face of facts, and the same daring in stating them, no matter what their effect on ill-based conventions or habits. With him, when the social reformer does not prove too much for the dramatist, — and there is only one marked instance of this, Les Avariés, — we have a drama of ideas that is really drama.

Are there any results of all his dramatic demonstration? It is extremely difficult, of course, to trace the influence of a play so complicated as it is with other influences, but I am credibly informed that Les Remplaçantes has decidedly decreased the evil which it scourged. I suspect, however, that before M. Brieux wins the general recognition — especially outside France — which he deserves, he must feel the full force of Philistia in its enthusiastic acceptance of the words of his fellow dramatist, M. Paul Hervieu: "He who is not like his fellows is necessarily wrong." But M. Brieux evidently accepts, and wisely, the old French proverb, "Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre," for he could persevere through ten years of indifference to his work, and he quotes approvingly before Les Bienfaiteurs the words of his philosopher friend, Jean-Marie Guyot: "I am very sure that what is best in me will survive. Even, it may be, not one of my dreams will be lost; others will take them up and dream them after me until one day they shall come true. By the dying waves the sea succeeds in fashioning its shore, in shaping the vast bed in which it dies."

*George P. Baker.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE MARSH.

## I.

It was a late June day whose breaking found me upon the edge of the great salt marshes which lie behind East Point Light, as the Delaware Bay lies in front of it, and which run in a wide, half-land, half-bay border down the cape.

I followed along the black sandy road which goes to the Light until close to the old Zane's Place, — the last farmhouse of the uplands, — when I turned off into the marsh toward the river. The mosquitoes rose from the damp grass at every step, swarming up around me in a cloud, and streaming off behind like a comet's tail, which hummed instead of glowed. I was the only male among them. It was a cloud of females, the nymphs of the salt marsh; and all through that day the singing, stinging, smothering swarm danced about me, rested upon me, covered me whenever I paused, so that my black leggings turned instantly to a mosquito brown, and all my dress seemed dyed alike.

Only I did not pause — not often, nor long. The sun came up blisteringly hot, yet on I walked, and wore my coat, my hands deep down in the pockets and my head in a handkerchief. At noon I was still walking, and kept on walking till I reached the bay shore, when a breeze came up, and drove the singing, stinging fairies back into the grass, and saved me.

I left the road at a point where a low bank started across the marsh like a long protecting arm reaching out around the hay meadows, dragging them away from the grasping river, and gathering them out of the vast undrained tract of coarse sedges, to hold them to the upland. Passing along the bank until beyond the weeds and scrub of the higher borders, I stood with the sky-bound, bay-bound green beneath my feet. Far across, with sails gleaming white against the sea of sedge, was a schooner, beating slowly up the river. Laying my course by her, I began to beat slowly out into the marsh through the heavy sea of low, matted hay-grass.

There is no fresh water meadow, no inland plain, no prairie with this rainy, misty, early morning freshness so constant on the marsh; no other reach of green so green, so a-glitter with seas of briny dew, so regularly, unfailingly fed: —

> "Look how the grace of the sea doth go
> About and about through the intricate channels that flow
> Here and there,
> Everywhere,
> Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
> And the marsh is meshed with a million veins!"

I imagine a Western wheatfield, halfway to head, could look, in the dew of morning, somewhat like a salt marsh. It certainly would have at times the purple distance haze, that atmosphere of the sea which hangs across the marsh. The two might resemble each other as two pictures of the same theme, upon the same scale, one framed and hung, the other not. It is the framing, the setting of the marsh that gives it character, variety, tone, and its touch of mystery.

For the marsh reaches back to the higher lands of fences, fields of corn, and ragged forest blurs against the hazy horizon; it reaches down to the river of the reedy flats, coiled like a serpent through the green; it reaches away to the sky where the clouds anchor, where the moon rises, where the stars, like far-off lighthouses, gleam along the edge; and it reaches out to the bay, and on, beyond the white surf line of meeting, on, beyond the line where the bay's blue and the sky's blue touch, on, far on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here meet land and river, sky and sea; here they mingle and make the marsh.

A prairie rolls and billows; the marsh lies still, lies as even as a sleeping sea. Yet what moods! What changes! What constant variety of detail everywhere! In The Marshes of Glynn there was

> "A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
> Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,"

but not in these Maurice River marshes. Here, to-day, the sun was blazing, kindling millions of tiny suns in the salt-wet blades; and instead of waist-high grass, there lay around me acres and acres of the fine rich hay-grass, full grown, but without a blade wider than a knitting needle or taller than my knee. It covered the marsh like a deep, thick fur, like a wonderland carpet into whose elastic, velvety pile my feet sank and sank, never quite feeling the floor. Here and there were patches of higher sedges, green, but of differing shades, which seemed spread upon the grass-carpet like long-napped rugs.

Ahead of me the even green broke suddenly over a shoal of sand into tall, tufted grasses, into rose, mallow, and stunted persimmon bushes, foaming, on nearer view, with spreading dogbane blossoms. Off toward the bay another of these shoals, mole-hill high in the distance, ran across the marsh for half a mile, bearing a single broken file of trees, — sentinels they seemed, some of them fallen, others gaunt and wind-beaten, watching against the sea.

These were the lookouts and the resting places for passing birds. During the day, whenever I turned in their direction, a crow, a hawk, or some smaller bird was seen upon their dead branches.

Naturally the variety of bird life upon the marsh is limited; but there is by no means the scarcity here which is so often noted in the forests and wild prairies of corresponding extent. Indeed the marsh was birdy — rich in numbers if not in species. Underfoot, in spots, sang the marsh wrens; in larger patches the sharp-tailed sparrows; and almost as widespread and constant as the green was the singing of the seaside sparrows. Overhead the fishhawks crossed frequently to their castle-nest high on the top of a tall white oak along the land-edge of the marsh; in the neighborhood of the sentinel trees a pair of crows were busy trying (it seemed to me) to find an oyster, a crab, — something big enough to choke, for just one minute, the gobbling, gulping clamor of their infant brood. But the dear devouring monsters could not be choked; though once or twice I thought by their strangling cries that father crow, in sheer desperation, had brought them oysters with the shells on. Their awful gaggings died away at dusk. Beside the crows and fishhawks a harrier would now and then come skimming close along the grass. Higher up, the turkey buzzards circled all day long; and once, setting my blood leaping and the fishhawks screaming, there sailed over far away in the blue, a bald-headed eagle, his snowy neck and tail flashing in the sunlight as he careened among the clouds.

In its blended greens the marsh that morning offered one of the most satisfying drinks of color my eyes ever tasted. The areas of different grasses were often acres in extent, so that the tints, shading from the lightest pea green of the thinner sedges to the blue green of the rushes, to the deep emerald green of the hay-grass, merged across their broad bands into perfect harmony.

As fresh and vital as the color was the breath of the marsh. There is no bank of violets stealing and giving half so sweet an odor to my nostrils, outraged by a winter of city smells, as the salty, spray-laden breath of the marsh. It seems fairly to line the lungs with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ozone. I know how grass-fed cattle feel at the smell of salt. I have the concentrated thirst of a whole herd when I catch that first whiff of the marshes after a winter, a year it may be, of unsalted inland air. The smell of it stampedes me. I gallop to meet it, and drink, drink, drink deep of it, my blood running redder with every draught.

## II.

I had waded out into the meadow perhaps two hundred yards, leaving a dark bruised trail in the grass, when I came upon a nest of the long-billed marsh wren. It was a bulky house, and so overburdened its frail sedge supports that it lay almost upon the ground with its little round doorway wide open to the sun and rain. They must have been a young couple who built it, and quite inexperienced. I wonder they had not abandoned it; for a crack of light into a wren's nest would certainly addle the eggs. They are such tiny, dusky, tucked away things, and their cradle is so deep and dark and hidden. There were no fatalities, I am sure, following my efforts to prop the leaning structure, though the wrens were just as sure that it was all a fatality — utterly misjudging my motives. As a rule I have never been able to help much in such extremities. Either I arrive too late, or else I blunder.

I thought, for a moment, that it was the nest of the long-billed's cousin, the short-billed marsh wren, that I had found, — which would have been a gem indeed, with pearly eggs instead of chocolate ones. Though I was out for the mere joy of being out, I had really come with a hope of discovering this mousy mite of a wren, and of watching her ways. It was like hoping to watch the ways of the "wunk." Several times I have been near these little wrens; but what chance has a pair of human eyes with a skulking four inches of brownish streaks and bars in the middle of a marsh! Such birds are the everlasting despair of the naturalist, the salt of his earth. The belief that a pair of them dwelt somewhere in this green expanse, that I might at any step come upon them, made me often forget the mosquitoes.

When I reached the ridge of rose and mallow bushes, two wrens began muttering in the grass with different notes and tones from those of the long-billed. I advanced cautiously. Soon one flashed out and whipped back among the thick stems again, exposing himself just long enough to show me *stellaris*, the little short-billed wren I was hunting.

I tried to stand still for a second glimpse and a clue to the nest; but the mosquitoes! Things have come to a bad pass with the bird-hunter, whose only gun is an opera-glass, when he cannot stand stock still for an hour. His success depends upon his ability to take root. He needs light feet, a divining mind, and many other things, but most of all he needs patience. There are few mortals however with mosquito-proof patience, — one that would stand the test here. Remembering a meadow in New England where stellaris nested, I concluded to wait till chance took me thither, and passed on.

This ridge of higher ground proved to be a mosquito roost, — a thousand here to one in the deeper, denser grass. As I hurried across I noted with great satisfaction that the pink-white blossoms of the spreading dogbane were covered with mosquito carcasses. It lessened my joy somewhat to find, upon examination, that all the victims were males. Either they had drunk poison from the flowers, or else, and more likely, they had been unable to free their long-haired antennæ from the sticky honey into which they had dipped their innocent beaks. Several single flowers had trapped three, and from one blossom I picked out five. If we could bring the dogbane to brew a cup which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be fatal to the females, it might be a good plant to raise in our gardens along with the Eucalyptus and the castor-oil plants.

Everywhere as I went along, from every stake, every stout weed and topping bunch of grass trilled the seaside sparrows, — a weak, husky, monotonous song, of five or six notes, a little like the chippie's, more tuneful, perhaps, but not so strong. They are dark, dusky birds, grayish olive-green close to, with a conspicuous yellow line before the eye, and yellow upon the shoulder.

There seems to be a sparrow of some kind for every variety of land between the poles. Mountain tops, seaside marshes, inland prairies, swamps, woods, pastures, — everywhere, from Indian River to the Yukon, a sparrow nests. Yet one can hardly associate sparrows with marshes, for they seem out of place in houseless, treeless, half-submerged stretches. These are the haunts of the shyer, more secretive birds. Here the ducks, rails, bitterns, coots, — birds that can wade and swim, eat frogs and crabs, — seem naturally at home. The sparrows are perchers, grain eaters, free flyers, and singers; and they, of all birds, are the friends and neighbors of man. This is no place for them. The effect of this marsh life upon the flight and song of these two species was very marked. Both showed unmistakable vocal powers which long ago would have been developed under the stimulus of human listeners; and during all my stay (so long have they crept and skulked about through the low marsh paths) I did not see one rise a hundred feet into the air, nor fly straight away for a hundred yards. They would get up just above the grass, and flutter and drop, — a puttering, short-winded, apoplectic struggle, very unbecoming and unworthy.

By noon I had completed a circle and recrossed the lighthouse road in the direction of the bay. A thin sheet of lukewarm water lay over all this section. The high spring tides had been reinforced by unusually heavy rains during April and May, giving a great area of pasture and hay land back, for that season, to the sea. Descending a copsy dune from the road I surprised a brood of young killdeers feeding along the drift at the edge of the wet meadow. They ran away screaming, leaving behind a pair of spotted sandpipers, "till-tops," that had been wading with them in the shallow water. The sandpipers teetered on for a few steps, then rose at my approach, scaled nervously out over the drowned grass, and, circling, alighted near where they had taken wing, continuing instantly with their hunt, and calling *tweet-tweet*, *tweet-tweet*, and teetering, always teetering, as they tiptoed along.

If perpetual motion is still a dream of the physicist, he might get an idea by carefully examining the way the body of till-top is balanced on its needle legs. If till-tops have not been tilting forever, and shall not go on tilting forever, it is because something is wrong with the mechanism of the world outside their little spotted bodies. Surely the easiest, least willed motion in all the universe is this sandpiper's teeter, teeter, teeter, as it hurries peering and prying along the shore.

Killdeers and sandpipers are noisy birds; and one would know, after half a day upon the marsh, even if he had never seen these birds before, that they could not have been bred here. For however

> "candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free"

the marsh may seem to one coming suddenly from the wooded uplands, it will not let one enter far without the consciousness that silence and secrecy lie deeper here than in the depths of the forest glooms. The true birds of the marsh, those that feed and nest in the grass, have the spirit of the great marsh-mother. The sandpiper is not her bird. It belongs to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shore, living almost exclusively along sandy, pebbly margins, the margins of any, of almost every water, from Delaware Bay to the tiny bubbling spring in some Minnesota pasture. Neither is the killdeer her bird. The upland claims it, plover though it be. A barren stony hillside, or even a last year's cornfield left fallow, is a better loved breast to the killdeer than the soft brooding breast of the marsh. There are no grass birds so noisy as these two. Both of them lay their eggs in pebble nests; and both depend largely for protection upon the harmony of their colors with the general tone of their surroundings.

I was still within sound of the bleating killdeers when a rather large, greenish gray bird flapped heavily but noiselessly from a muddy spot in the grass to the top of a stake and faced me. Here was a child of the marsh. Its bolt upright attitude spoke the watcher in the grass; then as it stretched its neck toward me, bringing its body parallel to the ground, how the shape of the skulker showed! This bird was not built to fly nor to perch, but to tread the low narrow paths of the marsh jungle, silent, swift, and elusive as a shadow.

It was the clapper rail, the "marsh-hen." One never finds such a combination of long legs, long toes, long neck and bill, with this long, but heavy hen-like body, outside the meadows and marshes. The grass ought to have been alive with the birds. It was breeding time; but I think the high tides must have delayed them or driven them elsewhere; for I did not find an egg, nor hear at nightfall their colony-cry, so common at dusk and dawn in the marshes just across on the coast about Townsend's Inlet. There at sunset in nesting time one of the rails will begin to call, — a loud, clapping roll; a neighbor takes it up, then another and another, the circle of cries widening and swelling until the whole marsh is a-clatter.

Heading my way with a slow labored stroke came one of the fishhawks. She was low down and some distance away, so that I got behind a post before she saw me. The marsh-hen spied her first, and dropped into the grass. On she came, her white breast and belly glistening, and in her talons a big glistening fish. It was a magnificent catch. "Bravo!" I should have shouted — rather I should n't; but here she was right over me, and the instinct of the boy, of the savage, had me before I knew, and leaping out, I whirled my cap and yelled to wake the marsh. The startled hawk jerked, keeled, lifted with a violent struggle, and let go her hold. Down fell the writhing, twisting fish at my feet. It was a splendid striped bass, weighing at least four pounds, and still live enough to flop.

I felt mean as I picked up the useless thing and looked far away to the great nest with its hungry young. I was no better than the bald eagle, the lazy robber-baron, who had stolen the dinner of these same young hawks the day before.

Their mother had been fishing up the river and had caught a tremendous eel. An eel can hold out to wiggle a very long time. He has no vitals. Even with talon-tipped claws he is slippery and more than a clawful; so the old hawk took a short cut home across the railroad track and the corner of the woods where stands the eagle tree.

She could barely clear the treetops, and, with the squirming of the eel about her legs, had apparently forgotten that the eagle lived along this road, or else in her struggle to get the prize home, she was risking the old dragon's being away. He was not away. I have no doubt that he had been watching her all the time from some high perch, and just as she reached the open of the railroad track, where the booty would not fall among the trees, he appeared. His first call, mocking, threatening, commanding, shot the poor hawk through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with terror. She screamed, she tried to rise and escape; but without a second's parley the great king drove down upon her. She dropped the fish, dived, and dodged the blow, and the robber, with a rushing swoop that was glorious in its sweep, in its speed and ease, caught the eel within a wing's reach of me and the track.

I did not know what to do with my spoil. Somewhat relieved, upon looking around, to find that even the marsh-hen had not been an eye-witness to my knightly deed, I started with the fish, and my conscience, toward the distant nest, determined to climb into it and leave the catch with the helpless, dinnerless things for whom it was intended.

I am still carrying that fish. How seldom we are able to restore the bare exaction, to say nothing of the fourfold! My tree was harder to climb than Zacchæus's. It was an ancient white oak, with the nest set directly upon its dead top. I had stood within this very nest twelve years before; but even with the help of my conscience I could not get into it now. Not that I had grown older or larger. Twelve years do not count unless they carry one past forty. It was the nest that had grown. Gazing up at it I readily believed the old farmer in the Zane's house who said it would take a pair of mules to haul it. He thought it larger than one that blew down in the marsh the previous winter, which made three cartloads.

One thinks of Stirling and of the castles frowning down upon the Rhine as he comes out of the wide, flat marsh beneath this great nest, crowning this loftiest eminence in all the region. But no château of the Alps, no beetling crag-lodged castle of the Rhine, can match the fishhawk's nest for sheer boldness and daring. Only the eagles' nests upon the fierce dizzy pinnacles in the Yosemite surpass the home of the fishhawk in unawed boldness. The eyrie of the Yosemite eagle is the most sublimely defiant of things built by bird, or beast, or man.

A fishhawk will make its nest upon the ground, or a hummock, a stump, a buoy, a chimney, — upon anything near the water, that offers an adequate platform; but its choice is the dead top of some lofty tree where the pathway for its wide wings is open and the vision range is free for miles around.

How dare the bird rear such a pile upon so slight and towering a support! How dare she defy the winds, which, loosened far out on the bay, come driving across the cowering, unresisting marsh! She is too bold sometimes. I have known more than one nest to fall in a wild May gale. Many a nest, built higher and wider year after year, while all the time its dead support has been rotting and weakening, gets heavy with the wet of winter, and some night, under the weight of an ice storm, comes crashing to the earth.

Yet twelve years had gone since I scaled the walls and stood within this nest; and with patience and hardihood enough I could have done it again this time, no doubt. I remember one nest along Maurice River, perched so high above the gums of Garrens Neck swamp as to be visible from my home across a mile of trees, that has stood a landmark for the oystermen this score of years.

The sensations of my climb into this fishhawk's nest of the marsh are vivid even now. Going up was comparatively easy. When I reached the forks holding the nest I found I was under a bulk of sticks and cornstalks which was about the size of an ordinary haycock, or an unusually large washtub. By pulling out, pushing aside, and breaking off the sticks, I worked a precarious way through the four feet or more of débris and scrambled over the edge. There were two eggs. Taking them in my hands, so as not to crush them, I rose carefully to my feet.

Upright in a hawk's nest! Sixty feet in the air, on the top of a gaunt old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white oak, clean and above the highest leaf, with the screaming hawks about my head, with marsh and river and bay lying far around! It was a moment of exultation; and the thrill of it has been transmitted through the years. My body has been drawn to higher places since; but my soul has never quite touched that altitude again, for I was a boy then.

Nor has it ever shot swifter, deeper into the abyss of mortal terror than followed with my turning to descend. I looked down into empty air. Feet foremost I backed over the rim, clutching the loose sticks and feeling for a foothold. They snapped with any pressure; slipped and fell if I pushed them, or stuck out into my clothing. Suddenly the sticks in my hands pulled out, my feet broke through under me, and for an instant I hung at the side of the nest in the air, impaled on a stub that caught my blouse as I slipped.

There is a special Providence busy with the boy.

This huge nest of the fishhawks was more than a nest, it was a castle in very truth, in the sheltering crevices of whose uneven walls a small community of purple grackles lived. Wedged in among the protruding sticks was nest above nest, plastering the great pile over, making it almost grassy with their loose flying ends. I remember that I counted more than twenty of these crow-blacks' nests the time I climbed the tree, and that I destroyed several in breaking my way up the face of the structure.

Do the blackbirds nest here for the protection afforded by the presence of the hawks? Do they come for the crumbs which fall from these great people's table? Or is it the excellent opportunity for social life offered by this convenient apartment house that attracts?

The purple grackles are a garrulous, gossipy set, as every one knows. They are able bodied, not particularly fond of fish, and inclined to seek the neighborhood of man, rather than to come out here away from him. They make very good American rooks. So I am led to think it is their love of "neighboring" that brings them about the hawks' nest. If this surmise is correct, then the presence of two families of English sparrows among them might account for there being only eight nests now, where a decade ago there were twenty.

I was amused — no longer amazed — at finding the sparrows here. The seed of these birds shall possess the earth. Is there even now a spot into which the bumptious, mannerless, ubiquitous little pleb has not pushed himself? If you look for him in the rainpipes of the Fifth Avenue mansions, he is there; if you search for him in the middle of the wide, silent salt marsh, he is there; if you take — but it is vain to take the wings of the morning, or of anything else, in the hope of flying to a spot where the stumpy little wings of the English sparrow have not already carried him.

There is something really admirable in the unqualified sense of ownership, the absolute want of diffidence, the abiding self-possession and coolness of these birds. One cannot measure it in the city streets where everybody jostles and stares. It can be appreciated only in the marsh: here in the silence, the secrecy, the withdrawing, where even the formidable-looking fiddler crabs shy and sidle into their holes as you pass, here, where the sparrows may perch upon the rim of a great hawk's nest, twist their necks, ogle you out of countenance, and demand what business brought you to the marsh.

I hunted round for a stone when one of them buttonholed me. He was n't insolent, but he was impertinent. The two hawks and the blackbirds flew off as I came up; but the sparrows stayed. They were the only ones in possession as I moved away; and they will be the only ones in possession when I return. If that is next summer, then I shall find a colony of twenty sparrow families

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around the hawks' nest. The purple grackles will be gone. And the fish-hawks? Only the question of another year or so when they, too, shall be dispossessed and gone. But where will they go to escape the sparrows?

## III.

From a mile away I turned to look back at the "cripple" where towered the tall white oak of the hawks. Both birds were wheeling about the castle-nest, their noble flight full of the freedom, their piercing cries voicing the wildness of the marsh. And how free, how wild, how untouched by human hands the wide plain seemed! Sea-like it lay about me, circled southward from east to west with the rim of the sky.

I moved on toward the bay. The sun had dropped to the edge of the marsh, its level-lined shafts splintering into golden fire against the curtained windows of the lighthouse. It would soon be sunset. For some time there had been a quiet gurgling and lisping down in the grass, but it had meant nothing, until, of a sudden, I heard the rush of a wave along the beach: the tide was coming in. And with it came a breeze, a moving, briny, bay-cooled breeze that stirred the grass with a whisper of night.

Once more I had worked round to the road. It ran on ahead of me, up a bushy dune, and forked, one branch leading off to the lighthouse, the other straight out to the beach, out against the white of the breaking waves.

The evening purple was deepening on the bay when I mounted the dune. Bands of pink and crimson clouded the west, a thin cold wash of blue veiled the east; and overhead, bayward, landward, everywhere, the misting and the shadowing of the twilight.

Between me and the white wave bars at the end of the road gleamed a patch of silvery water — the returning tide. As I watched, a silvery streamlet broke away and came running down the wheel track. Another streamlet, lagging a little, ran shining down the other track, stopped, rose, and creeping slowly to the middle of the road, spread into a second gleaming patch. They grew, met — and the road for a hundred feet was covered with the bay.

As the crimson paled into smoky pearl, the blue changed green and gold, and big at the edge of the marsh showed the rim of the moon.

Weird hour! Sunset, moonrise, flood-tide, and twilight together weaving the spell of the night over the wide waking marsh. Mysterious, sinister almost, seemed the swift stealthy creeping of the tide. It was surrounding and crawling in upon me. Already it stood ankle-deep in the road, and was reaching toward my knees, a warm thing, quick and moving. It slipped among the grasses and into the holes of the crabs with a smothered bubbling; it disturbed the seaside sparrows sleeping down in the sedge and kept them springing up to find new beds. How high would it rise? Behind me on the road it had crawled to the foot of the dune. Would it let me through to the mainland if I waited for the flood?

It would be high tide at nine o'clock. Finding a mound of sand on the shore that the water could hardly cover I sat down to watch the tide miracle; for here, surely, I should see the wonder worked, so wide was the open, so full, so frank the moon.

In the yellow light I could make out the line of sentinel trees across the marsh, and off on the bay, a ship looming dim in the distance coming on with wind and current. There were no sounds except the long regular wash of the waves, the stir of the breeze in the chafing sedges, and the creepy stepping of the water weaving everywhere through the hidden paths of the grass. Presently a night-hawk began to flit about me, then an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other and another, skimming just above the marsh as silent as the shadows. What was that? Something moved across the moon. In a moment, bat-like and huge, against the great yellow disk, appeared a marsh owl. He was coming to look at me. What was I that dared remain abroad in the marsh after the rising of the moon? that dared invade this eerie realm, this night-spread, tide-crept, half-sealand where he was king? How like a goblin he seemed! I thought of Grendel, and listened for the splash of the fen-monster's steps along the edge of the bay. But only the owl came. Down, down, down he bobbed, till I could almost feel the fanning of his wings. How silent! His long legs hung limp, his body dangled between those soft wide wings within reach of my face. Yet I heard no sound. Mysterious creature! I was glad when he ceased his ghostly dance about me and made off.

It was nine o'clock. The waves had ceased to wash against the sand, for the beach was gone; the breeze had died away; the stir of the water in the grass was still. Only a ripple broke now and then against my little island. The bay and the marsh were one.

"How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night."

*Dallas Lore Sharp.*

---

## MISS PETRIE'S AVOCATION.

NECESSITY, not choice, was primarily the cause of the adoption by Miss Petrie of the profession of teaching. Carpentry, which her father followed under the more euphonious name of contracting, was not largely remunerative in the town of Enterprise, and when Miss Petrie, robed in white swiss muslin, had declaimed with many gestures her graduating "oration" on "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow," and faced the cold world, she found herself faced in turn by the alternative of "doing something" outside, or washing dishes and darning stockings for the well-filled house of Petrie.

Either fired by ambition or stimulated by a distaste for dishwashing, Miss Petrie took her first step up the ladder of fame by choosing pedagogy as her profession. In other words, she applied to the township trustee for a country school, and asked her father for five dollars with which to pay her tuition in the summer "Normal" held in Enterprise each vacation by the county superintendent and the superintendent of the Enterprise schools for the purpose of increasing their insufficient incomes.

As the county teachers had long since learned that patrons of the Normal had no difficulty in securing licenses to teach, the attendance was large, and Miss Petrie found herself shoulder to shoulder with the pedagogical talent, male and female, of every township in the county.

The road through the new country opened to Miss Petrie by this gate of instruction, while not a royal one, was at least level and easy to travel. By a study of the monthly examination questions prepared by the State Board of Education (these published each month, with answers, in the State School Educator, which thus assured itself of a bona fide circulation of as many paid subscribers as there were teachers in the state), one soon became familiar with the Board's manner of questioning and was prepared therefor. In arithmetic, for instance, the applicant was so unfailingly required to calculate the capacity of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

square cistern, that had one of the school patrons asked his teacher to tell him the capacity of his own (round) cistern, the said pedagogue would have been subjected to much embarrassment and confusion. In grammar, the only strain on the intellect was the committing to memory of the entire volume prescribed by the law for state use; and in geography, he or she who could trace the wanderings of a bushel of wheat from Duluth to Archangel, name the capital of Alaska, and bound Indiana, was assured of a grade of one hundred per cent. History was likewise simple. The dates of the four colonial wars alternated from month to month with the great battles of the Civil War; while a description of the battle of New Orleans was sure to follow a question on the Alien and Sedition Laws, and these to be followed by a list of the Presidents of the United States, in order. In reading, the most stupid teacher could make up six questions on such lines as

> "I take my little porringer
> And eat my supper there."

For example, "What is a porringer? What is a little porringer? Who is speaking? What did she have in her little porringer? What time in the day is it? Where is 'there'?" And a perusal of a thin volume on The Principles and Practice of Teaching assured moderately correct answers on the Science of Teaching.

The instruction in the Normal along the lines suggested by the Board of Education, and the manner and vocabulary attained by six weeks' constant association with the county teachers, so fully equipped Miss Petrie that she passed successfully the examination held on the Saturday following the close of the Normal, and received the six months' license granted to beginners.

The township school in which Miss Petrie began her labors (the township trustee was a friend of old John Petrie and had not hesitated when asked to give the girl a school, as he and John were juggling a bridge contract in which he expected a rake-off) was the average country school in which the teacher taught twelve or more classes a day in everything from A B C's to United States history, and in which she had to look sharp, or the older boys who had "figured clear through" Ray's Higher Arithmetic for several seasons would catch her in some mistake. Miss Petrie was reasonably conscientious, and being moderately bright, her work was sufficiently successful to assure her of a school in town the next year. The town merchant had been elected a member of the School Board, and he reasoned that if the girl had a school in town she would not only be able to pay the bill old John owed him, but would see the necessity of so doing if she expected to keep her place.

As a "city" teacher, Miss Petrie began better to realize the importance of her calling. She still attended the Normal because licenses were indispensable, and she sat in the Institutes while various county and state educational lights made diagrams of "John is good" and subdivided the mind into Intellect, Sensibilities, and the Will. And having acquired a remarkable facility in computing the capacity of square cisterns, and in tracing the wanderings of a bushel of wheat over the universe, and her labors in the schoolroom (she had the primary grade under the then prevailing theory that that was the place to "break in" new teachers) being limited to teaching her pupils to print, to count to ten, to read at concert pitch from a large chart, and to sing "by ear" various simple and innocuous melodies, her evenings and Sundays were free for other amusements.

These were naturally very mild, public opinion in Enterprise not countenancing any great gayety on the part of its educators. She could not, therefore, play cards, but she might go boat riding and picnicking; and attend Sunday-school,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where she taught a class; and prayer meeting, and have beaux, of whose calls the neighbors kept account with a view toward complaining to the trustees, if they seemed too frequent.

Among these callers was the new county superintendent, an unmarried man of middle age, attracted apparently by Miss Petrie's devotion to her school work.

Miss Petrie, however, gave him little encouragement, although she accepted his attentions at the Reading Circle, recently organized, and had received from him, as presents, several volumes which the teachers of the state had been ordered by the Board of Education to "review."

This book reviewing was regarded by the State Board of Education as a step forward, a progression toward higher ideals in the noble profession of teaching, by taking which the candidate would be better fitted for leading the youth of the state into the broad fields of literature. The applicant for license was given the choice of David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, or Vanity Fair, and because reviewing was heretofore unheard of in Enterprise and vicinity, the county superintendent was soon overwhelmed with bulky manuscripts in pale ink, in which the writer endeavored to condense the whole story into several thousand words, and failed ignominiously, or had copied several chapters word for word and added the last chapter, evidently trusting that the superintendent would look only at the first page and the last. The Institute instructors who had droned away heretofore for the week on "John is good" now found a new field in talking on book reviews, and in outlining the newly prescribed Reading Circle work.

This Reading Circle work, so Miss Petrie soon learned, was not compulsory, but the teacher who took the four years' course, passing each year the examinations, received a diploma which exempted her forever from answering the questions on the Science of Teaching, when passing the examination for license. As the questions on the Science of Teaching were taken each month from some book in the Reading Circle course, those teachers who saw no escape through the loophole of matrimony perceived the wisdom of having the agony over in four years, and hastened to buy the books at prices prescribed by the Reading Circle Board, places on which were eagerly sought by "leading" state educators.

Miss Petrie, who by this time was beginning to feel some pride in the profession which seemed destined to be her life work, was giving up moonlight boat rides, picnics, and other small frivolities, and bore the distinction of being the first teacher in the county to adopt the new word method of teaching reading, plunged into the Reading Circle work with great zeal. She attended the meetings of the city circle, whose membership decreased in the course of the first year from twelve to three, in spite of the fact that the county superintendent, still unmarried, was chairman ex officio, and read in the four years Watts's On the Mind, Hailman's Lectures on Education, Sully's Handbook of Psychology, and Boone's Education in the United States, varied by such lighter works as Green's England, and The Lights of Two Centuries.

By the practice of rigid economy she was enabled to spend a few weeks at Bay View one summer, and to attend a session of a summer school at a college in the state, and this, her Reading Circle diploma, and her high standing at home, enabled her to secure a position in the schools of a neighboring city. She was further assisted to this end by her manner, which was a happy combination of the severe style of address in vogue at the time of her entrance into the work with the melting sweetness of the present day, and the correctness of her speech. Never in the most exciting discussion did Miss Petrie drop into the colloquial "have n't," "did n't," or "could n't;"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her "has nots" and her "could nots" were never elided, and her articulation and accent of the final syllable of "children" would have aroused envy even in the breast of the president of the National Association of Teachers had he chanced to hear her speak.

And now Miss Petrie, who had started out rather aimlessly, with no higher aim than to avoid dishwashing, and in whose breast were finally kindled some sparks of true ambition to succeed in her calling, was caught by the strong current of modern education and swept forward resistlessly.

At eight o'clock in the morning she must be in the schoolroom to write on the board the lessons for the day, because the superintendent's fad was to avoid the use of text-books whenever possible. After school there was more of the same work, varied by correcting papers, because the superintendent demanded that all the children's work be written. She must also find time to take country rides in search of flowers and shrubs in their season, and of rabbits, owls, and other beasts, birds, and insects, of which the children were to write their impressions.

On Saturday mornings the superintendent thoughtfully provided recreation for his teachers in the form of lectures by celebrated apostles of Child Study and Nature Study, which Miss Petrie, with the others, was required to attend. She also found it necessary to take several courses of private study in drawing, painting, music, science, and calisthenics, as the supervisors of these subjects came infrequently, and the instruction rested principally in her hands. In her spare time, there were entertainments to be prepared for, that teacher whose pupils could present portions of a Wagner opera or a Shakesperean play being considered of much higher professional rank than her fellows who confined their efforts to stereopticon lectures and recitations from the American poets.

In the summer, those teachers who could keep out of a sanitarium were expected to refresh their minds and elevate the standard of their professional work by attending the summer school of some university.

After five years of this work, Miss Petrie suddenly reappeared in Enterprise, where she spent the first entire summer with her family since the second year of her professional career. When autumn came and the bell in the old schoolhouse across the street announced the opening of the school year, she still remained at home. To the county superintendent, still unmarried, who called shortly after her return, Miss Petrie explained herself.

"I took a pride in my profession," said she, "and while many younger girls broke down, I was able to keep on, on the principle, I suppose, of the man who began to carry the calf in its infancy. I entered upon my career in the days when the work was simple, and assumed the new burdens one by one, so I was better able to bear them. If I had undertaken to lift them all at once I might have failed like some of the others. As it was, I never had to go to a sanitarium, even once!

"No, it was not that which brought me back here. I taught my primary grades carefully. I began, as you know, with the old A B C method in the country school. I taught printing first. I taught the word method and the sentence method. I taught writing, Oh, John! I taught Spencerian writing, and I taught vertical writing, and I taught reformed vertical writing, and I hear that this year they are going back to Spencerian. I taught those babies to sew, to paint in water colors, and to write compositions on the Greek gods. I had them make original nature investigations, and I never was sorry for them, not once. But when, last spring, our superintendent told us that he wanted to introduce the new object method, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave us preliminary instruction, and I learned that after I had written 'jump' on the blackboard, and printed it, and spelled it, I was to stand up on the platform and jump, as an illustration, I felt that the last straw had been placed on the camel's back. Maybe I had been breaking, gradually. Anyway, I have saved a little money, and I decided to come back to Enterprise to rest. It may be by the time I am rested they will have returned to the old methods, as they have in writing, and I can begin over again."

She said this resolutely, but the county superintendent was nevertheless emboldened to put the question that had for years been trembling on his lips, and Miss Petrie accepted him with a smile of satisfaction.

"I have loved you all this time," he said, "and I am sure I can make you happy. I, too, have my troubles. The examinations are becoming so severe that it is very difficult to answer the questions. You have got to use your reason these days, and work out psychological problems even in arithmetic and grammar, while the geography and history examinations are all taken out of the newspapers. 'When was Tolstoi banished?' 'Write a brief biography of Aguinaldo;' 'How old is Queen Wilhelmina?' 'Give the population of Luzon.' I certainly need a helpmate, and with your advantages you can be of great assistance to me in grading the papers."

Miss Petrie smiled a wintry smile. Even in Cupid's toils she was not altogether to escape from the new education.

*Kate Milner Rabb.*

---

## LOSS.

WHO that hath lost some dear-belovèd friend
But knoweth how — when the wild grief is spent
That tore his soul with agony, and did lend
E'en to the splendor-beaming firmament
The blighting darkness of his shadowed heart —
There surely follows peace and quiet sorrow
That lead his spirit, by divinest art,
Past the drear present to that glorious morrow
Where parting is not, neither grief nor fear!
But how shall he find comfort, who sees die,
Not the one presence that he held most dear;
But from his heart a hope as Heaven high,
And from his life a wish as Truth sublime,
And from his soul a love that mocked at Time?

*Hildegarde Hawthorne.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## RACE PREJUDICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

We Americans like to call ourselves the most democratic people on earth, but the boast requires extensive qualification before it can be made applicable to our social habits. Every one recognizes the all-exclusiveness with us of the term "white man." Nor should "white" be emphasized rather than "man;" the phrase might properly be written as a hyphenated noun. Whether fetich or philosophy, it predicates to us the highest common multiple of intelligence and virtue. We make it our synonym for "civilization."

Nor is this merely an indication of our share in that theory of racial superiority which talks responsibility and thinks in terms of commercial supremacy. Americans are not proof against the flattering unction of a doctrine which sings Christianity while it means inequality. But until recently we have been comparatively untouched by this contagion, have, in fact, rather been inclined to adopt a cynical attitude with reference to it. Our social prejudices have been provincial. Excuses are readily to be found for a people so sorely tried as we have been by the negro problem. Mere intolerance of color, however, is much less noticeable than unreasoning and unrestrained impatience with any and all who do not at once acknowledge the superiority of our institutions and customs, and hasten to adopt them. We are proud of our reputation as an asylum of the oppressed, and yet it may be doubted if we should have been so tolerant of immigration from Europe had the immigrants been less ready of assimilation. Here, to be sure, prejudice may create a natural and proper national safeguard; yet, in spite of the fact that as a people we are only a blend, the native American, be his nativity but two generations strong, has for his neighbor of another country a sort of pity that escapes being ignorant prejudice only by its real kindliness.

Our provincial assumption of superiority has been ridiculed by Mr. Kipling, but it is different in degree only, and not in kind, from that which, as the white man's poet, he exploits. There is no difference in quality between the pharisaism of a rustic and the pharisaism of a world power.

Many people find in our occupation of the Philippine Islands the threat of a radical change in American character and ideals. Even if we look only on the evil side of things, it is hard to see how American character and social ideas can thus be radically altered. That it is a step of transcendent importance, involving new and various political difficulties, is true. But it draws us into a field in which ultimately our prejudices may broaden out, and in which our provincialisms must disappear.

Meanwhile, however, it must be admitted, the prospect of such beneficent results seems spoiled by two untoward phases of our new venture: we have carried into the Philippines a petty race prejudice, the offspring of past provincialism and the inheritance of slavery with its residue of unsettled problems; and we are betraying a tendency to swagger under the "white man's burden," sometimes in the garb of commercialism, sometimes in the raiment of science.

As might be expected, the petty prejudices are first to exhibit themselves, and are also, just at present, the more serious obstacles to a general good understanding in the Philippines. Relying upon the common sense of the reader not to draw any hysterical conclusions of general "oppression" in the Philippines, it may be worth while to cite instances and facts to show how race prejudice has been doing us harm in the islands. Only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instances for which I can personally vouch will be employed.

That the color line would be drawn by some Americans who had to do with affairs in the islands could readily have been predicted. The extent to which it has been held in veneration is, however, far from complimentary either to the intelligence and general information or to the breadth and charity of Americans. This tendency to shy at a darker skin, no matter who or what the wearer, is doubtless a minor reason for English cynicism at our talk of Philippine self-government. But we need not go to India, nor learn that there are dark-skinned branches of the Caucasian family, to appreciate how small is the significance of color alone in connection with mankind. Without in the least justifying the prejudice against the negroes in the United States, what possible excuse does that afford for proceeding on the "nigger" theory among a people largely Malayan? The typical Filipino is every whit as distinct from the Negro as he is from the European. Yet it is the usual thing among Americans who have been in the Philippines, and imbibed a contempt or dislike for the people, to betray in their conversation the fact that their theories of the situation are based upon popular notions at home as to negro shortcomings and incapacity. They prejudge the people before they have even seen them, and they come away without ever having made a single honest effort to find out what they really are like.

Before the arrival of the second Philippine Commission at Manila and the inauguration by Judge Taft and its other members of social gatherings in which the natives were in the majority, practically nothing had been done in the way of providing an informal meeting ground for representative Filipinos and Americans. The first Philippine Commission had given a ball in 1899, which was a landmark for Filipino matrons and belles in their discussions and misapprehensions as to what Americans were like socially. With two or three very notable exceptions, officers whose wives had joined them did not think of meeting any residents but some of the wealthy Spanish "left-overs" on anything like terms of social equality. Eight months after Judge Taft and his colleagues had begun a new policy in this respect, General MacArthur gave a distinctly successful reception in the governor's palace in Malacañan. Of course, it is not intended to imply that it was incumbent upon army officers to incur the expense and trouble incident to such affairs, nor that those charged with the burden of military administration in the islands could or should have spared time in the midst of active fighting to inaugurate a social campaign in Manila. What it is desired to point out is that some cultivation of the social amenities, some willingness to meet the natives halfway, was quite worth the while. When it is considered that there are in Manila many wealthy and well-educated mestizos, some of whom have polished their minds and manners in Madrid and Paris, who hold themselves quite as good as any man, and who, in fact, were imbued with some of the Latin-European contempt for Americans as uncultured money-makers, the folly of such aloofness is doubly evident. That most of this class had formerly sought to identify themselves socially with the Spaniards, and had been virtually of the Spanish contingent, did not alter the fact that nearly all had their following among the people; nor did our knowledge of their contributions to the insurgent cause, whether made voluntarily or through prudence, render it either politic or patriotic to assume an air of superiority.

Force of circumstances has from the first, through the necessarily closer contact and the lack of other society, brought about more social mingling in the provincial towns. In general, however, the attitude of the army women in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

islands is typified by that one in Manila who, in discussing affairs in her first call on the wife of a member of the Commission, exclaimed in horror: "Why, surely you don't propose to visit these people and invite them to your own home just the same as you would white people!" Time has perhaps brought a little more catholicity, at any rate the custom of entertaining natives has come to be received without a shock; but few army women in Manila have Filipinas on their calling list, and in the provinces they often take it on themselves to caution American women sent out as teachers against mingling with the people of their towns. This attitude is also that of the great majority of officers in the army, though the men, like men everywhere, are less formal about a social rule and less rigid in their likes and dislikes of persons.

An instance of this attitude was the attempt to exclude from the Woman's Hospital at Manila (founded by a donation of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid) all Filipinos as patients, as well as to keep off the list of patronesses the names of Filipino women. At about the same time the board of ladies to whose energy the American Library of Manila was due asked to have it made a public library, to be helped out by funds from the Philippine treasury, and made very strenuous protests against having it also thrown open to Filipinos for a share in its management and use. They contended that it had been established as a monument to American soldiers who lost their lives in the Philippines, and that it was unfitting that Filipinos should have anything to do with it, though Philippine taxes might support it.

At a ball given to various American authorities by the native residents of a provincial capital, an American officer stopped the band after it began a dance at the direction of the Filipino who was master of ceremonies, and ordered it to start a two-step. When interrogated, he announced that the military were in command of that town, thus insulting the Filipino who had charge of affairs, and incidentally also a number of American ladies whose partners had brought them on the floor for the Philippine quadrille. The American officer was a graduate of one of our leading universities, and formerly occupied a responsible position in one of the largest American cities. The Filipino, as perhaps the officer knew, had finished his education in Madrid and Paris, had resided for some years in the latter city, had published a number of scientific treatises, and was a member of various learned societies of Europe.

This and the other instances do not, of course, reveal a prejudice grounded entirely on color, yet this is the chief factor. It may be worth while remarking that, judging by one man's personal observation, this attitude of contempt is less noticeable among officers from the South than among those from the North. Doubtless this is due to their having had closer contact with people of another color, and to a greater tolerance through the staling of custom, although the conviction of the other's inferiority may yet be deeper bred.

On the other hand, an experience to be remembered was hearing some Southern as well as Northern officers rate the Filipino higher than the American negro, greatly to the indignation of a colored chaplain of the army who overheard them. And these officers were rather more tolerant of the presence among the first-class passengers of an army transport of a Filipino mestizo from the Visayan islands than of the same chaplain, who was finally given a seat by himself because some very important young lieutenants would not sit next him.

Something more than mere color prejudice must be invoked to explain the actions of a major who put sentries out under unprecedentedly strict orders in the capital of a province where civil government had lately been established, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then backed them against the civil authorities in overriding the rights of natives and in shooting down a peaceable citizen in the streets. Again, an ex-insurgent general, whom many of our officers denounced as having been responsible for assassinations by the men under him, was set at liberty by General Chaffee, but a young lieutenant who happened at the time to be in command of the military prison where he was confined ignored the order of release till compelled by appeal to recognize it. Meanwhile he set the ex-insurgent officer, a man of standing and education, to cleaning out stables. One has to appeal to a strain of meanness and to a brutal pleasure in the exercise of the power over one's fellows that circumstances have temporarily conferred, to explain these and similar instances. The details of the China campaign, not really well known, show how such instances might be multiplied, and our national pride suffers when we find that, after all, they were not all confined to Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen.

The writer was one of a group of American civilians halted in the street of a Philippine town by an ugly sentinel and ordered, in gruff terms at the bayonet's point, to salute a minute American flag on the top of a fifty-foot pole. Not one, of course, had seen it. The pole had purposely been set some hundreds of feet from the barracks, almost in the street itself, and the order was enforced against every one who passed. A protest to the officer in command, a gray-haired captain, brought the reply that he was "teaching the niggers a lesson." This province was a leader in the revolt against Spain, first because of the friars, and second because of the abuses suffered at the hands of the Spanish civil guard. One need not add that the hatred felt toward our troops is intense. One of our young officers there had acquired the genial habit of imbibing to the point of mischief, then ordering out a corporal's guard and raiding Filipino houses at all hours of the night. He finally raided the house where the Filipino judge of that circuit was staying, which put an end to this particular form of amusement for him. When this same judge, a Filipino educated in Paris, of unusually solid character and attainments, opened court in this town, the provincial capital, he was obliged to begin by requesting that an American officer — not a youngster either — remove his hat from his head and his feet from the table. The province is under civil government, and the officer took this means of expressing his contempt of the civil government idea in general and of this Filipino's court in particular. No fighting has occurred in the province for some months, yet so sure were high military authorities of trouble brewing that they saw rifles in their sleep, and the Chinese rival in business of an ex-insurgent officer was able to get him into jail by dropping in the street a letter purporting to contain the latter's plans for an uprising. This method of denunciation of one's enemies became very common after Spain began her deportations on suspicion.

The ex-insurgent-appointed governor of a neighboring province did not see fit to salute the officers of the garrison in a town under his jurisdiction, and the latter started a newspaper campaign against him in Manila, charging him with all sorts of treachery and plotting. Similarly, the garrisoning force at Cebú was put in such a state of mind by the restoration of civil control there that even the privates felt called upon to stop the officers of the native police in the streets and make them salute. Abuses of a rather more serious nature led a Spanish newspaper in Manila to recall to the Americans that the people of Cebú never really turned against Spain until the latter power had let some Moro troops loose in their streets to run things to their liking.

These instances do not afford ground

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a general indictment of the army in the Philippines. Like other organizations, the army has its share of all sorts of men; and, were it in point here, the testimony of various Filipinos themselves to utterly unexpected generosity at the hands of officers and privates, and examples of unselfish efforts to get into touch with the people and to better their condition, could readily be adduced. Recent revelations have focused attention on the conduct of the army in the Philippines, and some have tried to make out that downright brutality was the rule of campaign there. Cases of actual inhumanity have been, I am convinced, the exceptional ones. It must be admitted, however, by any one who really knows things as they now are in the islands, that at least three fourths of the army, rank and file, entertain a more or less violent dislike for the Filipinos and a contempt for their capacity, moral and intellectual. This feeling in the army has grown during the past two years. Perhaps it may be dated back to the early days of 1900, when guerrilla warfare had begun, and our troops had to contend with ambushes and a foe who was an excellent masquerader, and who practiced the art of assassination on his own fellow countrymen in forms of the most refined cruelty. The American soldier has something of the mediæval warrior's love of an out and out, decisive test of strength, and wants his opponent to come out into the open and slay or be slain. He is disposed to underrate the bravery and the capacity of a foe whose very circumstances drove him to employ methods which nature and his talents gave him, while secret assassination can find excuse with none of us.

Then, too, the loss of power through the merging of military into civil government has increased the hostility of narrow-minded army officers to the native. The atmosphere of army life is undemocratic. It was sometimes amazing to find how large some ordinary American citizens could become in their own eyes, when, thousands of miles from home, they gained absolute control over five to twenty thousand or more people, with no white man at hand who could venture to question their dictates. Such men — and some were in high place and some in low — let go of a newly tasted power with ill grace, and promptly became convinced that civil government was a mistake. One present in the Philippines during this transfer of governing power could see a bitterness against the natives crop out that had not been expressed, and often not felt before.

This contempt and ill feeling grew apace, as one following the American press of Manila could note, until many would not concede to the native the possession of a single good quality. Officers stationed in pacified provinces might often have been judged by their actions as being really desirous of provoking another outbreak, while in the main their conduct was due to mere thoughtless prejudice, spurred into activity by the constant iteration in the mouths of all around them of charges against the native inhabitants. An illustrative case is that of a young lieutenant, whom I once overheard telling an American lady how he and a fellow officer used to go up and down the streets of a Cavite town shooting water buckets out of the hands of startled natives and otherwise keeping up revolver practice. It was done to "keep the gugus in a proper frame of mind," he commented. This was in a province for some time pacified, and in a garrison where time doubtless hung rather heavy. Yet subsequent conversation with this officer revealed that he had no deep-seated prejudice, despite an ugly bolo wound he carried, but was thoughtlessly classing all Filipinos together as bad, incapable, and in general not much entitled to consideration.

This is not the attitude solely of the army, though it is the attitude of a majority in the army. American civilians, both those in the employ of the civil govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment and the smaller element not so employed, often feel the same. Naturally, as the success of the civil government must rest upon conciliation, while in the last resort military success always depends upon force, the employees of the civil government are obliged to consult native feelings and native interests, no matter what may be their personal prejudices. But among the subordinates one finds petty prejudice cropping out in many different ways, such as striding majestically along the middle of a crowded sidewalk and shoving natives right and left, while violent and ill-considered opinions are often expressed.

Allusion has been made to the attitude of the American press in Manila. Two of the three American dailies there are characterized by intemperance and indecency of expression and a general cheapness. They are the mouthpieces of an element which loudly proclaims that it represents American commercial interests in the Orient. It is hardly necessary to say that, while there are a few very praiseworthy pioneers of our industry in the Philippines, really substantial business interests have very generally held aloof, because of active insurrection, and because Senator Hoar's amendments to the "Spooner Bill" postponed investments of capital until Congress had taken further action. But adventurers, army camp-followers, schemers, and shyster lawyers have of course not been held back by any such considerations. With no desire to belittle the few who are honestly seeking a foothold there, and who do us credit, it is nevertheless true — could not, in fact, be otherwise under the circumstances — that the great bulk of Philippine business remains in the hands of the Spanish, British, and other European firms. Some American firms there, which rejoice in high-sounding names as commercial companies, have headquarters greatly resembling "sample rooms," and their stock, other than liquid goods, is largely carried in catalogues. Beer-agents often "roll high" in Manila, and assume a dignity and importance as "captains of industry" that would merely be amusing were it not that newspapers backed by them and others of like faith pose before the natives as representative of Americans and American sentiment. They furnish the Spanish journalists of Manila, who, almost without exception, are eager to do us mischief, with many a text for insinuating columns about "exploitation," the fear of which is very present with the Filipino.

Loud talk of patriotism and the flag characterizes this element, and the motto "America for Americans" also signifies to them "the Philippines for Americans." Quite naturally, a policy which consults principally the interests of the Filipinos is not to their liking. This is the real reason for the attacks on Señors Tavera and Legarda, two of the three Filipinos who were added to the Philippine Commission in September last, these calumniations being based on the charges of a Spanish journalist since convicted of libel. Commissioner Luzuriaga has so far escaped the mud-slinging, as he was drafted into service from Negros, and had not been entangled in affairs at the capital.

Attacks on the natives constantly grew in bitterness last fall. The massacre in Sámar afforded excuse for all sorts of rumors and even circumstantial accusations of revolts in Manila itself, in its environs, and in some of the pacified provinces. Sometimes these were merely the product of reportorial invention and lack of copy; in other cases, they could be traced to an attack of hysteria on the part of some army or constabulary subordinate. A fearful "Katipunan rising" in Tarlac, which occupied Manila papers for several days, and which reached the United States as dignified cable news, resolved itself upon investigation into a lovers' quarrel. A Filipino maiden whose favors had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transferred to an American sergeant was called to account by her former lover, a native, and she denounced him to the sergeant as connected with a big revolt. Arrests were prompt, and the story grew in size and details every mile of the way to Manila.

The meetings of the Federal party in Manila for the purpose of drawing up a petition to Congress were at times amusingly turbulent, but they were grossly misreported with a view to comment on the ridiculousness of conferring any degree of self-government upon the Filipinos. A press but lately freed from the censorship of an army officer began to cry for the restoration of military government and a "thorough" policy, by which, apparently, they meant a policy of extermination. Typical of these almost daily outbreaks are these quotations from a Manila Freedom editorial of last October: —

"Every Filipino is an insurgent at heart, and every Filipino hates the Americans if the truth was known. They take our money, and they smile to our faces, but in their hearts they have no use for us or our government. Incapable of gratitude, they view our generosity in the light of a weakness, and at the first favorable moment betray the trust reposed in them. We deny that there are Filipinos who favor us, or who appreciate what we have done or wish to do for them."

The Spanish editors always see to it that the reading Filipinos do not miss such things for want of a translation. They have inspired frequent indignant protests from the Filipino press and the demand that loyalty be met with loyalty. These instances may help to shed light on the passage of the libel and sedition laws in Manila. It must be remembered that there is no such organized public opinion to deal with newspaper extravagances in the Philippines as with us at home, while these American papers are taken much more seriously by the Filipinos than by Americans. As bearing on the reason for enacting a sedition law, it is to be noted that the Philippine government has invoked this law so far only against American editors in Manila. In the month of March last, vituperation of the natives on the part of two American publications exceeded even anything said last fall.

Race prejudice, like any other prejudice, cannot, simply as such, be logically explained. Even its defenders admit this when they appeal to "an innate sense of superiority," or preach of "the limits assigned by God to the different tribes of men." Gentlemen who would scorn to admit being bound to the ancient and outgrown Jewish system of political philosophy are often very glib with such phrases. But when race prejudice descends from its pedestal of supernaturalism and seeks to justify itself by human argument, it subjects itself to ordinary rules of logic.

Attacks on the character of the native are usually made the basis of the white man's plea in the Philippines. For this purpose the natives are all treated as identical in kind and character, grouped into one, as it were. Upon such a hypothesis one can argue that, because one native known to him was deficient morally and seemed incapable mentally, therefore the Filipinos are a dishonest and inefficient race. But thus baldly stated, the proposition seems too ridiculous to emanate from any educated person; yet it is remarkable how commonly it is set forth by persons who consider themselves very well educated. We all know how indignant we become when a European writer of short experience among us proceeds to cut one suit of clothes to fit us all; yet the Filipinos are hardly a more homogeneous people than we, and there are just as strongly marked individual types in the East as in the West.

I do not seek to gloss over Filipino defects. No one who knows them as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they really are to-day will undertake the task of deification. It is a great pity that there is no real translation into English of Rizal's novels, Noli Me Tangere and El Filibusterismo. The idea is prevalent that Rizal was a political revolutionist. On the other hand, the primary object of his books was to exhibit to his own countrymen their shortcomings. No such exposition of the character and conditions of the Filipinos, truthful yet sympathetic, can be obtained elsewhere.

Though awake to their failings, yet Rizal, from the heights of his German university training and his contact with European civilization, did not look down on his people as "savages with a thin veneer of civilization," as one of our Congressmen very considerately pronounced them to be to their faces. A product of wider opportunities himself, Rizal believed in wider opportunities for all his countrymen. The "savages" contention has had of late some very ardent advocates among the Spanish friars, though the early missionaries of the very orders that now turn and rend the Filipino people have left much detailed testimony to show that their charges were by no means savages when the Spaniards first came that way. To get at the truth as to the state of civilization of the Filipinos at the time of the Spanish conquest one must carefully weigh the evidences of an accumulation of mainly useless and unreliable documents, and the history of the Philippines has yet to be written in the modern spirit; but it is sufficient for this discussion to say that there is no place for the notion that the Filipinos are savages held in check by religious awe and superstition. Here, as throughout the discussion, no reference is had to the Moros, the Indonesian hill tribes of Mindanao, or the mountain wild people of Luzón and a few other islands. The Negritos remaining are a negligible quantity.

There are cruelty and indifference to suffering, often to a shocking degree. These are due to an ever present fatalism, which the little real religious teaching the people have received has built upon rather than sought to eliminate, and to the absolute lack of an appeal to, or of an attempt to educate, higher feelings. If it is to be assumed at the outset that these people are forever incapable of such higher feelings, then it ought also to have been assumed that they were incapable of Christianity. Water torture, which has in some cases been resorted to on our side, is one of the forms of torture to which these people are accustomed. The list of victims buried alive by order of guerrilla chiefs, the maiming, mutilations, and secret assassinations certainly make up an appalling and shocking chapter. War stirs up the darkest passions among the most advanced peoples, however, and it was in a degree to be expected that a people untrained in modern international usages, and never in the past treated as though they belonged to the brotherhood of man, or were responsible to humanity for humaneness, would not exhibit an entirely refined code of slaying. The "ethics of warfare," — after all, is that not a rather paradoxical phrase?

That instances of real brutality on the part of our troops have been the exception has been stated to be the opinion of the writer. On the confession of the officer who conducted it, the campaign in the island of Sámar from October to March last must be excepted from this general statement. He has met the charge of violating the rules of civilized warfare with the counter-charge that the people of Sámar are savages, and that it was necessary to suspend many of these rules in order to restore peace and quiet to that part of the archipelago. By inference, it then became a war of extermination till one side or the other should cry quits. It is hard to deal with this matter as yet in a strictly impartial spirit, and full knowledge is one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first requisites. One thing can at least be asserted, namely, that the classification of all the people of Sámar in one lump as savages will bear close scrutiny. How differentiate the bulk of them, living in Christianized towns on the coasts or up some of the more important rivers, from their close neighbors and kinsmen in the island of Leyte? The rough and mountainous character of much of the interior of Sámar, with its primitive wild people and a proportion of "Remontados" (as the friars denominated those who refused Christianity, who became fugitives from the law, or who, for other reasons, "remounted" the hills), must, of course, be taken into account. But the people of the towns were, at least in the main, those who were engaged against us. The statement that the Spanish friars and officials never got any foothold in Sámar is utterly without foundation, while yet their failure to penetrate the interior has been noted.

This much may be said with certitude of the Sámar campaign of General Jacob Smith: The expeditions which went down there from Manila, on the heels of the Balangiga massacre, went in a spirit of revenge. No one who appreciated how that massacre caused those in all the islands who wished us ill to exult and to lift their heads again will underestimate the importance of having just retribution dealt promptly *to the offenders;* but to make no distinction between friend and foe, and to voice the cry of blood for blood's sake, — "an eye for an eye," not discriminating whose, — was to lower ourselves to the plane of those wretches who treacherously slew our men at Balangiga. The writer has not the first-hand knowledge to enable him to assert that indiscriminate slaughtering took place in Sámar; but he was assured by the representative of one of our leading newspapers, who was there during October and November, that there was "no regard for friend or foe," and he remembers the unofficial statements in Manila papers of those months that the orders were out to "take no prisoners" and to "spare only women and children," while the recrudescence at that time of native hatred in Manila and throughout the islands has been noted above. The people of Leyte, neighboring island to Sámar, and the officers of Leyte's civil provincial government, both Americans and Filipinos, were sorely tried at the time by the arbitrary actions of General Smith and the men under him. All natives came in for condemnation just then, and officers of the American army behaved in peaceful Leyte in most lawless disregard of law established by authority of the President, their commander in chief.

For General Smith, it can at least be said that he was logical. The Sámar campaign represents the military view of the natives and the military theory as to rule over them carried to their legitimate extreme. Yet, again it must be said that this campaign is to be treated by itself, and the belief reiterated that, on the whole, inhumane conduct has been the exception. No one who knows the two men, or the circumstances of the campaigns, will think of putting General James F. Bell's reconcentration and similar measures in Batangas and Laguna side by side with the conduct of affairs in Sámar.

This digression as to matters of recent controversy will have been worth while if it shall serve to induce to a saner consideration of army conduct in the islands, and if it shall also emphasize the fact that the generally contemptuous attitude of army men and other Americans toward the natives — that feeling which gives itself vent in the term "niggers" — is what does us greatest harm. The Filipinos have grown, by hard experience, somewhat callous to measures that seem to us extreme, if not actually brutal. We do not make enemies for ourselves half so much by the occasional administration of the water cure or other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forms of torture and barbarity as by a studied attitude of contempt, an assumption of racial and individual superiority, and the constant disregard of their petty personal rights and of the little amenities which count for so much with them. Nor is it true that the water cure has been very commonly applied, nor that our officers and men are, as a body, given to that sort of thing. The recent riot of exaggeration was regrettable, in this: that it has tended to produce a reaction, to lead people to feel that it was all, not partly, partisan hue and cry, and thus to make easier a "whitewash" of those particular men who need punishment, wherever, in the circles of their fellow subordinate officers, there may be a disposition to whitewash.

Lack of capacity to develop mentally is a frequent charge against the Filipinos. It is forever put forward by friar writers; one comes to believe finally that this is to excuse the failure to advance the natives further. Just how deficient the past education of the Filipinos has been, just how narrow and mediæval has been the atmosphere of thought, one cannot realize until he has come into direct contact with its evidences. Often the best educated Filipinos cannot themselves realize it. The fact is, no one has the right gratuitously to assume that the Filipino is purely imitative, that he lacks the logical, mathematical qualities of mind, and that, while bright when young, he soon reaches his limit and can go no farther. He is entitled to an honest trial, and the entire deficiency of past instruction is summed up when it is said that he has never yet had it. Pending a thorough trial of the new system of education, beginning, as it does, at the bottom and working up gradually, no one has the right to be positive as to the capacity or incapacity of the Filipino. I have in mind one Filipino who, though in other lines exhibiting perfectly his Manila college training in circumlocution and scholastic chop-logic, will, on economic matters within his scope, reason as closely and with as great a devotion to practical examples as any devotee of the research method. He certainly never got this quality from his training. In fact, real acquaintance with Filipinos and frank exchange of sentiments will correct various preconceived notions. It is frequently asserted, for instance, that the Tagalog has no sense of humor; quite the reverse is true.

We should also be honest with the Filipino in the matter of laziness. American "get-up-and-get" is not the product of life in the tropics, and to a considerable extent is not compatible with it. But, before American contractors are allowed to flood the islands with contract coolie labor, the Filipino has a right to a fair trial, and such a fair trial will involve a considerable number of years. Development of the country may not be quite so rapid, but it will proceed on a sounder basis if the rights of its people to the first share in it are consulted. In fact, the success of our political venture in the Philippines depends in large measure on the extent to which we can arouse in the people a desire for better homes, better towns, and better surroundings. There are evidences that, as he awakened to European civilization, the Filipino did not settle back idle wholly through the lack of a desire for greater comforts and conveniences, but in part at least because of the all but hopelessness of an effort to rise above a certain place in the hard and fast industrial society the Spaniards found and continued. So far higher wages in Manila have generally meant patent leathers and diamonds, but even that is encouraging. Perhaps, too, we shall learn some things to our advantage from the Filipino. Ordinarily our superior in courtesy, something for which many Americans have not the time, why may he not inspire in us a greater respect for repose, dignity, and lack of nervousness while we are arousing him to a rather more strenuous existence?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Filth and unsanitary ways of living, again, are urged against the Filipinos. They are certainly not unclean by nature, as the daily bath and the scrupulously white clothes testify. Ignorance of the most primary hygienic principles is, however, nearly universal. It will be recalled that the Spaniards, so far behind in this respect, could give them little modern teaching or example. The general character of the education at the friar-conducted college in Manila, which turned out practically all the physicians in the Philippines, may be inferred from such facts as that its text-books and library in important subjects date back over sixty years, that bacteriology has been introduced only within the past three years, and there are no microscopes. Female cadavers are never dissected, while the course in anatomy, like most of the others, is very much of a farce.

Honest differences of opinion may exist as to the points already discussed, but there can be no honest objection to giving the Filipinos the benefit of the doubt until they prove themselves undeserving. Perhaps no public utterance of the late President has received less general attention than his instructions of April 7, 1900, to the present Philippine Commission. Yet, as time goes by, it will not be strange if the fame of William McKinley shall rest mainly on that document, whether penned by him or penned by Secretary Root and authorized by him. In it he said: —

"In all forms of government and administrative provisions which they are authorized to prescribe, the Commission should bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands, and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits, and even their prejudices, to the fullest extent consistent with the accomplishment of the indispensable requisites of just and effective government."

And again: "Upon all officers and employees of the United States, both civil and military, should be impressed a sense of duty to observe not merely the material but the personal and social rights of the people of the islands, and to treat them with the same courtesy and respect for their personal dignity which the people of the United States are accustomed to require from each other."

These instructions are based on the belief that it is not the white man alone who possesses "certain inalienable rights." Science has progressed far since the human rights movement of the eighteenth century. But it has not reached its final postulates, and it is still somewhat safer to follow the promptings of humanity than some of the over-positive dicta of the science of man. Like political economy and other non-absolute sciences, ethnology suffers from a present tendency to employ the evolutionary method of reasoning in a one-sided fashion. Heredity is invoked wherever possible, and environment considered only where it cannot be overlooked. If the equality of man was often preached in fantastic or utopian form in the latter part of the eighteenth century, so has the inequality of man met with a most superficial extension in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Ethnology and anthropology are sciences yet too young and undeveloped to justify very positive assertions being based on them. Moreover, if any one great truth has been made evident by them, it is this, that man has in all ages been wonderfully responsive to his surroundings, that he is to a remarkable degree the product of his environment. Physically, men, of all colors, the world over, are of one species; in psychic equipment, in all that goes to make up social life, the various divisions of men often present differences as great as the physical differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ences on which genera or even families are outlined among other animals. Evolutionary science developed its processes in connection with facts and features essentially physical; entrancing as the results may be, is it necessarily certain that these processes should be applied literally and in detail to phenomena of other sorts?

It is wearisome to note how uniformly writers on the peoples of the Orient assume that they are inherently different from us in every respect, — that the ordinary Western ways of reasoning have no place in the East, must in fact be reversed. The familiar saying that the Chinese do everything backward is in point. Now, John seems to me one of the most unsparingly logical human beings in the world. Kipling's jingles are responsible for much of that feeling that the Oriental is a wholly mysterious being, not given to be understood by other men, a curious psychological phenomenon. "Half-devil and half-child" comes trippingly to the tongue of many Americans in the Philippines, and their philosophy of the Filipino is thus summed up for them before their study of him has ever begun. What is less creditable, the same stock theory and a few facts, more or less, constitute the equipment of various university economists and world problem specialists.

The writer can lay no claim to world specialism or globe trotting, but he has been more than anything else impressed with the feeling that, after all, the differences in the races of men are much fewer and less important than their points of resemblance. Great and sometimes amazing as are the former at times, they strike our notice first, while the impression that lingers with us is the unity of man.

More important than the theories, scientific or unscientific, are the practical political problems facing us, a nation to whose one long-standing and yet unsettled race problem have now been added others. The Atlantic's editor has already noted that one of the first results of our new venture in the oceans has been the complication of the negro question at home; so likewise our failures with the black people in the United States are often urged against us among the Filipinos, and "lynch law" is held before them by those who like us not. For the moment, it is no reproach to preach inequality, and more or less openly pity is expressed for the narrowness of the promulgators of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson had no inkling of the evolutionary theory, it is true; neither had the laws of selection and survival been stated in Christ's time. But the divinely human love he inculcated and exemplified met with a real revival in the crusade for equality among men, and the true tenets of evolution have to-day no higher trend than this.

The fact is, the Declaration of Independence is acquiring with time a range of truth uncomprehended by its authors, and in ways incomprehensible to their times. While, on the one side, well-meaning Americans are sure that we are engaged in swashbuckler imperialism, our British critics, whom we have always with us, are equally confident of our failure through undue idealism. One of these has just finished cautioning us that we must not attempt any "Jeffersonian-ideals" foolishness in the Philippines, and advises us to pattern after the British in the Straits Settlements. The people of the latter are strictly comparable to the Moros, but not at all to the civilized Filipinos. In a book just published, another British writer, one of the few who have been on the ground and know what is really going on in the Philippines, has recognized that we are attempting there something new in the history of the world, and, despite a cocksureness as to the superiority of British methods that will crop out, has thought best to reserve judgment. But he is an exception; his fellow countrymen in the Orient are laughing in their sleeves at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the simple Americans who believe that self-government can exist in that atmosphere. Even to call into question the validity of the theory that some men are made to rule and some to obey is to jar most inconsiderately the complacency of those men who have landed on the ruling side.

The answer to the fearsome at home is that, when they doubt our doing justice in the Philippines, they themselves call into question government by the people. The answer to our outside critics can only be given by time. It surely is no sin to hope and believe that the Orient is not impermeable to progress; and it surely is better to strive to that end until it is proved to be an impossible one, if it shall be so proved. As for our prejudices, may we not learn to shed them as we mingle more with the men of the world and think less of our cherished isolation? For the way to a broader social vision and a truer and nobler Christianity — real humanity — lies through experience of our own limitations, hearing our shortcomings from the tongues of other peoples, acquiring charity in the stress of temptation, knowing our fellows on the earth.

*James A. Le Roy.*

---

## WALTER PATER.

Let us imagine to ourselves a boy born some ten years before the middle of the last century, of a family originally Dutch, a family with the home-loving, reserved temper of the Dutch, and that slow-moving mind of Holland which attaches itself so closely, so intimately to things real and concrete, not tempted away from its beloved interiors and limited prospects by any glories of mountain heights or wide-spreading and radiant horizons; a family settled for long in the low-lying, slow-moving Olney of Buckinghamshire, — Cowper's Olney, which we see in the delicate vignettes of The Task, and in the delightful letters, skilled in making so much out of so little, of the half-playful, half-pathetic correspondent of John Newton and Lady Hesketh. Dutch, but of mingled strains in matters of religion, the sons, we are told, always, until the tradition was broken in the case of Walter Pater, brought up as Roman Catholics, the daughters as members of the Anglican communion. Walter Pater's father had moved to the neighborhood of London, and it was at Enfield, where Lamb, about whom the critic has written with penetrating sympathy, Lamb and his sister Mary, had lately dwelt, that Pater spent his boyhood. "Not precocious," writes his friend of later years, Mr. Gosse, "he was always meditative and serious." Yes, we cannot think of him at any time as other than serious; withdrawn from the boisterous sports of boyhood; fed through little things by the sentiment of home, — that sentiment which was nourished in Marius at White Nights by the duteous observances of the religion of Numa; in Gaston at the Château of Deux-Manoirs with its immemorial associations and its traditional Catholic pieties; in Emerald Uthwart at Chase Lodge, with its perfumes of sweet peas, the neighboring fields so green and velvety, and the church where the ancient buried Uthwarts slept, that home to which Emerald came back to die, a broken man; in Florian Deleal by "the old house," its old staircase, its old furniture, its shadowy angles, its swallow's nest below the sill, its brown and golden wall-flowers, its pear tree in springtime, and the scent of lime-flowers floating in at the open window.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And with this nesting sense of home there comes to the boy from neighboring London, from rumors of the outer world, from the face of some sad wayfarer on the road, an apprehension of the sorrow of the world, and the tears in mortal things, which disturbs him and must mingle henceforth with all his thoughts and dreams. He is recognized as "the clever one of the family," but it is not a vivacious cleverness, not a contentious power of intellect, rather a shy, brooding faculty, slow to break its sheath, and expand into a blossom, a faculty of gradual and exact receptiveness, and one of which the eye is the special organ. This, indeed, is a central fact to remember. If Pater is a seeker for truth, he must seek for it with the eye, and with the imagination penetrating its way through things visible; or if truth comes to him in any other way, he must project the truth into color and form, since otherwise it remains for him cold, loveless, and a tyranny of the intellect, like that which oppressed and almost crushed out of existence his Sebastian van Storck. We may turn elsewhere to read of "the conduct of the understanding." We learn much from Pater concerning the conduct of the eye. Whatever his religion may hereafter be, it cannot be that of Puritanism, which makes a breach between the visible and the invisible. It cannot be reached by purely intellectual processes; it cannot be embodied in a creed of dogmatic abstractions. The blessing which he may perhaps obtain can hardly be that of those who see not and yet have believed. The evidential value of a face made bright by some inner joy will count with him for more than any syllogism however correct in its premises and conclusions. A life made visibly gracious and comely will testify to him of some hidden truth more decisively than any supernatural witnessing known only by report. If he is impressed by any creed it will be by virtue of its living epistles, known and read of all men. He will be occupied during his whole life with a study not of ideas apart from their concrete embodiment, not of things concrete apart from their inward significance, but with a study of expression, — expression as seen in the countenance of external nature, expression in Greek statue, mediæval cathedral, Renaissance altar-piece, expression in the ritual of various religions, and in the visible bearing of various types of manhood, in various exponents of tradition, of thought, and of faith.

His creed may partake somewhat of that natural or human catholicism of Wordsworth's poetry, which reveals the soul in things of sense, which is indeed, as Pater regards it, a kind of finer, spiritual sensuousness. But why stop where Wordsworth stopped in his earlier days? Why content ourselves with expression as seen in the face of hillside and cloud and stream, and the acts and words of simple men, through whom certain primitive elementary passions play? Why not also seek to discover the spirit in sense in its more complex and subtler incarnations, — in the arts and crafts, in the shaping of a vase, the lines and colors of a tapestry, the carving of a capital, the movements of a celebrant in the rites of religion, in a relief of Della Robbia, in a Venus of Botticelli, in the mysterious Gioconda of Lionardo? Setting aside the mere dross of circumstances in human life, why not vivify all amidst which we live and move by translating sense into spirit, and spirit into sense, thus rendering opaque things luminous, so that if no pure white light of truth can reach us, at least each step we tread may be impregnated with the stains and dyes of those colored morsels of glass, so deftly arranged, through which such light as we are able to endure has its access to our eyes?

If such thoughts as these lay in Pater's mind during early youth they lay unfolded and dormant. But we can hardly doubt that in the account of Emerald



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uthwart's schooldays he is interpreting with full-grown and self-conscious imagination his experiences as a schoolboy at Canterbury, where the cathedral was the presiding element of the *genius loci*: "If at home there had been nothing great, here, to boyish sense, one seems diminished to nothing at all, amid the grand waves, wave upon wave, of patiently wrought stone; the daring height, the daring severity, of the innumerable long, upward ruled lines, rigidly bent just at last in one place into the reserved grace of the perfect Gothic arch." Happy Emerald Uthwart in those early days, and happy Walter Pater with such noble, though as yet half-conscious, discipline in the conduct of the eye! If Pater thought of a profession, the military profession of his imagined Emerald would have been the last to commend itself to his feelings. His father was a physician, but science had no call for the son's intellect, and we can hardly imagine him as an enthusiastic student in the school of anatomy. He felt the attractions of the life and work of an English clergyman, and when a little boy, Mr. Gosse tells us, he had seen the benign face of Keble during a visit to Hursley, and had welcomed Keble's paternal counsel and encouragement. Had Pater lived some years longer it is quite possible that his early dream might have been realized, but Oxford, as things were, dissolved the dream of Canterbury.

Two influences stood over against each other in the Oxford of Pater's undergraduate days. There was the High Church movement, with which the name of the University has been associated. The spell of Newman's personal charm and the echoes of his voice in the pulpit of St. Mary's were not yet forgotten. The High Church movement had made the face of religion more outwardly attractive to such a spirit as Pater's; there had been a revival, half serious, half dilettante, of ecclesiastical art. But the High Church movement was essentially dogmatic; the body of dogma had to some extent hardened into system, and Pater's mind was always prone to regard systems of thought — philosophical or theological — as works of art, to be examined and interpreted by the historical imagination; from which, when interpreted aright, something might be retained, perhaps, in a transposed form, but which could not be accepted and made one's own *en bloc*. On the other hand there was a stirring critical movement, opening new avenues for thought and imagination, promising a great enfranchisement of the intellect, and claiming possession of the future. Jowett was a nearer presence now at Oxford than Newman, and Pater had already come under the influence of German thinkers and had discovered in Goethe — greatest of critics — a master of the mind. Art, to which he had found access through the Modern Painters of an illustrious Oxford graduate, had passed beyond the bounds of the ecclesiastical revival, and, following a course like that of the mediæval drama, was rapidly secularizing itself. We see the process at work in the firm of which William Morris was the directing manager, at first so much occupied with church decoration, and by and by extending its operations to the domestic interiors of the wealthier lay-folk of England. Pater's dream of occupying an Anglo-Catholic pulpit reshaped itself into the dream of becoming an Unitarian minister, and by degrees it became evident that the only pulpit which he could occupy was that of the Essayist, who explores for truth, and ends his research not without a sense of insecurity in his own conclusions, or rather who concludes without a conclusion, and is content to be fruitful through manifold suggestions.

We can imagine that with a somewhat different composition of the forces within him Pater's career might have borne some resemblance to that of Henri Amiel, "in wandering mazes lost." But the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disputants in Amiel's nature were more numerous and could not be brought to a conciliation. One of them was forever reaching out toward the indefinite, which Amiel called the infinite, and the Maia of the Genevan Buddhist threw him back in the end upon a world of ennui. Pater was saved by a certain "intellectual astringency," by a passion for the concrete, and by the fact that he lived much in and through the eye. He had perhaps learnt from Goethe that true expansion lies in limitation, and he never appreciated as highly as did Amiel the poetry of fog. His boyish faith, such as it was, had lapsed away. How was he to face life and make the best of it? Something at least could be gained by truth to himself, by utter integrity, by living, and that intensely, in his best self and in the highest moments of his best self, by detaching from his intellectual force, as he says of Winckelmann, all flaccid interests. If there was in him any tendency to mystic passion and religious reverie this was checked, as with his own Marius, by a certain virility of intellect, by a feeling of the poetic beauty of mere clearness of mind. Is nothing permanent? Are all things melting under our feet? Well, if it be so, we cannot alter the fact. But we need not therefore spend our few moments of life in listlessness. If all is passing away, let the knowledge of this be a stimulus toward intenser activity, let it excite within us the thirst for a full and perfect experience.

And remember that Pater's special gift, his unique power, lay in the eye and in the imagination using the eye as its organ. He could not disdain the things of sense, for there is a spirit in sense, and mind communes with mind through color and through form. He notes in Marcus Aurelius, the pattern of Stoical morality, who would stand above and apart from the world of the senses, not, after all, an attainment of the highest humanity, but a mediocrity, though a mediocrity for once really golden. He writes of Pascal with adequate knowledge and with deep sympathy, but he qualifies his admiration for the great friend of Jansenism by observing that Pascal had little sense of the beauty even of holiness. In Pascal's "sombre, trenchant, precipitous philosophy," and his perverse asceticism, Pater finds evidence of a diseased spirit, a morbid tension like that of insomnia. Sebastian van Storck, with the warm life of a rich Dutch interior around him, and all the play of light and color in Dutch art to enrich his eye, turns away to seek some glacial Northwest passage to the lifeless, colorless Absolute. Spinoza appears to Pater not as a God-intoxicated man, but as climbing to the barren pinnacle of egoistic intellect. Such, at all events, could not possibly be his own way. There is something of the true wisdom of humility in modestly remembering that we are not pure intelligence, pure soul, and in accepting the aid of the senses. How reassuring Marius finds it to be, after assisting at a long debate about rival criteria of truth, "to fall back upon direct sensation, to limit one's aspiration after knowledge to that." To live intensely in the moment, "to burn with a gemlike flame," to maintain an ecstasy, is to live well, with the gain, at least for a moment, of wisdom and of joy. "America is here and now — here or nowhere," as Wilhelm Meister, and, after him, Marius the Epicurean discovered.

There is no hint in Pater's first volume of the fortifying thought which afterwards came to him, that some vast logic of change, some law or rhythm of evolution, may underlie all that is transitory, all the pulsations of passing moments, and may bind them together in some hidden harmony. Looking back on the period of what he calls a new Cyrenaicism, he saw a most depressing theory coming in contact, in his own case as in that of Marius, with a happy temperament, — happy though subject to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moods of deep depression, and he saw that by virtue of this happy temperament he had converted his loss into a certain gain. Assuredly he never regarded that view of life which is expressed in the Conclusion to Studies in the History of the Renaissance as mere hedonism, as a mere abandonment to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. No: looking back, he perceived that his aim was not pleasure, but fullness and vividness of life, a perfection of being, an intense and, as far as may be, a complete experience; that this was not to be attained without a discipline, involving some severity; that it demanded a strenuous effort; that here, too, the loins must be girt and the lamp lit; that for success in his endeavor he needed before all else true insight, and that insight will not come by any easy way, or, as we say, by a royal road; that on the contrary it must be sought by a culture, which may be, and ought to be, joyous, but which certainly must be strict. The precept "Be perfect in regard to what is here and now" is one which may be interpreted, as he conceived it, into lofty meanings. A conduct of the intellect in accordance with this precept, in its rejection of many things which bring with them facile pleasures, may in a certain sense be called a form of asceticism. The eye itself must be purified from all grossness and dullness. "Such a manner of life," writes Pater of the new Cyrenaicism of his Marius, "might itself even come to seem a kind of religion. . . . The true 'æsthetic culture' would be realizable as a new form of the 'contemplative life,' founding its claim on the essential 'blessedness' of 'vision,' — the vision of perfect men and things." At the lowest it is an impassioned ideal life.

Such is Pater's own *apologia pro vita sua* — that is, for life during his earlier years of authorship — as given in Marius the Epicurean. But the best apologia is, indeed, the outcome of that life, the volume of Studies in the History of the Renaissance, and later essays, which are essentially one with these in kind. The richness of color and delicacy of carving in some of Pater's work have concealed from many readers its intellectual severity, its strictness of design, its essential veracity. A statue that is chryselephantine may be supposed to be less intellectual than the same statue if it were worked in marble; yet more of sheer brainwork perhaps is required for the design which has to calculate effects of color. There are passages in Pater's writing which may be called, if you like, decorative, but the decoration is never incoherent ornament of *papier maché* laid on from without; it is, on the contrary, a genuine outgrowth of structure, always bringing into relief the central idea.

This central idea he arrives at only through the process of a steadfast and strenuous receptiveness, which has in it something of the nature of fortitude. Occasionally he gives it an express definition, naming it, not perhaps quite happily, the *formula* of the artist or author who is the subject of his study. Thus, the formula of Raphael's genius, if we must have one, is this: "The transformation of meek scholarship into genius — triumphant power of genius." The essay on Raphael is accordingly the record of a series of educations, from which at last emerge works showing a synoptic intellectual power, and large theoretic conceptions, but these are seen to act in perfect unison with the pictorial imagination and a magic power of the hand. The formula, to turn from pictorial art to literature, of Prosper Mérimée, who met the disillusion of the post-Revolution period by irony, is this: "The enthusiastic amateur of rude, crude, naked force in men and women wherever it could be found; himself carrying ever, as a mask, the conventional attire of the modern world — carrying it with an infinite contemptuous grace, as if that too were an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all-sufficient end in itself." Nothing could be more triumphantly exact and complete than Pater's brief formula of Mérimée. But perhaps his method is nowhere more convincingly shown than in the companion studies of two French churches, Notre Dame of Amiens, pre-eminently the church of a city, of a commune, and the Madeleine of Vézelay, which is typically the church of a monastery. Here the critic does not for a moment lose himself in details; in each case he holds, as it were, the key of the situation; he has grasped the central idea of each structure; and then with the aid of something like creative imagination, he assists the idea — the vital germ — to expand itself and grow before us into leaf and tendril and blossom.

In such studies as these we perceive that the eye is itself an intellectual, a spiritual power, or at least the organ and instrument of such a power. And this imaginative criticism is in truth constructive. But the creative work of imagination rises from a basis of adequate knowledge and exact perception. To see precisely what a thing is, — what, before all else, it is to *me;* to feel with entire accuracy its unique quality; to find the absolutely right word in which to express the perception and the feeling, — this indeed taxes the athletics of the mind. Sometimes, while still essentially a critic, Pater's power of construction and reconstruction takes the form of a highly intellectual fantasy. Thus A Study of Dionysus reads like a fantasia suggested by the life of the vine and the "spirit of sense" in the grape; yet the fantasia is in truth the tracing out, by a learned sympathy, of strange or beautiful sequences of feeling or imagination in the Greek mind. In Denys l'Auxerrois and Apollo in Picardy, which should be placed side by side as companion pieces, the fancy takes a freer range. They may be described as transpositions of the classical into the romantic. Apollo — now for mediæval contemporaries bearing the ill-omened name Apollyon — appears in a monkish frock and wears the tonsure; yet he remains a true Apollo, but of the Middle Age, and, in a passage of singular romance, even does to death the mediæval Hyacinthus. Denys, that strange flaxen and flowery creature, the organ-builder of Auxerre, has all the mystic power and ecstatic rage of Dionysus. Are these two elder brothers of Goethe's Euphorion, earlier-born children of Faust and Helena?

Even these fantasies are not without an intellectual basis. For Pater recognizes in classical art and classical literature a considerable element of romance — strangeness allied with beauty; and to refashion the myths of Dionysus and even of Apollo in the romantic spirit is an experiment in which there is more than mere fantasy. Very justly and admirably he protests in writing of Greek sculpture against a too intellectual or abstract view of classical art. Here also were color and warmth and strange ventures of imaginative faith, and fears and hopes and ecstasies, which we are apt to forget in the motionless shadow or pallid light of our cold museums. Living himself at a time, as we say, of "transition," when new and old ideas were in conflict, and little interested in any form of action except that of thought and feeling, he came to take a special interest in the contention and also in the conciliation of rival ideals. Hence the period of the Renaissance — from the auroral Renaissance within the Middle Age to the days of Ronsard and Montaigne, with its new refinements of mediævalism, — seen, for example, in the poetry of the Pleiad, — its revival in an altered form of the classical temper, and the invasions of what may be summed up under the name of "the modern spirit" — had a peculiar attraction for him. His Gaston de Latour, as far as he is known to us through what is unhappily a fragment, seems

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost created for no other purpose than to be a subject for the play of contending influences. The old pieties of the Middle Age survive within him, leaving a deep and abiding deposit in his spirit; but he is caught by the new grace and delicate magic of Ronsard's verse, of Ronsard's personality; he is exposed to all the enriching, and yet perhaps disintegrating forces of Montaigne's undulant philosophy, — the philosophy of the relative; and he is prepared to be lifted — lifted, shall we say, or lowered? — from his state of suspended judgment by the ardent genius of that new knight of the Holy Ghost, Giordano Bruno, with his glowing exposition of the Lower Pantheism.

His Marius, again, cannot rest in the religion of Numa, which was the presiding influence of his boyhood. His Cyrenaicism is confronted by the doctrine of the Stoics, — sad, gray, depressing, though presented with all possible amiability in the person of Marcus Aurelius. And in the Christian house of Cecilia, and among the shadowy catacombs of Rome, his eyes are touched by the radiance of a newer light, which thrills him with the sense of an unapprehended joy, a heroic — perhaps a divine — hope. In the eighteenth century Pater's Watteau, creating a new and delicate charm for the society of his own day, is yet ill at ease, half detached from that society, and even — saddening experience! — half detached from his own art, for he dreams, unlike his age, of a better world than the actual one; and by an anachronism which is hardly pardonable (for it confuses the chronology of eighteenth-century moods of mind) the faithful and tender diarist of Valenciennes, whose more than sisterly interest in young Antoine has left us this Watteau myth, becomes acquainted — and through Antoine himself — with the Manon Lescaut of many years later, in which the ardent passion of the period of Rousseau is anticipated. And, again, in that other myth of the eighteenth century, Duke Carl of Rosenmold, — myth of a half-rococo Apollo, — the old stiff mediævalism of German courts and the elegant *fadeurs* of French pseudo-classicism are exhibited in revelation to a throng of fresher influences, — the classical revival of which Winckelmann was the apostle, the revival of the Middle Age as a new and living force, the artistic patriotism which Lessing preached, the "return to nature" of which a little later the young Goethe — he, a true Apollo — was the herald, and that enfranchisement of passion and desire, which, now when Rousseau is somewhere in the world, brooding, kindling, about to burst into flame, seems no anachronism.

I cannot entirely go along with that enthusiastic admirer who declared — surely not without a smile of ironic intelligence — that the trumpet of doom ought to have sounded when the last page of Studies in the History of the Renaissance was completed. Several copies of the golden book in its first edition, containing the famous Conclusion, would probably have perished in the general conflagration; and Pater was averse to noise. But a memorable volume it is, and one which testifies to the virtue of a happy temperament even when in the presence of a depressing philosophy. Too much attention has been centred on that Conclusion; it has been taken by many persons as if it were Pater's ultimate confession of faith, whereas, in truth, the Conclusion was a prologue. Pater's early years had made a home for his spirit among Christian pieties and the old moralities. When Florian Deleal, quitting for the first time the house of his childhood, runs back to fetch the forgotten pet bird, and sees the warm familiar rooms "lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation," a clinging to the cherished home comes over him. And had Pater in his haughty philosophy of manhood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in like manner dismantled and desecrated the little white room of his early faith? The very question seemed to carry with it something of remorse; but Pater's integrity of mind, his intellectual virility, could not permit itself to melt in sentiment. In the essay on Aucassin and Nicolette, he had spoken of the rebellious antinomian spirit connected with the outbreak of the reason and imagination, with the assertion of the liberty of heart, in the Middle Age. "The perfection of culture," he knew, "is not rebellion, but peace;" yet on the way to that end, he thought, there is room for a noble antinomianism. Now, like his own Marius, he began to think that in such antinomianism there might be a taint, he began to question whether it might not be possible somehow to adjust his new intellectual scheme of things to the old morality. His culture had brought with it a certain sense of isolation, like that of a spectator detached from the movement of life and the great community of men. His Cyrenaic theory was one in keeping with the proud individualism of youth. From the Stoic Fronto his Marius hears of an august community, to which each of us may perchance belong, "humanity, an universal order, the great polity, its aristocracy of elect spirits, the mastery of their example over their successors." But where are these elect spirits? Where is this comely order? The Cyrenaic lover of beauty begins to feel that his conception of beauty has been too narrow, too exclusive; not positively unsound perhaps, for it enjoined the practice of an ideal temperance, and involved a seriousness of spirit almost religious, so that, as Marius reflects, "the saint and the Cyrenaic lover of beauty would at least understand each other better than either would understand the mere man of the world." His pursuit of perfection was surely not in itself illegitimate, but by its exclusiveness of a more complete ideal of perfection it might almost partake of the nature of a heresy. Without rejecting his own scheme of life, might it not be possible to adjust it to the old morality as a part to a whole? Viewed even from a purely egoistic standpoint had not such attainments as were his — and the attainments were unquestionably precious — been secured at a great sacrifice? Was it a true economy to forfeit perhaps a greater gain for the less? The Stoical ideal, which casts scorn upon the body, and that visible beauty in things which for Marius was indeed a portion of truth, as well as beauty, he must needs reject. But might there not be a divination of something real, an imperfect vision of a veritable possibility in the Stoical conception of an ordered society of men, a Celestial City, *Uranopolis*, *Callipolis*? And what if the belief of Marcus Aurelius in the presence of a divine companion, a secret Providence behind the veil, contained some elevating truth? What if the isolated seeker for a narrow perfection could attach himself to some venerable system of sentiment and ideas, and so "let in a great tide of experience, and make, as it were, with a single step, a great experience of his own; with a great consequent increase to his own mind, of color, variety, and relief, in the spectacle of men and things"?

There are two passages of rare spiritual beauty in Marius the Epicurean: one is that which tells of Marius wandering forth with such thoughts as these — keeping all these things in his heart — to one of his favorite spots in the Alban or the Sabine hills; the other is the description of the sacred, memorial celebration in the Christian house of Cecilia. After a night of perfect sleep Marius awakes in the morning sunlight, with almost the joyful waking of childhood. As he rides toward the hills his mood is, like the season's, one of flawless serenity; a sense of gratitude — gratitude to what? — fills his heart, and must over-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flow; he leans, as it were, toward that eternal, invisible Companion of whom the Stoic philosopher and emperor spoke. Might he not, he reflects, throw in the election of his will, though never faltering from the truth, on the side of his best thought, his best feeling, and perhaps receive in due course the justification, the confirmation of this venture of faith? What if the eternal companion were really by his side? What if his own spirit were but a moment, a pulse, in some great stream of spiritual energy? What if this fair material universe were but a creation, a projection into sense of the perpetual mind? What if the new city, let down from heaven, were also a reality included in the process of that divine intelligence? Less through any sequence of argument than by a discovery of the spirit in sense, or rather of the imaginative reason, Marius seems to live and move in the presence of the Great Ideal, the Eternal Reason, nay, the Father of men. A larger conception assuredly of the reasonable Ideal than that of his Cyrenaic days has dawned for him, every trace or note of which it shall henceforth be his business to gather up. Paratum cor meum, Deus! paratum cor meum!

It is a criticism of little insight which represents Marius as subordinating truth to any form of ease or comfort or spiritual self-indulgence; an erroneous criticism which represents him as only extending a refined hedonism so as to include within it new pleasures of the moral sense or the religious temper. For Marius had never made pleasure his aim and end; his aim and end had been always perfection, but now he perceives that his ideal of perfection had been incomplete and inadequate. He discovers the larger truth, and the lesser falls into its due place. His experiences among the Sabine hills, which remind one of certain passages in Wordsworth's Excursion, may have little evidential value for any other mind than his own; even for himself they could hardly recur in like manner ever again. But that such phenomena — however we may interpret their significance — are real cannot be doubted by any disinterested student of human nature. What came to Marius was not a train of argument, but what we may call a revelation; it came as the last and culminating development, under favoring external conditions, of many obscure processes of thought and feeling. The seed had thrust up its stalk, which then had struggled through the soil; and at last sunlight touches the folded blossom, which opens to become a flower of light.

Marius had already seen in Cornelius the exemplar of a new knighthood, which he can but imperfectly understand. Entirely virile, Cornelius is yet governed by some strange hidden rule which obliges him to turn away from many things that are commonly regarded as the rights of manhood; he has a blitheness, which seems precisely the reverse of the temper of the Emperor, and yet some veiled severity underlies, perhaps supports, this blitheness. And in the gathering at Cecilia's house, where the company — and among them, children — are singing, Marius recognizes the same glad expansion of a joyful soul, "in people upon whom some all-subduing experience had wrought heroically." A grave discretion; an intelligent seriousness about life; an exquisite courtesy; all chaste affections of the family, and these under the most natural conditions; a temperate beauty, all are here; the human body, which had been degraded by Pagan voluptuousness and dishonored by Stoic asceticism, is here reverenced as something sacred, or as something sanctified; and death itself is made beautiful through a new hope. Charity here is not painfully calculated, but joyous and chivalrous in its devotion; peaceful labor is rehabilitated and illumined with some new light. A higher ideal than Marius had ever known before — higher and glad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der — is operative here, ideal of woman, of the family, of industry, including all of life and death. And its effects are visible, addressing themselves even to the organ of sight, which with Marius is the special avenue for truth; so that he has only to read backward from effects to causes in order to be assured that some truth of higher import and finer efficacy than any previously known to him must be working among the forces which have created this new beauty. What if this be the company of elect souls dreamed of by the rhetorician Fronto? And with the tenderest charity in this company of men and women a heroic fortitude — the fortitude of the martyrs, like those of Lyons — is united. What if here be Uranopolis, Callipolis, the City let down from heaven? For Marius in the house of Cecilia the argument is irrefragable — rather the experience is convincing. Possibly in the light of a more extended survey of history new doubts and questions may arise; but these were days of purity and of love, the days of the minor peace of the church.

Yet even in the end Marius is brought only to his Pisgah, — the mount of vision. He does not actually set foot within the promised land. Even that act of surrender, by which Cornelius is delivered and Marius goes to his death, is less an act of divine self-sacrifice than the result of an impulse, half careless, half generous, of comradeship. His spirit — *anima naturaliter Christiana* — departs less in assured hope than with the humble consolation of memory — *tristem neminem fecit;* he had at least not added any pang to the total sum of the world's pain.

And although the creator of Marius had arrived, by ways very different from those of Pascal, at some of Pascal's conclusions, and had expressed these with decisiveness in a review of Amiel's Journal, we cannot but remember that essentially his mind belonged to the same order as the mind of Montaigne rather than to the order of the mind of Pascal. We can imagine Pater, had he lived longer, asking himself, as part of that endless dialogue with self which constituted his life, whether the deepest community with his fellows could not be attained by a profound individuality without attaching himself to institutions. Whether, for example, the fact of holding a fellowship at Brasenose, or the fact of knowing Greek well, bound him the more intimately to the society of Greek scholars. We can imagine him questioning whether other truths might not be added to those truths which made radiant the faces in Cecilia's house. Whether even those same truths might not, in a later age, be capable of, might not even require, a different conception, and a largely altered expression.

While in the ways indicated in Marius the Epicurean Pater was departing from that doctrine of the perpetual flux, — with ideals of conduct corresponding to that doctrine, — or was at least subordinating this to a larger, really a more liberal view of things, his mind was also tending, and now partly under the influence of Plato, away from the brilliantly colored, versatile, centrifugal Ionian temper of his earlier days toward the simpler, graver, more strictly ordered, more athletic Dorian spirit.

Plato and Platonism, in noticing which I shall sometimes use Pater's own words, is distinguished less by color than by a pervasive light. The demand on a reader's attention is great, but the demand is not so much from sentence to sentence as from chapter to chapter. If we may speak of the evolution or development of a theme by literary art, such evolution in this book is perhaps its highest merit. No attempt is made to fix a dogmatic creed, or to piece together an artificial unity of tessellated opinions. Philosophies are viewed very much as works of art, and the historical method is adopted, which endeavors to determine the conditions that render each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy, each work of art, and especially this particular work of art, the Platonic philosophy, possible. And there is something of autobiography, for those who can discern it, below the surface of the successive discussions of ideas, which yet are often seemingly remote from modern thought.

The doctrine of the Many, of the perpetual flux of things, which was so consonant to the mobile Ionian temper, is set over against the doctrine of the One, for which all that is phenomenal becomes null, and the sole reality is pure Being, colorless, formless, impalpable. It was Plato's work to break up the formless unity of the philosophy of the One into something multiple, and yet not transitory, — the starry Platonic ideas, Justice, Temperance, Beauty, and their kindred luminaries of the intellectual heaven. Platonism in one sense is a witness for the unseen, the transcendental. Yet, austere as he sometimes appears, who can doubt that Plato's austerity, his temperance is attained only by the control of a richly sensuous nature? Before all else he was a lover; and now that he had come to love invisible things more than visible, the invisible things must be made, as it were, visible persons, capable of engaging his affections. The paradox is true that he had a sort of sensuous love of the unseen. And in setting forth his thoughts, he is not a dogmatist but essentially an essayist, — a questioning explorer for truth, who refines and idealizes the manner of his master Socrates, and who, without the oscillating philosophy of Montaigne, anticipates something of Montaigne's method as a seeker for the knowledge of things.

At this point in Pater's long essay, a delightful turn is given to his treatment of the subject by that remarkable and characteristic chapter in which he attempts to revive for the eye, as well as for the mind, the life of old Lacedæmon — Lacedæmon, the highest concrete embodiment of that Dorian temper of Greece, that Dorian temper of which his own ideal Republic would have been a yet more complete development. Those conservative Lacedæmonians, "the people of memory preëminently," are made to live and move before us by creative imagination working among the records, too scanty, of historical research. There in hollow Laconia, a land of organized slavery under central military authority, the genius of conservatism was enthroned. The old bore sway; the young were under strict, but not unjoyous discipline. Every one, at every moment, must strive to be at his best, with all superfluities pruned away. "It was a type of the Dorian purpose in life — a sternness, like sea-water infused into wine, overtaking a matter naturally rich, at the moment when fullness may lose its savor and expression." There in clear air, on the bank of a mountain torrent, stands Lacedæmon; by no means a "growing" place, rather a solemn, ancient mountain village, with its sheltering plane trees, and its playing-fields for youthful athletes, all under discipline, who when robed might almost have seemed a company of young monks. A city not without many venerable and beautiful buildings, civic and religious, in a grave hieratic order of architecture, while its private abodes were simple and even rude. The whole of life is evidently conceived as matter of attention, patience, fidelity to detail, like that of good soldiers or musicians. The Helots, who pursue their trades and crafts from generation to generation in a kind of guild, may be indulged in some illiberal pleasures of abundant food and sleep; but it is the mark of aristocracy to endure hardness. And from these half-military, half-monastic modes of life are born the most beautiful of all people in Greece, in the world. Everywhere one is conscious of reserved power, and the beauty of strength restrained, — a male

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty, far remote from feminine tenderness. Silent these men can be, or, if need arise, can speak to the point, and with brevity. With them to read is almost a superfluity, for whatever is essential has become a part of memory, and is made actual in habit; but such culture in fact has the power to develop a vigorous imagination. Their music has in it a high moral stimulus; their dance is not mere form, but full of subject; they dance a theme, and that with absolute correctness, a dance full of delight, yet with something of the character of a liturgical service, something of a military inspection. And these half-monastic people are also — as monks may be — a very cheerful people, devoted to a religion of sanity, worshipers of Apollo, sanest of the national gods; strong in manly comradeship, of which those youthful demigods, the Dioscuri, are the patrons. Why all this strenuous task-work day after day? An intelligent young Spartan might reply, "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art."

It is this Dorian spirit which inspires the Republic of Plato. He would, if possible, arrest the disintegration of Athenian society, or at least protest against the principle of flamboyancy in things and thoughts, — protest against the fluxional, centrifugal, Ionian element in the Hellenic character. He conceives the State as one of those disciplined Spartan dancers, or as a well-knit athlete; he desires not that it shall be gay, or rich, or populous, but that it shall be strong, an organic unity, entirely self-harmonious, each individual occupying his exact place in the system; and the State being thus harmoniously strong, it will also be of extreme æsthetic beauty, — the beauty of a unity or harmony enforced on highly disparate elements, unity as of an army or an order of monks, unity as of liturgical music.

It could hardly happen that Pater's last word in this long study should be on any other subject than art. It is no false fragment of traditional Platonism which insists on the close connection between the æsthetic qualities of things and the formation of moral character; on the building of character through the eye and ear. And this ethical influence of art resides even more in the form — its concision, simplicity, rhythm — than in the matter. In the ideal Republic the simplification of human nature is the chief affair; therefore art must be simple and even austere. The community will be fervently æsthetic, but withal fervent renunciants as well, and, in the true sense of the word *ascetic*, will be fervently ascetic. "The proper art of the Perfect City is in fact the art of discipline." In art, in its narrower meaning, in literature, what the writer of the Republic would most desire is that quality which solicits an effort from the reader or spectator, "who is promised a great expressiveness on the part of the writer, the artist, if he for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness." Temperance superinduced on a nature originally rich and impassioned, — this is the supreme beauty of the Dorian art. Plato's own prose is, indeed, a practical illustration of the value of intellectual astringency. He is before all else a lover, and infinite patience, quite as much as fire, is the mood of all true lovers. It is, indeed, this infinite patience of a lover which in large measure gives to Pater's own studies of art and literature their peculiar value. The bee, that has gone down the long neck of a blossom, is not more patient in collecting his drop of honey.

*Edward Dowden.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## BALM.

After the heat the dew,
and the tender touch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars.
After the heat the dew.

After the Sun the shade,
and beatitude of shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought.
After the Sun the shade.

After all there is balm;
from the wings of dark there is wafture
Of sleep, — night's infinite psalm, —
And dreams.
After all there is balm.

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

---

## ON READING BOOKS THROUGH THEIR BACKS.

I.

I have a way every two or three days or so, of an afternoon, of going down to our library, sliding into the little gate by the shelves, and taking a long empty walk there. I have found that nothing quite takes the place of it for me, — wandering up and down the aisles of my ignorance, letting myself be loomed at, staring doggedly back. I always feel when I go out the great door as if I had won a victory. I have at least faced the facts. I swing off to my tramp on the hills where is the sense of space, as if I had faced the Bully of the World, the whole assembled world, in his own den, and he had given me a license to live.

Of course it only lasts a little while. One soon feels a library nowadays pulling on him. One has to go back and do it all over again, but for the time being it affords infinite relief. It sets one in right relations to the universe, to the Original Plan of Things. One suspects that if God had originally intended that men on this planet should be crowded off by books on it, it would not have been put off to the twentieth century.

I was saying something of this sort to the Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts the other day, and when I was through he said promptly, "The way a man feels in a library (if any one can get him to tell it) lets out more about a man than anything else in the world."

It did not seem best to make a reply to this. I did n't think it would do either of us any good.

Finally, in spite of myself, I spoke up and allowed that I felt as intelligent in a library as anybody.

He did not say anything.

When I asked him what he thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being intelligent in a library was, he took the general ground that it consisted in always knowing what one was about there, in knowing exactly what one wanted.

I replied that I did not think that that was a very intelligent state of mind to be in, in a library.

Then I waited while he told me (fifteen minutes) what an intelligent mind was anywhere (nearly everywhere, it seemed to me). But I did not wait in vain, and at last when he had come around to it, and had asked me what I thought the feeling of intelligence consisted in, in libraries, I said it consisted in being pulled on by the books.

I said quite a little after this, and of course the general run of my argument was that I was rather intelligent myself. The P. G. S. of M. had little to say to this, and after he had said how intelligent he was awhile, the conversation was dropped.

The question that concerns me is, what shall a man do, how shall he act, when he finds himself in the hush of a great library, — opens the door upon it, stands and waits in the midst of it, with his poor outstretched soul all by himself before IT, — and feels the books pulling on him? I always feel as if it were a sort of infinite Cross Roads. The last thing I want to know in a library is exactly what I want there. I am tired of knowing what I want. I am always knowing what I want. I can know what I want almost anywhere. If there is a place left on God's earth where a modern man can go and go regularly and not know what he wants awhile, in Heaven's name why not let him hold on to it? I am as fond as the next man, I think, of knowing what I am about, but when I find myself ushered into a great library I do not know what I am about any sooner than I can help. I shall know soon enough — God forgive me! When it is given to a man to stand in the Assembly Room of Nations, to feel the ages, all the ages, gathering around him, flowing past his life, to listen to the immortal stir of Thought, to the doings of The Dead, why should a man interrupt — interrupt a whole world — to know what he is about? I stand at the junction of all Time and Space. I am the three tenses. I read the newspaper of the universe.

It fades away after a little, I know. I go to the card catalogue like a lamb to the slaughter, poke my head into Knowledge — somewhere — and am lost, but the light of it on the spirit does not fade away. It leaves a glow there. It plays on the pages afterward.

There is a certain fine excitement about taking a library in this fashion, a sense of spaciousness of joy in it, which one is almost always sure to miss in libraries — most libraries — by staying in them. The only way one can get any real good out of a modern library seems to be by going away in the nick of time. If one stays there is no help for it. One is soon standing before the card catalogue sorting one's wits out in it, filing them away, and the sense of boundlessness both in one's self and everybody else — the thing a library is for — is fenced off forever.

At least it seems fenced off forever. One sees the universe barred and patterned off with a kind of grating before it. It is a card catalogue universe.

I can only speak for one, but I must say, for myself, that as compared with this feeling one has in the door, this feeling of standing over a library — mere reading in it, sitting down and letting one's self be tucked into a single book in it — is a humiliating experience.

II.

I am not unaware that this will seem to some — this empty doting on infinity, this standing and staring at All-knowledge — a mere dizzying exercise, whirling one's head round and round in Nothing, for Nothing. And I am not una-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ware that it would be unbecoming in me or in any other man to feel superior to a card catalogue.

A card catalogue, of course, as a device for making a kind of tunnel for one's mind in a library — for working one's way through it — is useful and necessary to all of us. Certainly, if a man insists on having infinity in a convenient form — infinity in a box — it would be hard to find anything better to have it in than a card catalogue.

But there are times when one does not want infinity in a box. He loses the best part of it that way. He prefers it in its natural state. All that I am contending for is, that when these times come, the times when a man likes to feel infinite knowledge crowding round him, — feel it through the backs of unopened books, and likes to stand still and think about it, worship with the thought of it, — he ought to be allowed to do so. It is true that there is no sign up against it (against thinking in libraries). But there might as well be. It amounts to the same thing. No one is expected to. People are expected to keep up an appearance, at least, of doing something else there. I do not dare to hope that the next time I am caught standing and staring in a library, with a kind of blank, happy look, I shall not be considered by all my kind intellectually disreputable for it. I admit that it does not look intelligent — this standing by a door and taking in a sweep of books — this reading a whole library at once. I can imagine how it looks. It looks like listening to a kind of cloth and paper chorus — foolish enough, but if I go out of the door to the hills again, refreshed for them and lifted up to them, with the strength of the ages in my limbs, great voices all around me, flocking on my solitary walk — who shall gainsay me?

*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

---

## BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

### LANDOR'S POETRY.

It is not easy to admit a great liking for Landor without ranging one's self with the Landorians, however desirous one may be to avoid the special pleading of a sectarian for the god of his fancy. And indeed our natural sympathy for the under-god may readily put us in the way of conversion to the right Landorian sect, or to any other. We begin by sticking up for somebody, and end by falling fairly under his spell, or under the spell which our assiduity has woven about him. We are aware that no greatness needs sticking up for, that in the end it must get what it deserves. But in the meantime we may say what we can in the interest of our friends; for Landor, certainly, the end is not yet.

The existence of his poetry is suspected by many persons who have a nodding acquaintance with the gilt backs of his Imaginary Conversations: in some such way the case still stands against the reading public, even perhaps against the minor part of it which may not more properly be called the buying and borrowing public. In prose he has at least won the success of esteem, — the sort of success which is often in itself enough to keep one from being really read much. An invisible but real barrier rises like an exhalation between the common human being and the possessor of that mysterious quality, "style." If we could only forget that Burke and Landor and De Quincey had style, we might find

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them more humanly approachable; as it is, let us make our salaams and pass on. Landor's prose is read by many, if not by the many, and is greatly deferred to.

It would hardly be true to say as much of his verse, which, though it comes highly recommended, appeals to a surprisingly small audience. This is easy to account for on superficial grounds alone. Its serenity of tone, its purity of outline, its lack of ornateness in detail, are precisely the qualities with which modern poetry is inclined to dispense. Pentelic marble is good, but we of to-day prefer, secretly or otherwise, the glowing if perishable canvases of our Titians, or even of our Bouguereaus. These at least are full of warmth and feeling; we may do very well without the severity of form which seemed paramount to an earlier and, after all, a ruder age. Purity of form is certainly the most salient characteristic of Landor's verse; no modern writer has possessed it in the same measure. Milton was pure, but, if we except the sonnets, rarely in English; his wonders were done in a hybrid medium. Wordsworth was pure, but only in his finest moments, and never at any considerable remove from baldness. An austere purity is Landor's native air; and though it blew from Parnassus, he breathed it on the banks of Avon.

But Milton and Wordsworth possessed a quality his lack of which accounts less obviously for Landor's failure to gain the larger public. They were dead in earnest, and their earnestness sprang from a profound sense of moral responsibility. "The poet's message to his time" has become something of a catchphrase in criticism. The fact that a great poet has had a particular thesis to present to his own generation is historically interesting, but hardly accountable for his greatness. For it is not likely to be in the exercise of his highest gift as a poet that he has directly influenced the opinion or behavior of his neighbors in time or place. He has made practical use of an instrument the highest use of which is not immediate or practical. Yet there is no doubt that the habit of moral conviction and settledness of mind, which in its direct application is likely to produce poetry, if real, of an inferior order, must by indirection enrich even the sort of poetry that seems most spontaneous and unfortified with opinion. This would apply even to the work of the dramatic poet, who is supposed to have his being in a chronic process of self-effacement. As for the lyric poet, since it is his affair to express only himself, we inevitably feel the invisible moral atmosphere in which that self moves. To say that such a poet has no message should mean not that he fails to say things, but simply that the total impression of his personality inferred from his utterance is in some way inharmonious or incomplete. The inference from the lyrical verse of Milton or Wordsworth is an inference of suppressed moral zeal; the Muse has forced them for the moment to an expression of pure feeling, though they would have liked, perhaps, to be at their favorite business of preaching. Landor's suppression, on the other hand, is of a weakness, or, more fairly perhaps, of a limitation. He cannot fitly utter the whole of his personality in verse, for his life, rich in the materials of poetry, was not a poem. A certain instability of moral temper is to be hidden, not dishonestly, but decently and in the name of art. Unfortunately for this poet, the more nearly man and artist are fused, the stronger a poet's hold is upon general sympathy. We are not satisfied to be admitted to one corner of a man's heart, or to a single chamber of his brain, even if we have reason to think the rest of the house is given over to cobwebs and skeleton closets. There is something disconcerting in the admirable manners of a person about whom things are rumored; we do not know which way to look in his presence.

One of the most comfortable ways of disposing of Landor has been by the re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sort to paradox. What an unaccountable creature he was, — hot-headed and gentle, dreamy and disputatious, stubbornly proud and the sport of every whim, a sort of literary ruffian and an apostle of peace. "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife," he writes with lofty serenity, after threescore and ten years of quarreling with everybody. What are we to make of such a person as that?

But nothing is easier to manage than a paradox if one takes the trouble to humor it. Admitted that Landor was a dare-devil student, an irascible husband, an ungovernable subject, and that he wrote much of the serenest prose, the most delicately urbane verse in the language; and there is still nothing confused or irrelevant in the story of his life and work, nothing even to suggest him as a "case" for the Society for Psychical Research. His personality was by no means a patchwork of stray entities; given the flesh and blood, everything else is congruous and germane. To so turbulent and exuberant a nature there could be only one literary salvation: the guiding instinct of the artist, to impose here and restrain there, so that of the multitude of impressions by which the poet is besieged, each may find its allotted place, — may be discarded as unworthy of expression, or given the expression which is fit. The irresponsible rude vigor which marked Landor's daily conduct and habit of mind was somehow precipitated by the act of art, taking on a form of dignity and grace, as some cloudy chemical virtue assumes the lucid firmness of the crystal. Here, then, is the true Landorian paradox: precisely because he was all compact of ungovernable will and romantic feeling, his art must subject itself to classical line and precept; his fluid nature crystallizing, that it might not diffuse itself in ineffective vapor, and the poetic medium of expression become "a limbeck only."

Restless vigor of mind, rather than productive intellectual energy, would seem to mark much of his prose work. He bristled with opinions, and delighted to give them a sonorous utterance of which he only was capable. But we do not feel sure of the fundamental principles upon which he grounds them; we are troubled by a lurking doubt, not of his sincerity, but of his responsibility, and we come to take each of his good things with a pinch of reservation. In his lyrical mood, fortunately, this is of less consequence. We do not want him to reason, we want him to feel; and if his confidences are kept within measure, we may be sure that he is observing a principle which not even romantic poetry can safely ignore. "The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life," says William Blake, in one of his remarkable prose fragments, "is this — that the more distinct, wiry, and sharp the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art." Landor's life suffers from the application of this rule, but it is exactly the merit of his art. And it is the possession of this merit which distinguishes him from a popular poet like Byron. Byron had apparently much in common with him; he, too, was turbulent, difficult, irresponsible, a republican in theory and an aristocrat in taste, a rebel against society, and an exile from respectable England. Yet Byron's verse expresses all that was in him, for good or ill. It is as romantic and unrestrained in form as in feeling, now lofty, now sensational, now sentimental, now cynical. Why could not Landor have written himself like that?

The two poets met only once, at a perfumer's, where Landor was buying attar of roses, and Byron, scented soap. There is a whimsical suggestion in the incident of the difference between them: the refined artist, with his power of concentrating and purifying emotion, at some cost of popularity, and the coarsish amateur, with his constant and successful appeal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to "the gallery" by the exaggeration of what he believed himself to feel. A very little perfume will go a long way — in soap. Of course one cannot get rid of Byron in any such summary way; but the real power in him was obscured by the very quality which made him popular; so much at least is true. The fashionable improvisatore was understood to be beyond the common law; his work is unconscious of the "bounding line" in thought or expression; and it has not stood. Landor had Byron's habit of producing his verse at a heat, and of giving it little or no revision, but a glance is enough to show how different the product of rapid workmanship is from the product of improvisation.

But, one perhaps thinks, Landor has so little human interest. What a picture of English society lies open in Byron's verse. Here was a man who knew the age in which he lived, and consequently left his mark upon it. As a matter of fact, Landor, too, was absorbingly interested in the life about him, an eager radical, ready to see the world move forward, and to help it as far as he could. His youthful mind was deeply stirred, as all noble minds were, by the liberty and equality propaganda; and not merely to opinion, as his personal enlistment in the Spanish cause presently showed. Nor was his interest in the problem of the hour less intense in later life. All this zest in practical matters finds outlet in his prose; he had other uses for his verse, though none in the least remote from human interest. For the greatest human interests are beyond those which are born of emergency or fashion, and it is these interests above all others which the poet is bound to interpret for us. Some deep concerns of life left Landor unmoved, as we have seen. He has the unmorality of the healthy pagan. He lacks the subdued religious fervor which gives its tone, for better or worse, to the poetry of Christendom; but he knew his own heart, and it was greater than most.

It was only in his art that he stood consciously aloof from his contemporaries, owing nothing, as he rightly boasted, to any man or school of them all. Nor was he the founder of a school, though even his earliest work contains a sure presage of the greatest Victorian poetry, and all later poets have been subtly in his debt. His influence exerted itself upon the method rather than upon the manner of their work. English verse gained from him a new sense of chastity and proportion, not as a desired quality, — imported direct from the Mediterranean or filtered through this or that Latin source, and in either case carrying with it much foreign baggage of diction and syntax, — but as a native virtue, obviously inseparable from the simplest and purest English idiom. Landor's personal manner was incommunicable. Nobody has successfully imitated even his trifles; it is harder to build a bubble to order than a palace.

It is almost a pity to have connected the word trifle with his shorter lyrics, for only what is imperfect is trifling in art, and in these poems Landor's art has attained its pure perfection. The opinion is common that his real power lay in the direction of the drama: I think it mainly lyrical. His plays are not mere Æschylean elaborations in dialogue of lyrical motives; nor are they root-bound by the utter subjectivity of Byron. But they are barren of action, and of rapid dramatic speech. Above all, they lack the passionate interplay of circumstance and temperament, the infinitely varied illumination of character, which mark the creative drama. Landor does not create, he discerns. Human nature he knew in the large, because he knew himself. He knew, too, certain striking types of character, the scholar, the priest, the libertine, the king, the woman; but he could not differentiate them, as examples of the same general type are given distinct personalities by Shakespeare or Miss Austen. His characters



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak according to his opinion of what such characters would say rather than of their own accord, because they are what they are. The Imaginary Conversations are properly named; only two or three of them have even the semblance of dramatic dialogue. Yet to make one's characters speak according to one's opinion of what they would say still leaves much leeway for excellence. If Landor lacks the power to create persons, to set the breath of life in motion and let flesh and blood take care of itself and its own, he possesses a faculty of only secondary value to the poet. He is able to divine the significance of types, and to give them humanity, if not personality. His persons are as much more concrete than Ben Jonson's as they are less convincing than Shakespeare's. In short, he carries the objective process as far as it will go; that he came so near dramatic achievement is due to the fact that he was not merely intellectually, but sympathetically objective.

Very early in life he conceived an ambition to express himself in the more formal and sustained poetic modes, which resulted in those two superb efforts of his 'prentice hand, Gebir and Count Julian. One might be inclined to say of such work that it fulfills its own promise. In its merely technical aspect it was very remarkable; there had been no such blank verse written since Milton. But the public was deaf to that sounding music, and the poet, independent as he professed himself, rather than be ignored, gave up an effort in which mere hostility might have confirmed him. "I confess to you," he said quietly, many years after, "if even foolish men had read Gebir, I should have continued to write poetry; there is something of summer in the hum of insects." But it is easily possible to exaggerate the world's loss from his failure to develop a faculty for formal epic and dramatic composition. Baffled by the silence with which his first great bursts of song were met, the poet must still be in some manner expressing himself. Noble as are those majestic *tours de force*, we can hardly doubt that he found a more fitting utterance in the less pretentious lyrical forms in which his genius took refuge. If he can no longer dream of rearing massy shafts to the level of cloud-capped Ilium, or sounding the depths of passionate experience, there are still the delicate flowers of human sentiment, over which he may lean and smile a moment as he passes. He has not torn them from their root in his heart; let the world do with them what it will.

The world has done very little with them, as it did very little with that other poetry of his. Why should one halt in the sober journey of life to dwell upon a mere prettiness of four or a dozen lines like Dirce or Rose Aylmer? What if it is perfect in its way, — so is the symbol for nothing. A half thought, a dainty sentiment tricked in graceful verse, — how is the conscientious student of literature to find a criticism of life in such poetry as this? Now and then the question strikes home upon some honest Landorian, and a table of the master's solid excellences is produced, to the confusion of his critics, and of the question in point. For the lover of Landor sometimes fails to see the superior value of his lighter work. He is praised for his dignity rather than for his grace, for his vigor of conception rather than for his delicate humanness of feeling. Yet grace and sympathy, not gravity and force, constitute the main charm of his verse.

As the poet of refined sentiment Landor stands quite alone in English; that, it seems to me, is his distinction. It is not at all the popular sort of sentiment; its serenity and subtlety are doubtless irritating to the patron of literary vaudeville. You are not in the least danger of laughing one moment and crying the next; humor and sentiment are not set off against each other, they simply have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no separate existence. It is an inner quality which quite as distinctly as his outward manner marks Landor's kinship with the poets of the old world. Yet no poetry has been written which is more free from the taint of the lamp. He was a Greek in nothing more truly than in his daily dependence upon the spiritual elbow-room of field and sky. He was in the habit of composing out of doors. His atmosphere is always quietly in motion. Love of nature was a trait of his, not a virtue. He has nothing of the mystical worshiping attitude which Wordsworth and his disciples have imposed upon us almost as a duty. He breathed freer in the open, that was all. A wild flower was more to him than a mountain peak. The daily round may do very well without grandeur, but hardly without its objects of chivalry and affection. And upon human nature, accordingly, he looks with tenderness rather than with the passionate yearning of romantic poets. The world has its tragedies, but there are many pleasant things in it for a healthy man to take delight in.

The shorter lyrics of Landor, then, constitute a poetry of urbanity, a sort of sublimated *vers de société*. With all the elegance and good-breeding in the world, it is never artificial; the smirk of the courtier is never to be detected under the singer's wreath. It is urbane, but least of all urban. It deals unostentatiously with the kindlier human sentiments: personal affection for places, employments, living things; friendship without its exactions, hope without suspense, memory without bitterness; love without its reactions and reverses. It belongs to the healthy life which is aware of conditions rather than problems. In certain buoyant and full-blooded moods, the mysteries of existence do not trouble one; there is a straight road to everything. Doubt of one's self or the world is a sort of treason, sorrow and suffering are morbid affections of the brain. Any extravagant feeling seems hysterical, even extravagant joy. The body is active, the mind ruminates, quietly conscious of every-day relations and experiences. This golden mood is habitual with Landor, and it is this mood to which he gives utterance in poetry not less rich because it is confined for the most part to the middle register.

The quality of his work in this vein is nowhere better illustrated than in his poetic treatment of a single cherished sentiment, the tenderness of a strong man for womanhood. For flowers and for women he had the same fondness, touched sometimes with humor, but never with hard analysis; he was not a botanist nor an anatomist. In an early letter to Southey he owns a weakness for the study of feminine character, and it must have been very early that he gained the perception of a real type of womanhood to which he is never tired of paying tribute. It would be absurd to think of laying the finger upon this or that feminine creature of Shakespeare's and saying, "This is the woman of Shakespeare." The woman of Landor, on the contrary, is as distinct a type as — to compare great things with small — the Du Maurier woman. She is, like most of Shakespeare's heroines, in the first blossoming of youth and grace. Her delicate purity, her little petulances, her womanish lights and shadows of mood and mind, arouse in the poet an infinite delight. He has the reverence of a lover for her subtle charm, and a good-humored cousinly indulgence for her foibles. The feeling of his Epicurus for Ternissa, or of his Æsop for Rhodope, leaves nothing to regret for those of us who think none the less of human life because it does not habitually wear the buskin. Brutus's Portia or the mother of the Gracchi Landor may admire; but his little Ianthe stands for the sex in his eyes. "God forbid that I should ever be drowned in any of these butts of malmsey!" he said of Oriental poetry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is better to describe a girl getting a tumble over a skipping-rope made of a wreath of flowers."

Here and there throughout the varied volume of his work this dainty creature is continually making her exits and her entrances. The nymph in Gebir embodies her human self: —

"She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love."

And in the Hellenics, written fifty years later, she again speaks through the half-divine lips of the Hamadryad: —

"*Hamadryad.* Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love.
*Phaicos.* . . . Nay, turn not from me now, I claim my kiss.
*Hamadryad.* Do men take first, then claim? Do thus the seasons run their course with them?
. . . Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast,
'T is said that laughs were heard within the wood,
But who should hear them? . . . and whose laughs, and why?"

But these are only hints of sweetness; it is in Landor's shorter lyrics that she chiefly lives. There is no pretty caprice or evanescent cloud of temper which he allows to escape the airy fetters of his verse. Now it is merely the sweet playfulness of girlhood: —

"Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without
The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down."

Now it is her buoyant good humor: —

"Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river."

Perhaps it is the momentary shifting of her moods: —

"Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of sun
That after one another run
Incessantly, and think it fun.

"Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

"Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
To shed but (if you wish me ease)
Twenty of those, and two of these."

Or it is her sheer charm, to be wondered at, not phrased about: —

"Fair maiden, when I look at thee,
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, ah! who could be?"

Sometimes, too, he touches a deeper string, though still without overstepping the bound between sentiment and passion: —

"Artemia, while Orion sighs,
Raising her white and taper finger,
Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,
The ivy that o'ershades her eyes.

"'Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,'
Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,
'Are there not other hours for leisure?
For love is any hour like this?'

"Artemia, faintly thou respondest,
As falsely deems that fiery youth;
A God there is who knows the truth,
A God who tells me which is fondest."

Ianthe in absence still gives color to his mood: —

"Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry?"

Or, with a more characteristic lightness of touch, he is uttering one of the finest things ever said by man to absent maid: —

"Summer has doft his latest green,
And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
And are you coming back to close
The year? it sadly wants repose."

She is real to him; though delicately idealized, not conventionalized, as is often true of the darlings of the lighter muse.

Not less remarkable than this sureness of conception is the perfection of the medium employed; its simple diction, its subtle variations of rhythm, giving even to the baldest of verse forms, the quatrain in ballad metre, a high dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinction; its elusive power of suggestion; the curious fillip to fancy and feeling often given in the final verse. One does not feel that there has been a process of adjustment between thought and expression; neither could exist without the other. Who can really conceive a mute inglorious Landor — or Milton? But we may avoid a nearer approach to that Serbonian bog, the question of style. Landor's light verse is society verse without the exclusions of caste, occasional verse without its mouthing and ornamentation; a pure type of lyrical comedy. Such poetry has its serious uses. Delicacy of sentiment and austerity of form may well command attention from an over-intense, ornate period like ours. Surely we are not grown too serious to turn at times from the agony of Lear or the titanic petulance of Satan to a consideration of "the tangles of Neæra's hair"? It would be a pity if the habit of listening virtuously to any variety of poetic thunder, even stage thunder, should have unfitted us to enjoy — and not be ashamed — poetry of pure sentiment, poetry like this: —

"There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not unless first worn by you . . .
Heart's-ease . . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two."

*H. W. Boynton.*

---

## THE COLUMBIA STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.[1]

"THE criticism which alone can much help us for the future," wrote Mr. Arnold in his luciferous manner, "is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result."

It is the hope of attaining such constructive thought as this, which, in a day when the artfully phrased gustation of bookish flavors too often passes under the name of criticism, can best justify single-minded devotion to the tenth Muse. To many it is a pleasure to observe how the saner manifestations of the study of comparative literature are tending to the realization of this ideal. The name comparative literature may be new, but the thing is old. In its best contemporary form it is quite in the genial English tradition of humane scholarship. Bacon's Advancement of Learning was perhaps its first important document, and, despite the alleged insularity of English taste, it has nowhere been more finely exhibited than in the work of such scholars as Bowles, Southey, Hallam, and Pater, or in that of their American cousins, Ticknor and Lowell. It has, indeed, been advanced by influences

[1] *A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance.* With special reference to the influence of Italy in the formation and direction of modern classicism. By JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

*Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors.* By JOHN GARRETT UNDERHILL. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

*Romances of Roguery.* An episode in the history of the novel. By FRANK WADLEIGH CHANDLER. Part I. The Picaresque Novel in Spain. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

*The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages.* By HENRY OSBORNE TAYLOR. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

*The Italian Renaissance in England.* Studies. By LEWIS EINSTEIN. Illustrated. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the Continent, by the synoptic idealism of the German philosophers and critics of the romantic period, by the indefatigable delving of German students, and by the keen Gallic discriminations of the school of Sainte-Beuve ; it has caught something of peninsular enthusiasm from Italy and Spain ; yet at its best, English scholarship in this kind has been distinguished by flexibility of sympathy and a just perspective. It has been notably free from the apoplectic erudition, the excessive preoccupation with dusty detail, the logomachies, and fractious arietations, which elsewhere have drawn upon such studies the reproach of vanity.

At Columbia University, under the inspiration and editorial control of Professor Woodberry, there has grown a series of books which illustrates admirably that minute and careful research is not inconsistent with sound taste and a wide horizon. Taken as a whole, indeed, these Studies in Comparative Literature constitute a singularly substantial and important contribution to literature in the wider sense, and an unusually interesting chapter in the World's *Culturgeschichte.* Viewed in the round they summarize many of the more important and significant aspects of European literature and intellectual life from the decadence of paganism to that flooding of literary lowlands which was consecutive upon the Renaissance. Withal they constantly regard Europe as "bound to a joint action and working to a common result," and they resume the inter-action of the various European national literatures in a way little seen in the run of *Einfluss* studies where the form of knowledge is too often divorced from its substantial body.

Mr. Taylor's Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages, though one of the latest volumes in the series, is logically its beginning. It traces the passing over of the pagan man into his mediæval character with commendable lucidity and suggestiveness, and with copious evidence of full-bodied research. Any one who has seen the league-long set of Migne's Patrologiæ Cursus Completus will have some faint notion of the character of Mr. Taylor's wide and inarable field. That he has educed from it such a wealth of informing criticism is the more to his praise. To the literary student the chief interest of the book lies in its account of the growth of the more poignant emotions of Christianity in the controlled pagan heart, — resigned to order, — and the consequent merging of law-abiding classical literature in the rhymed exuberance, the unction and mysticity, of mediæval poetry. This was the outgrowth of that aspiration of the Christian soul, which, as Mr. Taylor says finely, "will produce at last on one hand the Roman de la Rose, and on the other the Divina Commedia ; while as it were between these two, swing and waver, or circle like starlings, strange tales of sinful love and holy striving, whereof Arthur's knights shall be the heroes, and wherein across the stage pass on to final purity Lancelot and Guinevere as well as Galahad and Parcival."

The tonic chord of the series is struck in Dr. Spingarn's History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance. Here the problem was to show how the men of the Renaissance justified imaginative literature, which to the mediæval mind with its rigors and beatific visions had come to seem a light and vain thing. The interest for us lies in the fact that the justification was grounded upon those ever memorable generalizations of Aristotle about the universal in art, warmed and vitalized by the breath of Platonic idealism. Dr. Spingarn's learned and skillful account of the rise of Aristotelian canons of criticism will perform a double service to most students of literature. It will remind them of the truth, too often forgotten, that modern classicism which they sometimes decry as formal and uninspired, or at best praise for its lucid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order and labor of the file, did, as a matter of fact, draw inspiration from the perennial springs of ideal art. Furthermore it should impress many with a fresh sense of the debt owing to Italy for the spread of just and pregnant notions concerning the essential nature of the art they love. The frequent presence in Dr. Spingarn's pages of such poetic and engaging figures as Sidney, best of poet-courtiers, and golden-haired Pico della Mirandola imparts to them a humane charm not common in such treatises.

Mr. Einstein has taken up the torch and pursued still further the story of Italian influence on the world's culture in his studies of The Italian Renaissance in England. This minute account of certain strains in the life of Italianate England contains much of interest and novelty drawn from rare and hardly accessible manuscripts, and it is, we believe, the first attempt to present a complete conspectus of the singular relations between Italy and England in the sixteenth century. By virtue of its subject Mr. Einstein's book has something of the subtle romantic appeal which inheres in the close study of an age of transition and complex development, like the peculiar interest we feel in Hellenizing Rome during the second and third centuries of this era, or in Gallicizing Germany during the eighteenth. This volume is further notable for the rare and striking portraits of old worthies by which it is embellished.

Not the least interesting of the series are the two books which deal with some of the literary influences flowing from the Spanish peninsula. There is no richer and fresher field for the pursuit of genial learning than the literatures which boast the great names of Cervantes, Calderon, and Camoens, which have, too, an incomparable store of picturesque songs and fables of the people. There is at the root of all this peninsular literature an intense, esoteric, indigenous quality, a profound racial idealism, which will elude all but the most patient and sympathetic study; yet when once the scholar has realized this he will have his reward, for Spanish Literature will then stand to him as perhaps the clearest and most coherent type of a national literature playing its part with others in joint action toward one result.

Dr. Underhill's Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors is informed by this fructifying idea. He presents for the first time a comprehensive view of political, social, and literary relations between Spain and England in the sixteenth century, and traces the part played by Spanish pride, worldly wisdom, mysticism, and high-flown courtesy in forming the ideals and manner of English writers in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. The book is notable for the wealth of evidence other than literary which is adduced, and for the intimacy of the comparisons of English and Spanish authors. Herein the work is exemplary for the comparative student, who is too often lamentably deficient in his knowledge of the authors compared, while he is long, so to say, on their relation.

The ever delightful *picaro*, that glad, extra-moral personage, through whom we enjoy vicariously rich pleasure of knavery and robustious horse-play, all the rare, old-world adventures of the life of the road, is made the subject of Dr. Chandler's readable and suggestive treatise of Romances of Roguery, of which mention has already been made in the pages of the Atlantic.

As an episode in the development of the modern novel the history of the Spanish picaresque romances is of very considerable importance. It was with the rogue — the anti-hero — that story-tellers first learned the trick of realism, of embodying the result of nice observation in the portrayal of character, and thus these rollicking human stories, *purgée*, as Le Sage has it, *des moralitez superfluës*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came to be of incalculable moment in forming the robust English art of Fielding and Smollett. All this is presented by Dr. Chandler clearly and cogently, with a reticulation of roguish narrative which makes excellent reading.

We remember the typical story of the youthful savant who laid as a love-gift at the feet of his sweetheart "an impertinency in folio," a fat and learned Latin dissertation, De Levitate Feminarum. It is a noteworthy fact that while three of the five volumes of the series under review were composed for doctoral purposes, they are all as singularly free from this distortion of perspective as from the arid parvitude of style which we associate with the academic dissertation. They show, indeed, throughout, a fresh and lively enthusiasm for orderly and humane learning that gives them a literary quality almost equivalent to temperament. In the images and old thoughts which they have transferred from scarce and cryptic pages is preserved the essence of humanism, "that belief," as Pater said, "that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality, — no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have been passionate or expended time or zeal." Furthermore it is in the constructive conclusions to which these five volumes lead that they are representative of the best contemporary literary study, which is more and more leaving the primrose way of lyrical and personal writing to study literature as the cumulative record of the life of society. Hence it is a pious and particular pleasure to notice these earnest studies which contrive to unite something of the range of the literary Darwinians with the generous flexibility of the older scholarship, so to pave a little portion of the way to wider and juster views of that large life of which the finest vision is seen through the spectacles of books. *F. G.*

---

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

**A Briton's Impressions of South Africa.**

South Africa changes, chameleon-like, as one approaches. A man may reach Pretoria in three weeks from London, but the geographical distance is no index to the difference in mental perspective between the theorist at home and the worker on the spot. For two years the English papers have hurled South African impressions at their readers: Johannesburg has become as familiar a name as Birmingham: few families have not sent a relative to the war. And yet the traveler, however learned he may be in the book-work of his subject, is singularly unprepared for the reality which begins to dawn upon an observant man after a few months' experience. He begins to realize the geographical vastness, the curious absence of natural means of communication, the paradoxes of the climate and the soil; but even then he is only on the brink of discovery. The race problem, too often talked of at home as the ordinary question which has faced Britain in all her colonies, begins to reveal itself as an apparently insoluble enigma. The rural Boer, the most dogmatic individualist in the world, was shaped by judicious management from Pretoria into some momentary semblance of a nation and a very formidable reality of an army. The war is over, and he is returning to his home, beaten, angry, but still unconvinced. His sombre God has chastened him for his sins — that is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all: some day doubtless He will lift from him the cloud of his displeasure. To this people, without culture, without enterprise, wholly un-modern and un-political, the so-called lessons of the war mean nothing, and side by side with them there lives in the towns a race modern of the moderns. The old mining-camp, California-cum-Ballarat character of the gold industry in South Africa has utterly passed away. Gold-mining has ceased to be a speculation, and has become a vast and complicated industry, employing at high salaries the first engineering talent of the world. The great mine-owner is frequently a man of education, almost invariably a man of extreme ability. In few places can you find men of such mental vigor, so eagerly receptive of new ideas, so keenly awake to every change of the financial and political worlds of Europe. It is as if in the seventeenth century in Scotland, when the Covenanters were hiding in the hills, the towns had been filled with French *intellectuels* and modern scientists.

In this fact lies the intricacy of the South African problem. The twentieth century and the seventeenth exist side by side, and must be harmonized. The common false impression pictures South Africa as a clean slate, without history, institutions, or race tradition. It would be more exact to describe it as permeated in a large part with the most conservative of memories, the most bigoted and intolerant of traditions. So far it is plain that there is no common meeting ground of Boer and Uitlander. If things are allowed to drift, the towns will grow in population and wealth, the Rand will occupy itself with exploiting its two thousand millions' worth of undiscovered gold; and meanwhile at the back of it all will be the country districts, stagnant, poor, with long, bitter memories and an irreconcilable race hatred. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is inevitable unless the problem is recognized and boldly met. If a meeting ground does not exist, it must be created. In my opinion the most hopeful solution is to be found in the schemes of land settlement which it seems certain will soon be put into execution. It is proposed to buy great tracts of land, and settle on them selected British colonists, who will be at once exponents of scientific agriculture and a country police force. Model government farms will be started which will serve as agricultural bureaus and training colleges. Such a scheme will fulfill many purposes. It will encourage South African farming, and exploit some of the vast agricultural riches which lie dormant in the soil; it will provide a civilizing agency for remote districts; it will increase the British stock in the new colonies by the influx of the best class of colonists; and it will provide the most effective of forces for local defense. It is in such a policy alone that we can find hope of some ultimate and permanent reconciliation. The High Commissioner is the type of administrator peculiarly fitted for the intricate South African problem. A common official would not see the difficulty; a weak man, if he saw it, would shrink from it in despair. Lord Milner, with the imagination and trained perceptions of the scholar, has the direct practical vigor of a great man of affairs. Where a coarser or more cautious man would fail, there is every chance that he may succeed.

**A Plague of Peddlers.**

"REMOTE, unfriended, solitary, slow," I murmur reflectively. "Remote" we certainly are, Heaven be praised! from city sights and sounds; "slow," yes, if you like, but "unfriended, solitary," never, while the unending procession of peddlers wends through the summer land. Before our doors lies the shining sea, "the path of the bold;" behind us the dusty highway, path of the undefeated, undismayed vender of small wares, mostly things which, as Charles Lamb said of the treasures his sister would transport from one abode to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another, "the most necessitous person could never want." It is a militant tribe early upon the warpath, and while the "top of the morning" is still making glad our hearts, come the dark-eyed, sombre Italian hucksters, one following close upon the heels of another, and offering in broken English all known fruits and vegetables, except possibly the very one for which our souls long.

But what has become of the gayly clad, *festa*-loving Italian peasant of song and story? One meets him on the sunny roads of Italy with his white Tuscan oxen, but he drives no huckster's cart on this side the sea. Once he has crossed the ocean, the *dolce far niente* phase of existence lies behind him, and "hustling" and the "strenuous life" become the order of the new day. We fall into chat with our peanut man, who is all smiles and shrugs, showing his flashing white teeth as he talks. Near Napoli was his home. "Were we ever there?" "Yes." And he tells us just the spot on the sloping sides of Vesuvio where his home lay. "Will he go back?" "Oh no, America is better." His peanuts seem to sell, and he is not, apparently, in the plight of his push-cart brother, whose bitter plaint has become a classic, "What I maka on da peanut I losa on da dam banan'."

Now, the morning being still young, comes the youth with strident voice who puts us in touch with what to us, in our uneager life, seems an insanely active world. He is selling metropolitan dailies to eke out the slender resources needful to complete his Law School course. With such a voice must Macbeth's raven have croaked "the fatal entrance of Duncan." We wish our embryo lawyer well, but hope that he may never be called to lift up his voice for the oppressed. As the morning wears on appears a "Reverend" somebody of somewhere peddling, Heaven save the mark! his own poems. The price, I say, is modest, five cents a copy. "Wait," replies our friend the author, an author beloved on both sides of the sea, who is tarrying with us for the day, "you will not think so when you have read his verse." I do not. Here are lines, perhaps the worst of twenty-three stanzas, from In Memoriam, commemorating those who lost their lives in a trolley accident. They do not remotely suggest Tennyson. Thus runs the verse: —

> "But see! with no note of warning!
> My God! what is this I behold?
> The wheels of the trolley leap outward.
> Oh! How can the story be told!"

Would it make any impression on our reverend poet if he knew that he was trying to dispose of his wares to one of the distinguished *littérateurs* of the day? Probably not. The dauntless intrepidity of a poet who vends his creations from door to door would hardly quail at such a *contretemps*. At all events he passes on unknowing; unknowing, too, that he is adding to the gayety of nations.

Papers and poems having furnished more or less nutriment for the interior of our heads, along comes a friendly, gay soul who would like to supply nourishing washes for their exterior improvement. Truth to tell, the Dominie, one of our inmates and intimates, is a shining mark for such ministrations. "Hair coming out?" says our new peddler, a woman this time, brisk and laconic, with a suggestion of success won by hard work. Her prices are prohibitive, and we tell her so. But she laughs us to scorn as one who knows she has a good thing. "No," she chirps, "I never come down on my prices. I'm not lugging this heavy bag about all day for only seven dollars." So we part company, the ever widening partings of our unfortunate heads unrefreshed by Madame's hair vigor.

Last of all upon the scene, while the "moonglade" shimmers across the water, come the wandering peddlers of music, whose playing seems, alack, to sensitive ears,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time."

Their ministrations finished and paid for, we sleepily climb the stair, and as we go out upon our upper balcony for a good-night look at the purple-blue dome of the sky, and a glance out to the far sea line, while the scent of honeysuckle fills the air, we find it in our hearts to waste no sentimental regrets over Ships that pass in the Night, if only we might be sure that peddlers *would* pass in the day.

**Those Red-Eyed Men.**

THE following letter from Mr. Emerson was written on receiving a criticism of William Ellery Channing's earlier writings, sent him by a friend with a view to its being forwarded to The Atlantic Monthly, if found worthy of being submitted to the "red-eyed men" for whom Mr. Emerson expresses so warm a sympathy. It has an especial interest for our readers at the present moment, as a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Channing's poems is about to appear in Philadelphia.

As a bit of gentle sarcasm, and as a lesson on what even then was considered "acceptable" to weary readers of endless manuscripts, it could hardly be excelled. The Yankee wit and shrewdness, the generous encouragement and consideration given the efforts of a beginner which this letter shows are interestingly characteristic of Mr. Emerson's kindly nature. But the criticism in question never saw the light!

CONCORD, 26 *May*, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND, — It is a piece of character, and, as every piece of character in writing is, a stroke of genius also, to praise Channing's poems in this cordial way, and I read the manuscript with thankful sympathy. But you will print it. It is by no means character and genius that are good to print, but something quite different, — namely, tact, talent, sparkle, wit, humor, select anecdote, and Birmingham lacker, and I have kept the paper for many days, meaning to read it later and find whether it had the glass buttons required. On looking into it to-day I hesitate to send it to that sad Bench where two judges or three judges are believed to sit and read with red eyes every scrap of paper that is addressed to The Atlantic Monthly. I know that they read four hundred papers to admit ten, one time. I am not of their counsel, but some of their cruelties have transpired. Yet who but must pity those red-eyed men?

I can easily believe that you have the materials of a good literary article. If I had the journal in which you have at any time set down detached thoughts on these poems it might easily furnish the needed details and variety of criticism. I am not even sure that this piece as it is will not presently appear presentable to me. Nothing can be acuter criticism than what you say of "the art to say how little, not how much, belonging to this fatal poet." Think a moment and tell me, if you can say another word as descriptive of his genius. The selections, too, all have good reason. But I must have a few more good points. "So saith the Grand Mufti."

Yours faithfully,
R. W. EMERSON.

**A Singular Plurality.**

IN what varying moods does the rejected contributor meet his fate! There is the self-depreciating writer, who falls at the first thrust of the editorial poniard; the egoist who, as George Eliot says, "carries his comfort about with him," and whom nothing could convince that the favoritism or obtuseness of the editor is not responsible for his repeated failures.

Then there are those who, while recognizing the justice of the official verdict, often philosophically turn their disappointment into pleasantry, as is shown by the number of jocose poems on this theme so frequent in newspaper columns.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes our blithe genius turns upon the editor, as did this verse-monger whose wares were declined in bad grammar: —

The poet dreamed, and as he dreamed —
  Amazing strange! — he slept;
The great "Pacific" had, it seemed,
  Both of his poems kept,

And sent forthwith a goodly check —
  Not on his hopes this time —
With praise well measured, quite a peck,
  And begged for all his rhyme.

The morning broke, the poet woke —
  Alas for grief like this!
One little "slip" between the lip
  And Fame's full cup of bliss.

But pause! upon that type-writ screed,
  Phrased with such touching grace,
That "neither is of use" we read,
  But why the "is" erase?

That blazing editorial star,
  Or one moved by his law,
Has scratched out "is" — that 's singular! —
  And made it "are;" the awe,

The glory that doth hedge about
  The great sanctorum chair
Just one amended word strikes out —
  Our poet walks on air!

But now no more to that high star,
  By which he 's steered so long,
He hitches up his little car,
  His chariot of song.

**Plots that One Covets.**

It has so often occurred to me what a delightful occupation novel-writing must have been in its beginnings, before the word "stale" could be applied to plots and the most delightful situations had not become hackneyed. One can fancy the joy of Fanny Burney sitting down to write the book that turned out to be Evelina, with a whole world full of plots and situations from which to choose. This in fancy. In fact, the story of the much abused, long suffering Evelina was probably the cause of her writing, not the outcome of a desire to write.

Nowadays, on the other hand, all the most openly attractive plots and situations are already taken; special phrases, even, have been preëmpted. You can't even have your hero clasp your heroine in his strong young arms. And yet, to be clasped in strong young arms is such an agreeable experience to which to treat one's heroine. I have a tender affection for my heroine myself. I like to let her have the best of everything. It is with excessive reluctance that I give her any sorrows but sentimental ones, which don't count, being half a pleasure in themselves. Sometimes I make her unfortunate and unhappy just to heighten the effect of the good things that are coming to her in the next chapter but one, or to develop her character so that she will be better deserving of the good fortune; but to put her in sordid, unhappy surroundings and to keep her there from "Chapter I." to "The End," I really don't see how authors can make themselves do it. It may be high art, but it shows a hard heart. No doubt I shall be forced into playing her some such mean trick some day. People with high literary ideals always come to it sooner or later, for you don't get strength and depth and other desirable things in the stories of prosperous, happy people. I may even make a book end unhappily, not with mere sentimental unhappiness, but with disgrace, or sordid, bread-lacking poverty, or faith betrayed, or chronic disease, — I may do this, but it will be at the expense of regret and heartache to myself. I could almost as easily condemn my daughter to such sorrows as the dearly beloved child of my fancy.

There were so many delightful situations in which to put your heroine when people first began to write novels; and yet, I do not believe that writers in those days had any keener realization of their privileges than an Indian at having the forests of the New World to himself. Freedom is only understood by experiencing the lack of it. I am sure neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richardson, nor Fielding, nor any of those old fellows, ever once stretched out his arms and exclaimed, "How glorious it is to be the first!" And, doubtless, those that come after us will envy us, — freedom, like almost everything else, being relative.

New conditions in life make new literary conditions and new situations, and these we have; but the dear old sentimental ones that charmed in themselves, apart from the handling of them, are all used up. I am perfectly reconciled to the fact that Homer should have the Trojan War to write about, and Dante the other world, and Milton the Fall of Man. I would n't take these subjects away from them for my own use if I could. I would n't deprive Shakespeare of the motives of Hamlet, Othello, or Lear; but I should like the desert island situation of Foul Play. What an opportunity for an interesting human relation that gives! The mere thought of it is alluring. First, one would have a shipwreck, — a nice, vague, ladylike shipwreck, without any nasty details such as drawing lots to decide who shall furnish the next meal, and with no incomprehensible and laboriously acquired (by the author) nautical terms, — a shipwreck in which a rope is called a rope and not a hawser or a cable, and the deck is always just plain deck, no matter in what part of the ship you find it. I 'd give the proper local color by calling the ship "she" instead of "it," and by throwing in an occasional "Heave ahoy!" or "Man the lifeboat!" or even "Shiver my timbers!" Nothing more difficult than that. The shipwreck should be carefully engineered so that the party on the desert island should be strictly *à deux*, — after the manner of the entry into the Ark, two and one female.

[illegible], in his version, treats the situation inadequately. He has no conception of its literary possibilities. I remember it very well, as I read it when I was about fourteen, but even at that innocent age I thought it tame. Still, I may have come to that conclusion (this thought has just occurred to me) *because* of that innocent age. I might find it quite different now. At all events, I know he did n't put any charm into it, and charm is absolutely essential to a desert island story.

I am supposing my hero to be a strictly well-conducted young man, and my heroine a virtuous young woman, as heroes and heroines should be. They must n't be too unconventional or too advanced, or they would simply make a picnic of the occasion (I would supply them plentifully with provisions) and forget all about the impropriety, and that would n't do at all. To make the proper atmosphere for a desert island story, their feelings must be mixed distress and delight, and the heroine must be uncomfortably apprehensive as to what people will say when they are rescued. A heroine of mine would know that she was certain to be rescued.

If the situation really were brand-new, it would be fun to have the hero ask her to marry him, and to have her refuse because she thinks he is doing it from a sense of honor, and then all the rest of the book could be spent in undeceiving her. Of course, he really is madly in love with her, but does n't think it proper to reveal it to her in the absence of a chaperon. I don't mean that he would declare it in the presence of one (he is n't as proper as that), but he would prefer to have a chaperon tucked away behind the nearest banana tree.

Just think! if nobody had ever done it before, what fun it would be to have them find bread-fruit trees, and to pick up barrels of the luxuries of the season which had been cast up on the shore. And the hero could be deliciously stiff and constrained, because he is so much in love and is afraid of not being proper; and the heroine could imagine all sorts of uncomfortable things from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his attitude. What a wealth of misunderstandings there would be to choose from! And they would always be looking for sails with one eye and praying that they would n't come with the other, and neither of them will own to an unwillingness to leave. And he can make her a lodge of boughs, such as Nicolette makes herself (there is absolutely no other parallel between the two stories), and save her from innumerable dangers. Dear me! the more I think of it, the more I am impressed with Charles Reade's selfishness in grabbing so delightful a situation, especially when he had so little idea how to handle it.

Another plot that I have always coveted is one that you find in many books. The best specimens that I know of are a German story called Glück Auf, and The Awakening of Mary Fenwick. It also appears in the relation of two of the secondary characters in Molly Bawn. Two people who do not know each other contract a formal marriage, for some reason. They live in the same house, in armed neutrality for a time, and gradually fall in love with each other, though nothing could make them acknowledge it. The pride motive is the strongest one in this story. One has usually overheard something disparaging that the other has said, and each is determined, for varying reasons, not to be the first to give in. The interest in this situation is heightened by the contrast between the formality of their private relations and the absence of conventional barriers between them. The distance is entirely of their own making. They do not have to consider outside elements, having squared them all in marrying. Everything rests absolutely with themselves, which makes a tenser situation, by giving a sense of greater and more immediate possibilities than in the ordinary relations of man and woman. This is a plot that has an irresistible fascination for women. It has suggestions of perfectly proper improprieties in it, and that is what women like. They like to hover on the verge of things, to have all the excitement, and yet not feel obliged to disapprove.

Another attractive husband and wife story is the one in which they become estranged, and are brought together by the serious illness of their only child. The jealousy motive comes into play in this, though in the end it usually shows itself to be without foundation, — a convenient little habit which I wish to goodness jealousy in real life would adopt. There is so much opportunity for interesting scenes in the night watches by the child's bed. The two are necessarily thrown together in an intimate way, and find it impossible to be stiff and polite over hot water bottles and poultices.

The governess or companion story is a favorite one of mine. It is astonishing what a strong element of romance it has, when the position of a governess in real life is the most unromantic thing or earth. In real life the big man of th place whom all the mothers are tryin to capture for their daughters does n fall in love with the governess. H close connection with her social superi makes her social disadvantage too e dent, and it takes a very big man ind to discover personal importance whe is overshadowed by social unimporta The novel hero is more clear sighte more disinterested. Besides, the governess is a most delightful pe demure, reserved, and self-sufficie the surface, but daring, piquant original underneath, — a remini of Jane Eyre, probably. She pleasure in snubbing the big m he finds it a refreshing contrast flattery he meets on every side. fuses to admit that he is of an quence to her, and in the end covers the truth only by some the truth being that she is passi love with him. The Wooing best instance of this kind of st know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is such a nice scene in a governess story by Beatrice Whitby, whose name I can't remember. The heroine is very much in love with the step-brother of her little pupils, the heir to the estate, but never allows him to suspect it. One day she finds one of his gloves, and, the temptation being strong, picks it up, and hearing him coming hides it in the bosom of her gown. His dog, who has been left in charge of it, rushes fiercely at her; the hero arrives on the scene, saves her from the dog, and discovers what she has done. It is very thrilling, a scene to be coveted.

I suppose there are infinite combinations of man, woman, and circumstance yet to be made, the more that all three quantities are variables. Our grandchildren will be finding plots in subjects that are completely unsuggestive to us now. I can imagine a great novel with a street-cleaning or a plumbing motive. No doubt these will be extremely interesting, to their authors at all events, but am afraid I shall always be old-fashned enough to prefer the desert-island the wife in name only motive.

e in ding.

A COMMON and trivial excuse given by those who read little is that they have no time for ling. One may have no time for ng or sleeping, but hardly no time ake love or to read. It is good will, entration, and the habit of dispatch, eisure or unlimited opportunity, have always performed the greatnders in both of these useful pur-

Many persons in mature life are us of a gentle and luxurious sen- in favor of reading, which comes ng because they do not know how

With all the good will in the ey lack concentration and the dispatch. The good will was ed early enough, or not applied ny other end than the lazy di- f a moment. This naturally the formation of the newspaper which I do not mean simply the habit of reading newspapers, but the habit of mind which makes it possible for men to spend an evening in going through motions. There is no more reason for spending two hours in reading the newspaper than in having one's boots blacked. Some people never make their way into the great Establishment of Letters farther than the vestibule, where they spend their lives contentedly playing marbles with the hall-boys. Of course we do not call the newspaper worthless simply because some other things are worth more. The best reading is both intensive and extensive; one reads a little of everything, and a great deal of some things. The good reader takes all reading to be his province. Newspapers, periodicals, books old and new, all present themselves to him in their proper perspective; they are all grist to his mill, but they do not go into the same hopper or require the same process. On the contrary, one of the main distinctions of the clever reader is that without varying as to intensity, he varies almost indefinitely as to pace. This power of reading flexibly comes mainly, of course, with practice. For those who have lacked an early experience of books, the manipulation of them is never likely to become the perfect and instinctive process of adjustment which it should be. People often achieve a certain degree of education and refinement late in life, but seldom, I think, the power of the accomplished reading man. It is simply not to be expected. An adult who takes up the violin may get much amusement and profit from his instrument, but he cannot hope to master it. A certain increase of facility, however, the belated reader may surely expect to gain from some sort of observance of this simple principle of adjustment.

This anxious but unskilled reader is too likely to have a set gait, so many words to the minute or lines to the hour. An essay, an editorial, a chapter in a novel or in the Bible, a scientific article,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a short story, if they contain the same number of words, take up just the same amount of this misguided person's time. No wonder reading becomes an incubus to him, with the appalling monotony of its procession of printed words filing endlessly before him. He really has time enough, if he knew how to make use of it. Eben Holden keeps him busy for a week or more; it should be read in a few hours. He plods methodically through Sir Walter, and finds him slow; the happy reader who can get Quentin and his Isabelle satisfactorily married in six hours does not. The trained reader readjusts his focus for each objective. Milton may be read in words or lines, Macaulay in sentences, Thackeray in paragraphs, Conan Doyle in pages. The eye, that is, readily gains the power of taking in words in groups instead of separately. How large a group the glance can manage varies with the seriousness of the subject. With the same degree of concentration, eye and mind will take care of a page of the Prisoner of Zenda as easily as they can absorb a line of Macbeth, or one of Fitzgerald's quatrains.

Of course this disposes of the indolent lolling style of reading, — or rather makes a rare indulgence of it. When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he may well afford to consider it at his luxurious leisure, minimizing labor by dilatoriness. But as a rule the widely reading man is not an indolent person. Not that he is to be always keeping his nose in a book. By regulating his pace, he not only covers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. The bee does not eat the flower to get the honey out of it. The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear. Twenty minutes yields all that there is for him in the book which his neighbor, knowing that it would mean a week's spare hours, is careful to avoid.

This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may go a step farther, for skimming implies cream, and skipping, a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and least complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damnatory verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED